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THE  
PRISONER OF HAM:

AUTHENTIC DETAILS OF  
THE CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE

OF

PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS.

BY

F. T. BRIFFAULT.

SECOND EDITION.



——— since there is none can flatter himself his  
life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow as they would  
wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

SPECTATOR, 290, T.

London:  
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY,  
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,  
1870.

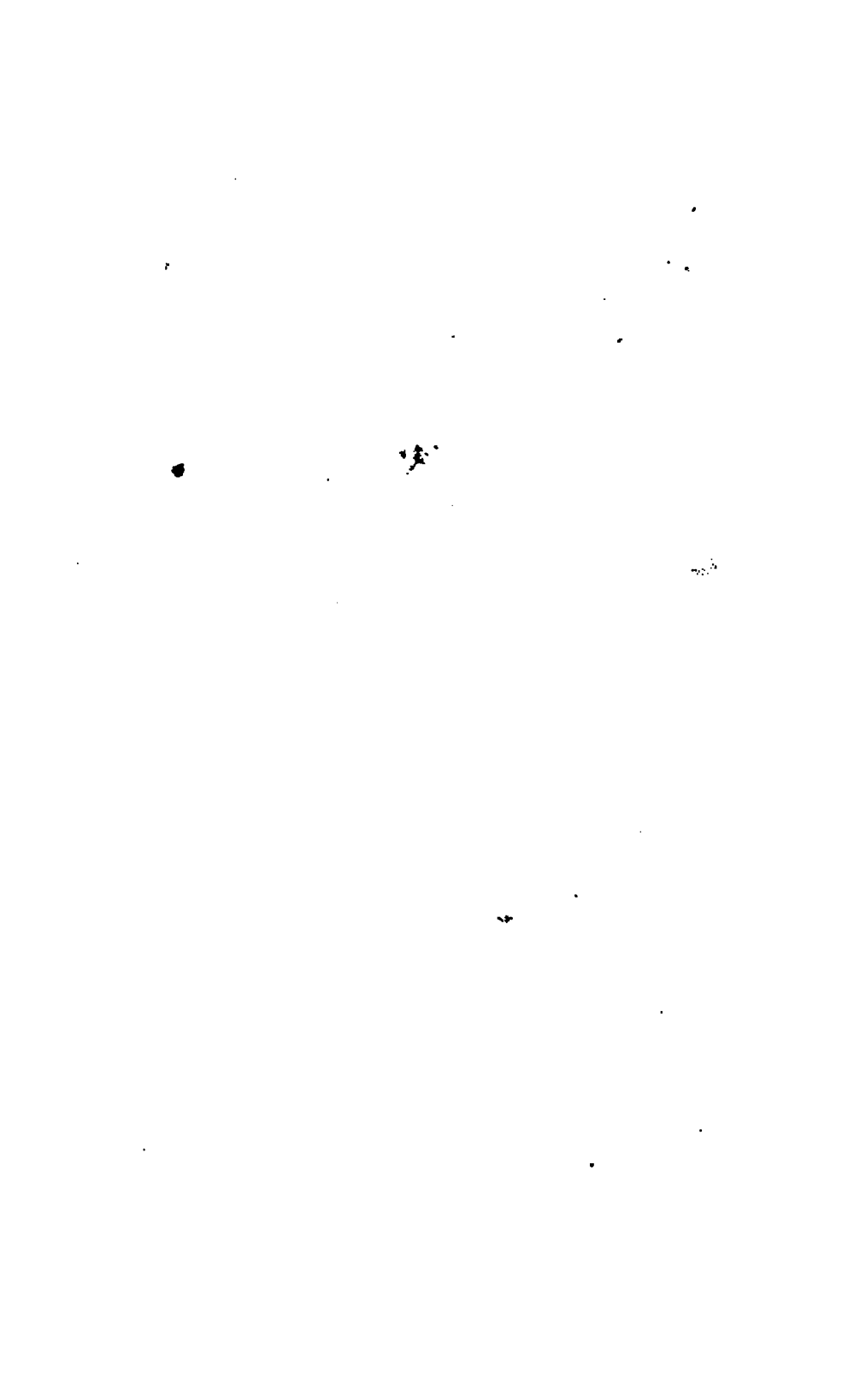
237. f. 53.



## ERRATA.

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Page	Line
22.	2 from the top, <i>for</i> Viellard, <i>read</i> Vieillard.
26.	12 from the bottom, <i>for</i> Ruel, <i>read</i> Rueil.
121.	8 from the bottom, <i>for</i> Claudine, <i>read</i> Caudine.
185.	6 from the bottom, <i>for</i> Moskouna, <i>read</i> Moskowa.
187.	7 from the bottom, <i>for</i> Censurvatives, <i>read</i> Conservatives.
199.	4 from the top, <i>for</i> Vatoul, <i>read</i> Vatout,
xxxv.	13 from the top, <i>for</i> you, <i>read</i> us.



## P R E F A C E .

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IN presenting the following pages to the English public, we feel that we do not require to ask for a fair and impartial reading. We propose to deny and refute calumnious accusations made and reiterated by the French Government and its organs, and we entertain no doubt whatever of obtaining the verdict of an impartial public in favour of Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. Every honourable man, when he reads contemporary history, frequently so ill-interpreted and distorted by the influence of the passions engaged in its competition, feels himself bound carefully to examine the authentics and foundations on which the allegations of its authors rest—that he may estimate their value—ascertain their truth—and fearlessly proclaim it when discovered.

Various works have appeared in which Prince Napoleon Louis is spoken of, all, however, drawn up with the view of gratifying the vanity, promoting the interests, or the designs of some one party; all treating the subject in a point of view which, whether from extreme enthusiasm on the



one side, or malevolence on the other, tends to warp and colour the pure truth.

It seems to us that the moment is now come for inquiring, calmly and impartially, into the character and conduct of this young Prince, the heir of a great name, who has twice appealed, but in vain, to the recollections and fortunes of Napoleon, and who seems to have reaped from all that splendour that presided over his birth, nothing but exile, mortification, and captivity.

We do not believe in the destiny of a name; but we have faith in the power of truth—in the certainty of its final triumph, and, above all, in the justice of the people—the people, in the best sense of the word, without reference to any party whatsoever; and it is to this immense public, influenced neither by narrow prejudices nor by political passions, that this book is addressed.

Before entering upon the work, we communicated our intention to Prince Napoleon Louis, who regarded it favourably, and consented to second and assist our efforts by furnishing us with authentic documents, which should confirm the facts of which we had undertaken to draw up an explicit statement. We subjoin the letter received from the Prince on this subject as a guarantee for our good faith and ample information.

"London, July 20th, 1846.

"SIR,

"I transmit to you the documents with which I promised to furnish you, as they appeared to you to possess some interest; I thank you for your desire to correct, by a simple statement of facts, the false opinions which now exist respecting me. A simple and correct narrative of the events which have occurred, avoiding all political discussions, and all panegyric, may be very useful to me, as it may interest even cold diplomacy in my favour, and remove the obstacles which prevent me from hastening to perform the last duties of affection to an aged father.

"Accept, &c., &c.

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON LOUIS.

"To M. F. Briffault,  
à Brighton."

Confining ourselves to the facts which we desire to make known, we have endeavoured to relate them with clearness and accuracy, avoiding politics as much as in our power; but as there is no order of facts, nor even of thoughts, which has not some points of contact with the action of the Government, it will be easily understood how far we have felt ourselves justified

in touching on this subject in the prosecution of our design. We do not even hope to justify ourselves on this point to the entire satisfaction of every mind.

There are too many persons with whom even to name Prince Napoleon Louis is to speak politics: this fact recalls to our mind a well-known anecdote:

“The First Consul’s hands are most beautiful!” was a remark made to the young Count of St. Aulaire, (21) who had not then been appointed Chamberlain. “Oh!” replied he, “pray let us not talk politics.”

BRIFFAULT.

## A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

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SINCE the publication of the first edition of this work serious events have taken place. After having reigned more than twenty years in France, the ex-prisoner of Ham has undergone the sudden and unheard of reverses which have lately astonished the world, and which at this moment attract all eyes towards Wilhelmshöhe.

The narration of important events in the life of Napoleon III.

The statement of the motives which at that time directed the conduct and the actions of the Prince, then, as now, the object of such conflicting appreciations.

His thoughts, his words, and his ideas faithfully and authentically attested in a work, to which the future Emperor of the French deigned to contribute personally by transmitting to the author the numerous documents that are found in it.

Lastly, the lively and peculiar interest at present attached to the events which have recently occurred.

Such are the motives which have decided us to reprint in 1870 a book published in 1846.

Let us conclude with the very words of the author, when he attempted this subject five-and-twenty-years ago: "If the recital which follows be read with interest, that interest will neither arise from recalling to life passions which have long been dormant, nor from flattering ancient grudges. Whatever may be the empire of positive ideas, there are still hearts which sympathise with misfortune, and it is to such we address this book."

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A LAST WORD.





# THE PRISONER OF HAM.

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## CHAPTER I.

Tenez, embrassez-le, il aura un bon cœur et une belle âme . .  
C'est peut-être là l'espoir de ma race.

NAPOLEON, 1815.

IN the following pages we propose to lay before our readers the story of six years of captivity, preceded by twenty-five of exile. Our own minds being free from political prejudices, we throw aside and disavow all intention of writing in the spirit, or with the feelings, of a partisan. If the recital which follows be read with interest, that interest will neither arise from recalling to life passions which have long become dormant, nor from flattering ancient grudges. Whatever may be the empire of positive ideas, there are still hearts which sympathise with misfortune; and it is to such we address ourselves.

The present generation knows nothing of the Empire, except its glory and reverses; and the fate of the Bonaparte family is as little known,

as that of the Bourbons was to the children of the Empire, for exile is not only banishment from one's country, but to be forgotten by it. "I know not why," said the Empress Maria Theresa, "but the absent pass from my heart." This is the constitution of human nature. Distance anticipates the work of time—the exile preserves his recollection, and leaves nothing behind him but ingratitude and forgetfulness. The case of the Bonaparte family adds but another example to the multitude of which history has left us a record, of this melancholy view of the course of human affairs. Its different members scatterèd in various foreign lands, have yielded to the decrees of Providence, in all their severity, with becoming submission.(1) The very bitterness of their enemies cannot accuse them of having endeavoured to solicit public compassion for their lot; calm and dignified, they have all known how to create for themselves a useful and noble employment of their talents and leisure; and if their names have occasionally appeared in the columns of the public journals, it has only been for the purpose of recording some generous action, or some defence imperatively required by the circumstances. Man may submit to exile, abandonment and ingratitude, the sad and inseparable companions of fallen greatness, but no

one is either required or justified in suffering himself to be loaded with calumnies.

Literature and scientific labours, noble sentiments and useful occupations, compose the history of the Imperial Family, since the time in which the different governments of France have debarred them from all access to the country of Napoleon.

With regard to most of them, death has sealed the decree of Providence, and, as is often the case, we recall with liveliness the recollections of those whom we have abandoned in life; whether this feeling arises from a secret instinct in the masses, akin to that remorse which troubles the conscience, and leads men to repair the wrongs of the past by cherishing a lively recollection of those upon whom they have been inflicted, or whether it be that some mysterious power permits those who during life have been subjected to grievous trials, to receive compensation in the homage of posterity. We have no design of writing a history of the life of the Exiled Princes of the Imperial Family. We have to do only with a single member of it, who alone at the present time comprises in himself the hopes of the Imperial fortunes.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, second son of Louis Bonaparte and Queen Hortense, was a

child greatly beloved by the Emperor, who was accustomed to draw amusement from, and find recreation in, his innocent prattle ; it often served as a distraction in the midst of those weighty cares and meditations which constantly occupied his mind. Napoleon gave to his family nothing but the brief season of his repasts. He breakfasted in his cabinet, and alone, at a small table, which no one except the two sons of the King of Holland ever shared. He often would send for them in order to inform himself of the progress of their studies, and to watch the development of the ideas of the two princes, upon whom rested the hopes of his future. He questioned them with interest, amused himself with their innocent conversation, and always made them recite fables of his own selection, of which he gave them explanations, and afterwards asked them for an account, as an exercise of their young understandings. Their progress was one of the greatest sources of his satisfaction and delight.

On his return from Elba, he saw the children again, with renewed pleasure, and his happiness at their health and progress, was the greater, because he had been then deprived of his own son, who was in Vienna. His nephews appeared to fill his place in Napoleon's affections. He was

desirous that they should be constantly near him, and under his own eyes. At that time Prince Napoleon Louis was seven years old. One day, the eve of the Emperor's departure for the fatal campaign of Waterloo, Napoleon, followed by Marshall ———, had just entered his cabinet; he appeared anxious and sad, and the brevity and sharpness of his words revealed the deep and engrossing thoughts which occupied his mind. Suddenly a young boy slipped into the apartment and approached the Emperor; his whole countenance was impressed with an air of sorrow, and his whole proceedings gave evidence that he was under the influence of some deep emotion, which he was endeavouring to restrain.

The child, having approached, threw himself on his knees before the Emperor, hid his head in his lap, and clasped his legs with his arms, and then his tears began to flow in abundance.

"What ails you, Louis?" cried the Emperor, in a tone which indicated his annoyance at the interruption. "Why have you come? For what are you crying?"

The child, frightened by his manner, could only reply by sobs. Having, however, by degrees recovered confidence and become calm, he at last said, with a sweet, but melancholy, voice—

"Sire, my governess has just told me that you



are about to set out for the war. Oh! do not go! do not go!"

"But why do you not wish me to go?" said the Emperor, with a voice suddenly rendered mild by the solicitude of his youthful nephew—for it was Prince Louis, the young favourite of the Emperor. "Why do you not wish me to go my child?" repeated he, lifting up his head, and running his fingers through his beautiful light hair. "It is not the first time I have left for the war. Do not be alarmed—fear nothing, for I shall soon return."

"Oh!" replied the young Prince, whilst he continued to weep, "Oh! my dear uncle, those wicked Allies are eager to kill you. Let me go, uncle; let me go with you."

To this the Emperor made no reply, but having taken the young Prince upon his knee, he pressed him in his arms and embraced him with warmth and affection. Napoleon appeared profoundly affected; but having soon recovered all his firmness of voice, he called "Hortense! Hortense!" On the Queen hastening to obey his summons, he said, "Come and take away my nephew, and severely reprove his governess for having, by her inconsiderate remarks, excited the boy's sensibility." Then, after addressing some kind and affectionate words to the Prince,

in order to console him, he was about to restore him to his mother, when, perceiving the effect of his emotion upon Marshal ——, he said, "Come, embrace him; he will have a good heart, and amiable dispositions. He is, perhaps, the hope of my race."

This was presentiment for presentiment.

Were not the cries of the child the voice of destiny, which throws out its warnings to restrain us, as it were, in the moment of danger, or rather to be able to reply, when we afterwards exhaust our regrets and complaints in vain reproaches against our fate, "I said, go not; but you gave no heed to my warning?"

After the last battle, Queen Hortense set out for exile, taking with her her two sons. Escorted by an Austrian officer, the Queen arrived at the eastern frontier.

"I quitted," said she, "the territory of France, from which the Allies expelled me in haste; weak woman as I am, with my two sons, so much was I feared by them, that from post to post the enemies' troops were under arms, as it was said, to protect my safe passage."

A protection which watched for the safety of the exiled! A protection which raised a throne at the point of a million of bayonets! Which is preferable? The case of the exiled, or that of



those imposed upon a nation? It was thus that the young Princes whose birth was welcomed by the thunder of canon, and who had grown up under the shadow of the greatest throne in the world, saw all the joys of life, in reality, depart from them. With their youth, their country, their family, and their future hopes, all seemed to disappear at once, and to give place to exile and the bitter trials of a world into which they were entering by the gate of misfortune. Augsburg, and afterwards a house on the shores of the Lake Constance, was the asylum to which Prince Louis retired, with that mother who *afterwards* reflected greater glory on the throne which she had filled, than she ever received from the royal diadem. In this retreat the Queen devoted herself wholly to the education of her son; and that education was strict, conformable to the spirit of the age, and to his position, which required that he should hereafter forget he had ever been a Prince, in order to show himself worthy of being so.(2)

The study of the ancient classics, the exact sciences and gymnastic exercises, were the basis of that education, whose results soon became obvious in good and useful works. The young Prince was admitted into the camp at Thun, in the canton of Berne, which the Swiss assembled every

year for the instruction and practice of engineer and artillery officers, under the direction of one of Napoleon's skilful officers. This instruction consisted not merely in communicating information on the science, but in actual manœuvres and expeditions among the glaciers, in all which the young Prince, with his knapsack on his back, took part, partaking of the bread of the common soldier, and with his pick and compass in his hand.

"My son," says Queen Hortense, in one of her letters, "is still with the pupils at Thun, engaged in making military *reconnaissances* in the mountains. They go on foot ten or twelve leagues a day, and by night sleep under a tent at the foot of the glaciers."

Thus grew up under the shadow of the tree of Swiss liberty, the youth who was born under the protection of the Imperial throne; thus did he distinguish himself in the ranks of the young republicans who was destined to glitter on the staffs of the Imperial Guard.

A man who is of the blood of Napoleon, has instincts which do not know how to bend to the circumstances of common life. Whether in exile or placed upon a throne is of no consequence; no one could expect or require the nephew of the

Emperor Napoleon to become a peaceable citizen of Berne.

The sons of Queen Hortense had, therefore, a course presented to them, from which they could not withdraw, without denying all the sentiments and feelings in which they had been brought up.

The events of July resounded in Italy, and the deceitful echo of the Hôtel de Ville awakened the hopes of all the most enlightened and intelligent men whom the country contained. The moment appeared to have arrived in which the grand idea of Italian unity was about to be realised—in which the ancient nationality of the country, so long oppressed, was about to be re-constituted. Such was the most ardent aspiration of Italy, and the thought, which notwithstanding so many reverses and vicissitudes, still remains alive in the hearts of the Italians, and seems every day to acquire new force from the very pressure of the numerous tyrannies, which share among them that rich and beautiful country.

The Bonaparte Princes were appealed to by the Italian patriots. Could they remain insensible to the appeal? Was it not rather their duty to hasten thither and to lend the aid of their name and talents to the cause of freedom

and liberty? There was both glory and danger in uniting with the insurgents of the Romagna; an opportunity presented itself for receiving the baptism of fire with liberty for their godmother, and the sons of Queen Hortense did not hesitate to avail themselves of the occasion.

At the moment in which Prince Louis, with his brother, was about to proceed to Bologna to join the friends of liberty, and march against the Austrians, he wrote to his mother, as follows:—

“Mother.—Your affection will comprehend our feelings. We have entered into engagements, which we cannot fail to perform, and the name which we bear constrains us to succour the unfortunate who call to us.”

Their afflicted mother soon after hastened to meet them, eager to withdraw her children, whom she loved with tenderness and cherished with pride, from that bloody and unequal struggle.

“Feel proud, madam,” said General Armandi, to Queen Hortense, when he perceived her maternal anguish, and shared all her apprehensions, “feel proud at being the mother of such sons. The whole of their conduct in these melancholy circumstances, is a series of noble and generous sentiments, worthy of their name, and history will not forget it.”



Troubled, agitated, and her heart filled with sorrowful anticipations, Queen Hortense was on her way to Ancona. At the first post, after leaving Foligno, a calash stopped close to her carriage, and a stranger, addressing her, said, "Prince Napoleon is ill, and is anxious to see you."

At Pesaro, she was met by her son Louis. He had lost his brother—his best friend!—who had been suddenly carried off by an inflammation of the chest: and in dying the noble young man only felt one fear—that of defeat.

Europe knows the issue of that unequal and ill-organized struggle. It was a heroic dream, impossible to realize; but one which had its source in the want, so deeply felt and so true, of free institutions for a people groaning under the yoke of oppression.

Since the death of his brother, Prince Charles Louis Napoleon always signs his name Napoleon Charles Louis Bonaparte, in compliance with the wish of the Emperor, who had decided that the eldest of his family should always bear the name of Napoleon. According to the terms of the *Senat Consulte* of 1804, the Prince then became the eldest of the sons of the Imperial family, and it became his duty and privilege to change his signature.

Prince Napoleon Louis, whom his courageous mother, on the report of the dangers to which he was exposed, had set out to join at Ancona, had just fallen ill from fatigue, from overwhelming anxieties and the double affliction of body and mind, as a patriot and a brother. In the mean time the Austrian army took possession of Ancona. It required all Queen Hortense's presence of mind and force of character to save the only son who now remained to her. She caused a report to be immediately spread that the Prince had taken refuge in Greece; and although lodging in the immediate neighbourhood of the Commander of the Austrian forces, she succeeded, in the midst of the most harassing anxieties, in concealing her patient from the observation of all. By disguising her condition, and, what is still more difficult for a woman, concealing her grief of heart, she conducted him, under the protection of an English passport, and not without running great risks, through a great part of Italy, and, in order to bring him to a safe asylum in Switzerland, she ventured to brave the law of proscription, which excluded her from the soil of France.

"At length," said she, "I arrived at the barriers of Paris, and I felt a sort of pride in showing that capital, in its best points of view, to my

son, who could no longer remember it. I desired the postillion to drive us by the Boulevards to the Rue da la Paix, and to stop at the first hotel to which he might come. Accident brought us to the Hotel de Hollande, where I occupied a lodging on the first-floor. From the windows of my apartment I looked upon the Boulevards and the column in the *Place Vendome*; and, in my present isolation, I felt a sort of bitter joy in being able once more to behold that city which I was about to leave, probably for ever, without speaking to any one, or being at all distracted from the impression which that view made upon my mind."

Thus it was that that young man, whose birth had been announced by salvos of artillery throughout the vast extent of the empire, from Hamburg to Rome, and from the Pyrenees to the Danube, returned to Paris, after fifteen years of exile, a proscribed fugitive.

After a short stay at Paris, Queen Hortense, with her son, passed into England. Here the Prince employed his time in completing his education, and visiting with care all the vast establishments of industry and science, which constitute the glory and prosperity of Great Britain.

Human vicissitudes convey to us sad lessons of instruction, and the Prince was at least in-

debted to his misfortunes for a liberal education. Far removed from the sphere of courts, he learned to know, that true greatness consists in personal merit, and that a man can become really distinguished by his intelligence and character alone. Severe and careful study have served to make him a distinguished man in different branches of the practical sciences.

After so much fatigue, suffering and anguish, the Duchess of St. Leu became impatient to return to her retirement in Thurgau. She had just received her passports to cross France, and was only waiting for an authority to pass through Paris. This authority did not arrive; and, as she was hesitating one day, her son said to her —“ If we go to Paris, and if I see the people sabred before me, certainly I shall not resist the impulse of joining them.” Queen Hortense immediately formed her determination—embarked—avoided Paris, and did not stop till she arrived at Arenenberg.\*

\* *Note of the Editor.* The Castle of Arenenberg, situated on the Swiss side of the Lake of Constance, was left to the Emperor by his mother, and seems to be at this moment the only house he possesses.



## CHAPTER II.

Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.—*François 1<sup>er</sup>.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the details which have just been given, it is by no means our intention to write a complete biographical notice. We shall neither undertake to praise nor blame those hazardous expeditions which have contributed, much more than his misfortunes, to draw the attention of the public to the case of Prince Napoleon Louis. Our object is to give a faithful detail of those circumstances, of which the public is either ignorant, or which have been forgotten, and which, at the same time, ought to be known; for without at all sharing in those illusions which dazzled the mind of Prince Louis, or without even excusing his undertakings, it is, and must be always a matter of pleasure and rejoicing to the French nation, to see the descendant of the great Emperor coming out pure from those painful trials under which most men would have fallen.

It is well-known that Prince Napoleon Louis,

on the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, became the direct heir of the Empire. The hereditary principle in the Bonaparte family was only accepted by the French people in the case of Napoleon, Joseph, Louis, and their descendants in the male line. Napoleon was dead, as well as his son ; Joseph had no son, and Louis only the Prince, who is the subject of the present pages.

Notwithstanding the very liberal opinions manifested by Prince Louis, it is probable that this kind of imperial legitimacy which rested on his head, may have raised his views and expectations, and have made him consider it as a matter of hereditary duty to uphold the cause of which he was the representative. Whether however, it was the result of conviction or of calculation, knowing as he did the state of public opinion in France, he uniformly disavowed all idea of reviving the hereditary claims of his house ; and, on the contrary, presented himself to the people in the character of a person wishing to facilitate the pure and simple expression of the national will.

Men of great influence had sought to demonstrate to Prince Napoleon Louis, that the most extreme opinions, although proceeding from the most opposite parties, were all based upon the fundamental principal of the sovereignty of the people ;

and that *the appeal to the people* of the Republicans, the *electoral reform* of the parliamentary opposition, and the *universal suffrage* of the royalists, revealed a faith common to all parties.

The Prince was perfectly convinced of the truth of these principles ; but, considering the immense responsibility of a personal interference, he required it to be fortified by the practical demonstrations of events ; and nothing could furnish a stronger proof of the soundness of his opinion, than the succession of events which had occurred for five years before. The *Émeutes* in Paris and the departments—the armed tumults of the 5th and 6th of June, and of the 13th and 14th of April ; the movements in Lyons, Grenoble, and twenty other towns—the never-ceasing agitations recurring in all parts of France—the free expression of opinion by the national guards of Lyons, Grenoble, and Strasburg, all served to demonstrate to him the true situation of the country.

Without entering into the well-known details of the affair at Strasburg, let us merely recal to mind the leading facts, that on the 30th of October, 1836, the Prince put himself at the head of the regiment of artillery then in garrison in that city. The cavalry regiments stationed in the neighbouring towns immediately marched

to join him. A most unexpected fatality brought the whole insurrection to a close in the barracks of the 46th Infantry.

"Yesterday morning," (Sunday), writes the Prince, to his mother, after his arrest, "I presented myself to the 4th Regiment of Artillery, which received me with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur.' The 46th resisted, and we soon found ourselves shut up in the court of the barracks. Fortunately there was no French blood shed, and this is my consolation in my misfortunes."\*

\*The monarchy of July thought this was but the rash enterprise of a bold young man, but if they had subjected the young Prince to an examination by some experienced statesman, they would hardly have consented to his liberation—they would have been convinced of his certain return. B.

*Note by the Editor.*—The attempt at Strasburg was much more serious, of much graver importance, and had in it much greater elements of success than has been ordinarily admitted or thought of: it caused the Royal family at the Tuileries the greatest anxiety. The whole night the King, the Princes and the Ministers, were on the alert. We are happy to be able to give publicity to a most descriptive letter written by the Duc d'Orleans to his brother the Duc de Nemours, then in Algeria, the original of which, in the Duke's handwriting, was in the possession of Dr. Veron :—

Tuileries, 1st November, 1836.

Five o'clock in the Evening.

You will have heard, my dear Nemours, from the Queen and from Marie, all the details of the affray at Strasburg; therefore, I will not waste the little time I have to spare in useless repetition. You may be, however, completely *reassured*, so far as this affair is concerned, it is all over! More than finished! Nor do I believe the ramifications of this conspiracy, hatched in Switzerland, will now have any active effect. At all events, we shall look sharply

Misled or betrayed, the Prince came out of that trial without any stain upon his honour, and with a tranquil conscience, although at the time vexation produced a great effect upon his mind. Every man feels himself firm in his own course of conduct, when it is founded upon a sincere conviction ; but we no sooner become the causes of other men's sufferings on our account, than we find it almost impossible to refrain from self-reproach.

During the ten days which Napoleon Louis passed in the new prison, the chief of a brigade of keepers and turnkeys on duty at the Conciergerie was sent from Paris with his people. M. Lebel carried his zeal for his profession so far as

after them, and our energies rise to the occasion. We never had a moment's doubt as to the issue of this attempt, this conspiracy never had the slightest chance of success. Among other things it has shown us that our strict discipline is still vigorous, and if the affair is properly put before the public, it will strengthen us much and will make a good effect in the army ! We must liberally reward our brave defenders and then, "*Væ victis*," see how it will consolidate our position ! I believe that Voirol is to be made a Peer, and will have at his disposal all the steps and decorations which he asks for others. This of course is understood !

I think how fortunate it is that you will hear of all this all at once, and being far away you will not have to suffer *the frightful anxieties which we have gone through ! The whole of last night was passed waiting for news*, and when M. Franqueville arrived I had to start myself for Strasburg. You know my ideas relating to insurrections. My plan is, to go straight to the point, not wait for any one to follow, but hit the mark as strongly and swiftly as possible. But, fortunately, I had not the time even to start, all

to prevent the Prince from opening his windows to breathe the fresh air. He also took his watch from him, and adopted the whole of that system of petty tyranny and vexation which can only be invented by an adept in tormenting, and constitutes a part of the science of a zealous jailer.

Shut up in the city prison, and afterwards in the citadel of Strasburg, Napoleon Louis expected his day of trial, when one evening a carriage drove up to take him he knew not whither, without listening to any explanations or protests (for he had never addressed any request to the authorities but one, and that was to bring him to trial). He was removed under the guard of two officers of *gendarmes*, and driven off with such precipi-

was arranged for the best ! I now repeat to you that you may *rest in all security*, but pay great attention to all news, and above all take care that the details of the affair of Strasbourg be not given in fragments. The whole truth must be published with every particular impartially given. This is very important for our position out there.

\* \* \* \* \*

All the usual illusions and views respecting the state of the nation and of public opinion held by exiles in all ages and countries are found in this conspiracy.

The Prefect was very energetic, but—a simpleton !

I will tell you, some day, details which will make you laugh !

I write to you very hurriedly, my dear fellow. I have told you everything of importance. It is hardly necessary to say how often I think of you, and how I live as it were in Africa. If I were to tell you all the fancies that cross my mind, you would laugh at me and all my imagination, which gallops away with me among the Spahis.

I shall keep you informed of all that passes, but another day,

tation on the road towards Paris, that he had no time to take anything with him, except what he had on. Arrived in Paris, he was conducted to the Prefecture of Police, where he saw no one except M. Delessert, who informed him that the King had decided that he should not be brought to trial ; but that he was about to be conducted to Lorient, where he was to embark for the United States.

The Prince protested against this course—reiterated his demand to be brought to trial, with his companions in misfortune, and insisted upon the wrong and injury which would be inflicted upon those who were compromised at Strasburg, by depriving them of the testimony which he

when I have more time ; to-day I am only able to scribble these few lines very hurriedly, and I hope you will forgive this imperfect letter.

Present my kind regards to your companions, and read to them such parts of my letter as you may think will be interesting to them. Le Père is quite well, and everybody is "*in very good spirits.*" What we have just gone through is the consequence of La Granja and of Lisbon ; is the result of a year's work of conspiracy in Switzerland. We are at war with a party who from time to time must try something !

After the affair of April came Fieschi, then Alibaud, and now of him. We shall, I hope, make an end of them, with a good cause and firm resolution—" *we have plenty of both.*" Adieu, my dear friend, pray excuse me again, but you know that in such moments as these one has scarcely the time to write with a very clear head.

Adieu, adieu ; my heart and my best wishes are with you, and I say again, for the last time, *don't worry yourself !*

F. O.

Kind regards to the Marshal and to all my African friends.



could give in their favour. All, however, proved vain. The Prefect of Police informed the Prince that his lot was irrevocably fixed ; and there remained to him nothing more than to attempt to be useful to his friends. With this view, he wrote to the King, in order to express "the pain which he felt in being treated in such an exceptional manner. He attached but little value to his life, which they spared, but felt deeply for the fate of his friends; and if the King would pardon the officers in prison at Strasburg, he would feel himself under a perpetual obligation." The Strasburg jury decided that question.

After having remained two hours in Paris, the Prince was conducted forth on his journey to Lorient under the protection of the same escort. An application was then made to Queen Hortense, begging her to prevail upon her son to remain ten years in America. She replied, "That she could not undertake any engagement on behalf of her son, who was master of his own actions." The government was unable to take any such step with the Prince, as he earnestly insisted on being brought to trial, but not liberated.

Notwithstanding this, a report was from this period diligently put into circulation, that a promise had been given by the Prince, who, even from the citadel of Fort Louis, protested against



such an assertion ; and on the evening before his embarkation, he wrote to M. Viellard, deputy for the department of La Manche : " It is quite untrue that I have ever been asked to make the least promise not to return to Europe ;" and, on the trial before the French Peers in 1840, the *Procureur General* was obliged formally to admit that no conditions had been imposed on the Prince when he was sent to America.

At length the drawbridge of the citadel was lowered, and the Prince put on board a boat and conducted to the *Andromede* frigate, which soon after weighed anchor. The general belief was, that her destination was New York. It was announced that the frigate was about to set the Prince at liberty on the shores of the United States ; the captain, however, had his sealed orders, which he was not to open till he was at sea, and a little after, the ship stood towards the south seas, a direction in which she sailed for nearly five months. And whilst this enemy who had just revealed himself by his failure, and who would have been so easy to disarm, by binding him with the strongest bonds by which a noble mind can be bound—the bonds of gratitude ; we repeat, that whilst Prince Napoleon Louis was sailing in distant seas, a prisoner on board the *Andromede*, the organs of the government were

busily employed in circulating the most odious calumnies respecting him. The ministerial journals affirmed that the Prince had pledged his word to remain ten years in America; and it was not enough to try to make him ridiculous, it was necessary to use all the means at their disposal to render him infamous, if he should return.

Napoleon Louis was preparing to take a journey into the interior of the New World, when he was informed of the alarming state of his mother's health. He immediately took his departure from New York, and arrived in London. What was his astonishment and indignation, when he became aware that the French Government had succeeded in changing into a diplomatic fact, the very falsehood which their own journals had been made the base instrumentality of propagating some months before :—"That the Prince had entered into an engagement not to return to Europe." It was in vain, that the Prince reiterated, "How could they have imposed upon me such conditions, when I did not wish to withdraw myself from trial and justice, and when I was actually taken away by force!"

Many, however, as always happens in such cases, without taking the trouble to examine the case or the probabilities, received the report as

true, and repeated it without intermission; truth, however, has more power in the mouth even of the accused and proscribed than falsehood in that of the strong and the powerful. The Prince succeeded in smoothing the difficulties in his way, and eventually reached Switzerland, where he was still in time to receive the last embrace and blessing of an illustrious and unfortunate mother. (3)

We shall now lay before our readers a few incidents connected with the last moments of the good *Queen Hortense*, whose name was so popular, that, long after she had ceased to reign, it never occurred to any one to refuse her the title to which she had done so much honour, and that too, notwithstanding her greatness and wealth had been swallowed up in the commotions which then threw all France into confusion. Without ambition for the future, or regret for the past, Queen Hortense only longed for one thing, and that was France, which she so *dearly loved*.\*

A few moments before she expired, Queen Hortense stretched out her hand to each of the persons of her household; they were overwhelmed with tears, whilst she was calm and resigned.

\* Napoleon, on his deathbed, ardently expressed the desire of being buried on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French whom he had so *dearly loved*.



At the foot of her bed, her son was on his knees, accompanied by Dr. Conneau,\* who had been long attached to her person, and whose tender and assiduous care had prolonged her life and alleviated her sufferings.

Profound silence reigned in the chamber in which death was present. The Queen turned slowly towards her son and the doctor, and said, with a feeble voice, "You are very unfortunate, my children! farewell, Louis! farewell!" Her son threw himself into her arms; she pressed him to her heart, with a supernatural strength, and again, with fearful vehemence, uttered a final "*adieu, adieu, adieu.*" She fell back exhausted; her noble figure resumed an angelic serenity, and her eyelids closed.

Her son hung over her; and, with a voice which he in vain attempted to render calm, said, "Mother, do you know me? It is your son!—your Louis!—my mother!" She made a prodigious effort to speak, and to open her eyes; but her hands were already cold, and her eyelids paralyzed, and she could only make a feeble, almost imperceptible, movement to this earnest appeal. Her maternal tenderness, so true, and

\* His name will afterwards occur in these pages as the devoted friend of the Prince to whom he remained attached after the death of the Queen.

so exalted, had already conveyed to her half-expiring heart the voice of her son. A feeble motion of the hand which he held, assured him of the fact, and in an instant after the last sigh of his mother sounded in his heart.

Sobs then burst forth. Prince Louis remained alone quite immoveable—on his knees before his mother, and his head resting upon his hand. He continued to watch beside her corpse, whilst his grief was dumb, and his eyes without a tear.

The wishes of Queen Hortense have been fulfilled. Death has given her a tomb in her native land. She, the unhappy victim of reaction and civil discord, could only find a place in the soil of France when dead.

The remains of Queen Hortense were deposited in the small village church of Ruel, by the side of those of the Empress Josephine. (4)

Rest, Hortense; rest beside your mother: your names mingled together, shall long live in the minds and memories of the good. They will say of you,—

“They were benefactors of their race!”

Of all the recollections which survive life, these are the most difficult to be effaced.

The ashes of the unfortunate mother were scarcely cold, when, in the very commencement of the year 1838, M. de Montebello, the Amba-

sador of the King of the French to the Swiss Confederation, took his first measures, with a view to obtain the removal of the Prince. His application was limited to a request for the intervention of the President of the Federal Directory, who replied that he had no reason whatever to oblige the Prince to withdraw from the country.

In the meantime the Prince, having fixed his abode at Arenenberg, after his return from America, lived there almost alone, after the death of his mother, with the firm determination not to mix himself up in any political affairs. But, as we have seen, he had been calumniated during his absence—facts had been most wantonly misrepresented—and it would have been to purchase repose at too dear a price, patiently to submit to such imputations. He felt it to be his duty to sacrifice that repose by a declaration of the facts, and he permitted a friend to undertake his defence.

The French government regarded the pamphlet of Lieutenant Laity, on the affair of Strasburg, as a new conspiracy. His case was referred to the Court of Peers, in Paris, and the lieutenant was condemned to five years imprisonment.\*

\* A good citizen of Lyons, struck with the noble character of this young officer, by his will appointed him heir to his estate.



The government, we repeat it, ought to have left an enemy at peace, who was resolved no longer to attack it; but its conduct was the very reverse; and a system of persecution was continued. The first efforts of French diplomacy having failed to produce any useful results, M. de Montebello, the eldest son of the brave Lasnes, sent a second note to the Swiss Diet, making an express demand for the expulsion of the Prince, and a demand accompanied by threats. The Diet, having rejected the foreign pretensions of French diplomacy, it will be remembered that a warm dispute arose; the minds of parties on both sides were envenomed, and matters went so far, that an army was collected on the Jura, whilst, on their part, the Swiss had 20,000 men under arms.

Prince Napoleon Louis, earnestly desiring that the generous hospitality of the Swiss Cantons should not become to them a cause of trouble and danger, voluntarily withdrew.

"The French government," he said, in his letter to the Landamann, "having declared that the refusal of the Swiss Diet to comply with their demand, would be regarded as the signal of a conflagration, of which Switzerland would be the victim, it only remains for me to depart from a country where my presence is made the reason

for such unjust pretensions, and would be made the pretext for such great misfortunes." (5)

Thus, the interval between the death of his mother and the expedition to Boulogne, was passed by Prince Louis, in a calm life, occupied with studies of an elevating character, and with works which would serve to make any other man illustrious, except the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. On the part of his enemies, it was spent in that course of melancholy policy, with its tortuous manœuvres, and influenced by *political reasons*, which, ever since the existence of governors and governed, has furnished materials for the darkest pages in the history of the world.

The Prince returned to England, where all the tricks of political diplomacy always prove ineffectual in the presence of the noble and powerful hospitality of Great Britain, and where a man is almost always sure to have a good understanding with the government, as long as he seeks to deserve the esteem of honourable men. (7)



## CHAPTER III.

Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong,  
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,

*Byron.*

DURING his sojourn in England, we find Prince Napoleon Louis occupied with the publication of works of importance, which, while recommending themselves by the great justness of their views, are based upon the grand principles of liberty and philanthropy, and serve to place their author amongst the number of those writers who are distinguished by their originality of thought.

Although the Prince has been put under the interdict of fire and water, as regards the soil of France, he has not been interdicted from that communion of thought, which alone could alleviate the miseries of exile, and render less oppressive that condition which was imposed upon him by the legislature of a people, just about to receive, with transports of joy, the ashes of the head of his family. Thus it was, that banished from all participation in public life, the heart of Prince

Napoleon Louis, harassed by the persecutions of which he had been the object, sought by useful labours to divert his mind from the bitter thoughts of exile, at the same time that his equanimity of temper, and his candid and generous disposition, secured him the affection and sympathy of many friends in the midst of all the trials and reverses of fortune.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the arrival of the Prince in England, and it will be remembered, that about that period, (the end of 1839,) the recollections of the Empire became very lively, and had made great progress in France, and when a mission was appointed to go and seek for the ashes of the Emperor, in order to transport them to Paris,\* and gloriously to lay his arms upon his

\* *Note by the Editor.*—In an invocation to the manes of the Emperor, suggested to Prince Louis Napoleon by the return of the glorious remains—and given at the end of this volume, p. xvi.—the Prince says—"A French vessel, under the command of a noble youth, went to claim your ashes." From the frigate "La Belle Poule," commanded by the Prince de Joinville, the coffin was removed to the "Dorade," in order to go up the Seine. We will now relate to our readers the details of the arrival of the "Dorade" in Paris. A striking narrative of this event was obtained in a manner so peculiar that it necessitates some explanation. During the first days which followed the Revolution of 1848, the officers of the Staff were changed and followed each other in rapid succession in the apartments of the Tuileries. One morning one of the officers demanded free access to the apartments of the Princess Clementine, daughter of the King Louis Philippe, and Duchess of Saxe Coburg. There was an idea of arranging a smoking room in

bier, all the imperial sympathies, all the Bonapartist feelings and recollections were kindled into life; (6) the number of malcontents increased from day to day; and finally, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, the same regiments which the Prince had known in Strasburg were at that moment garrisoned in the towns of the North and West coast of France. An inexorable fate once more impelled him towards the shores of France—and once more blighted his plans and his hopes.

The expedition to Boulogne is a fact, which will remain for history to explain; few persons know what it might have been, whilst every one knows what it really was.

We are not about to magnify the enterprise to

the Princess's bed-room. Here, as in all other portions of the Palace, a complete change was desired, which was carried out with frightful disorder. Everywhere they laid hands on all the papers belonging to the King, the Queen, the Princes, and Princesses. They were curious and impatient to penetrate into political mysteries and family secrets. Under the windows papers and books which had been thrown out were burning in immense braziers. More than one curious document, carried away by the wind, was easily picked up by the spectators of this sad sight. One of the *conquerors* of the Tuileries seized on a handful of papers in order to light his pipe, and having done so, threw them on the ground. These burnt and crumpled papers, which bore so modest an appearance, were in the handwriting of the Princess Clementine. A kind of diary, in which the Princess noted, day by day, her various actions and impressions. Of this manuscript, which must probably have been lengthy, only some few leaves were saved, which

Boulogne which we make no attempt to justify, more than we have done in the case of that at Strasburg. Some may regard it as a symptom of unreflecting precipitation, whilst others may view it as the expression of a firm and persevering character; but what is neither disputable nor disputed is, that there was above the mere fact itself, the irresistible movement, alluring and impelling a generous mind, and the bold and powerful action of useful and noble thoughts.

The name which resounded on all sides belonged to him, and he wished to present it under

fell by chance into our hands, and it is in them we find the narrative of the return of the ashes of the Emperor. We will give the exact copy of the words written by the daughter of Louis Philippe 15th December, 1840,

"We went yesterday to see the funeral procession of the Emperor Napoleon pass down the Seine. We first of all went to Besons, where, to our great disappointment, we found it had just gone past; we then hastened to Asnières, where after a long walk, by the side of the river in ten degrees of cold, and a north wind in our faces, we at last perceived the flotilla, whose approach was announced in the distance by the minute guns. Both banks of the river were crowded, the sky calm and clear, and the silence only broken by the reports of the cannon or the shouts of the multitude. "*La Parisienne*" came first, then "*La Dorade*" painted entirely black, the immense coffin, being draped with a violet pall.

The dear Hadgy was on the bows, and recognised us after much waving of handkerchiefs; he stopped and caused every one to come up on deck and greet the Queen with three cheers. The other vessels followed.

It was indeed a magnificent sight. The silent coffin of the man who had shaken the world, floating majestically along the stream,

a living form upon the frontiers of France. He wished again to put to proof the great principle of the sovereignty of the people, of which he had an indelible conviction, and to submit to its decree.

None of our faculties have been given to us in vain, and that which leads us to the adoption of brave and hazardous exploits, bears, no less than others, the character of necessity. On the other hand, persons of medium minds never cease to express their astonishment, that certain natures have wants, feelings, and aspirations, different

coming back to France after 25 years of exile, conducted by a son of the King, by a Bourbon, who, forgetful of all family hatred renders homage to the glory of the French nation ! The moment they recognised us the crowd cried out, 'Stand aside, stand aside ; it is his mother, it is his sister ; let them have the pleasure of seeing him ! Vive l'Empereur ! Vive le Roi ! Vive le Prince de Joinville !' These three shouts followed in rapid succession. In passing over the bridge at Asnières, where the crowd was immense, we saw him again—'Hats 'off,' they cried ; 'it is the Emperor.' Again, a third time, at Neuilly, we were quite close to him. The sight of the catafalque on deck with a cross and the tricolour on either side, made a deep impression upon me. Gourgand, Bertrand Marchand, and Philip, stood at the four corners ; Joinville was giving his orders ; the Abbé in his robes stood behind the body ; a fringe of icicles ornamented the ship. After an hour's waiting, Joinville landed for an instant in order to see and embrace us. We saw him but for a moment for he was obliged to return to his vessel, and could only leave the Emperor after he had placed him in the hands of the King. I heartily thanked God for having brought back Joinville safe and sound to us ; he is much thinner, but he is well, and as good, and as handsome as ever !"

from their own. When attempts are attended with success, success is regarded as within every one's reach; but when there has been any departure from the ordinary path, and attempts miscarry, the very same persons look upon the noblest efforts and most generous aspirations, as the projects of an ill-regulated mind, and almost as a wrong.

It is, perhaps, vain to attempt to persuade such persons, that if Providence had not imposed other restraints upon human actions, than those which arise from their results, and if men only yielded to those counsels which were suggested by their interests, or by the voice of strict prudence, and were denuded of those convictions which carry light into the uncertainties of the future, the world would soon be involved in inextricable chaos. We may say, then, in the language of a celebrated writer, "That in matters of political offence, it is the danger to the well-being of society which determines the amount of culpability; but this danger varies, according to the conduct of the power and of the advantages to society, which its presence may bring." For example, there was much more danger to France in the fall of the first Consul in 1802, than in the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons in 1830; for, in 1802, Bonaparte was truly of



service to France, at home, as well as abroad; whilst Charles X., in 1830, violated all its institutions. Power, therefore, has no right to assume or pretend that it is always equally good, always equally necessary; and that its dangers are always equally dangerous to society. We feel ourselves, however, entering upon political disquisitions, when our only wish is to show, how much the French love success in every thing, and how easy it is among them, for power to render misfortune ridiculous.

However this may be, Prince Napoleon Louis has never yet shown himself in action other than what becomes a young man of exalted courage, involved in the midst of perils. Our task now leads us to speak of the man of mature age, after having been exposed to the shocks of adversity, strengthened and enlightened by long years of trial. Previous, however, to pursuing our course, let us now be permitted to establish a fact, which becomes more and more incredible in the present state of our public manners. It is well known that the most of those who were concerned in the affair of Boulogne, embarked with the Prince, without knowing the object of the voyage, and on the faith of his honour and name. Well! the enterprise having once failed—the Prince a prisoner—all hope lost—not one of the 60 per-

sons implicated in the undertaking, ever expressed the slightest regret at having taken part in the attempt; and, though failure often renders us unjust, and gives rise to animosities and discord, all those who were parties in this unfortunate expedition, placed unbounded reliance on the honour—and exhibited the greatest devotedness to the cause of a man who had compromised their fortunes and their lives. Such was the character of the friends of the Prince! Such were the feelings of those by whom he was surrounded.

The Prince quitted Boulogne, accompanied by several officers of the *gendarmes*, and a numerous escort. The most precise orders were given that no marks of respect should be shown him; and the first thing which was said to him was, that on the first movement he should make, they would fire on him. This was a vain threat, which could have no influence upon a broken heart. There are moments in life in which death becomes an object of hope, and to him who has no prospect before him but that of a dungeon and a scaffold—what signify the petty and insulting offences of authority, or the pass-words of a colonel of the municipal guard? Without allowing himself for a moment to sink under the weight of his misfortune, the Prince preserved that force of character which is the indestructible inherit-



ance of his race, and against which all the petty tyranny of such authorities was altogether powerless. The enterprize was a failure; but his honour was again unstained; tried and zealous friends claimed the solicitude of him to whom they were devotedly attached. It was for them, and for them alone, that the Prince reserved all his energy. The monotonous gallop of troops which constituted his escort, the villages which passed and rapidly disappeared, the figures of the staring simpletons who gazed as he passed, all had merely the effect of so much machinery on the senses of the prisoner, and never wakened his attention. The few words which reached his ear were spoken in the language of his boyhood—that language whose joyous accents blessed and cheered the hours of his youth in the palaces of kings, was even now his consolation and delight when a prisoner, and in irons.

Proceeding from stage to stage, they at length reached Ham, where the party remained for a day, in order to wait for orders from Paris. On the following day, they again resumed their journey on the road to Paris, in order to reach a new prison. At one o'clock in the morning, the carriage and escort drew up under the gloomy wall of the prison.

The troubles and dissensions which have

agitated France for half a century past, have made many familiar with those gloomy buildings of the *Conciergerie*; but that which all do not know, is the horror, without the grandeur, which strikes the mind on their approach. It is not frightful, it is not horrible, it is ugly and revolting—it is not the sojourn of misfortune, but the last and fatal dwelling of crime. The massive and noble battlements and lofty towers of heroic times inspire feelings of grandeur and awe, but here one meets with nothing but white walls, heavy, cumbrous gates and lumbering portcullises. There is no elevated mind which can resist a feeling of disgust at such a sojourn; we cannot give free play even to the imagination, where we are overwhelmed with such an unspeakable feeling of shame, which causes us to shrink within ourselves, and irritates our minds. Modern prisons, with their pretensions to amelioration, are a bastard species, difficult to describe. We have dreamed of chains and bolts, and the poetry of irons and dungeons is as old as that of rivulets and woods; but prisons such as we now meet with them; the small white-washed cell paved with broad flags, the narrow iron bed close to the wall, and small white wooden table; the *tout ensemble* is cold to the eye and depressing to the heart; the narrow window with its scanty light;

the wicket in the door, just sufficient to form a frame for the dull countenance of a *gendarme* or those of the two turnkeys on permanent duty in the prison. Who can tell the irritating horrors of such a jail? who can tell at this period of high civilization the precise difference which exists between torture now abolished, with such a philosophic boasting, and that nameless pain, which is prolonged, according to orders, from the powers that be;—days of weariness and pining, without change or relief, during which an officer of police, with honeyed voice, whispers in your ear, “that if you will make fuller disclosures to the government, he may perhaps be able to mitigate the rigours of your condition.” It is not torture which brutally extorts confessions from the accused, but what is it then? What name are we to give to this horrible system? It is called the *secret system*. Dungeons are poetical and so also are their keepers. Who is that old man of rude appearance and burly constitution, gifted with sensibility which he conceals, as if it were a crime—that is the old Schiller of Silvio Pellico—but, in reality there is now nothing of the kind.

The jailer is a man with a smiling countenance, and polite address, who knows how to make all possible variety of protestations in time and place; who gives you to understand that he is a



man of tender heart, but which does not prevent him from closing his heart as well as his locks on misfortunes of every description—a being who lives within those walls as much at ease as the toads which, since the time of Buffon, live between two layers of plaster in the *Jardin des Plantes*. You are neither able to hate nor to complain of him; he is like every thing which surrounds you, something, which you neither know how to comprehend, nor even properly to define. He excites in your mind the same sensation as the sight of a reptile. Amongst these cells, chambers, and dungeons, the *ensemble* of which constitute what is called a *Conciergerie*, there is one which is distinguished, and must ever remain distinguished, above all others.

Ask these walls whom they have not enclosed? What crime, what misfortune, what injustice have they not sheltered? Marie Antoinette, more beautiful, more virtuous, and also more unfortunate than even Mary Stuart, who seemed to have sounded the very depth of royal misfortune. That unfortunate and noble Queen of France, whose majestic beauty and attractive demeanour subdued the tribunitial fury of Mirabeau against the court; whose tears and dignity during the anguish of the return from Varennes caused doubts to spring in the mind, and almost softened

the heart of Barnave, but against whom the popular fury, long in the pay and under the working of the calumnies of Philippe Egalité, was as pitiless as himself. This same Philippe Egalité, who, covered with the blood of his royal cousin, for whose execution he had voted, was aspiring to the throne, when the revolutionary torrent made him stumble against the scaffold.

These, and many others, down to "the bravest of the brave," Michel Ney, whose very name is a subject of regret to all, and of remorse to some, the monarchy, the revolution, the empire, have all contributed to furnish illustrious recollections to these gloomy dungeons, but the genius of the place claimed still a last honour; and it has obtained it. The nephew of the Emperor has also sojourned in the *Conciergerie*, and, according to the expressson of M. de Chateaubriand, the prison has made him a partaker of the greatness of those who have been its inmates.

So far, however, there is no reason to exclaim against the inconstancy of human things, we cannot even complain, when we mention the name of Napoleon, to find it for a time shut up in the same dungeon as the Queen of France, the father of the reigning monarch, and Marshal Ney; but when we add, that this too was the prison of the infamous Fieschi, who does not feel his flesh

shudder, and his heart oppressed, at the contemplation of such a monstrous equality?

Assuredly we are not about to indulge in recriminations; men, after all, are perhaps only machines in the great events of life, and considered in a certain point of view, are only humble organs of power, forming merely one undivisible whole, with the sources from whence the power is derived. If it were in truth otherwise, this responsibility, which travels from agent to agent, becoming less and less at every transition, till it descends to an ordinary *gendarme*, would it not be by far too illusory?

However this may be, we blame no one, we merely indicate that which will find its place in history, and we merely express the wish, that in France, where there are prisons for everybody, they may soon feel a desire to construct one also for people of respectability.

## CHAPTER IV.

Les formes judiciaires en matière politique ne sont qu'une comédie solennelle.—“*Un Ministre.*”

It is ever a painful task to give an account of the long days and sleepless nights of the prisoner *au secret*. Days succeed each other with a melancholy uniformity; there is nothing to distinguish the one from the other, or scarcely even from the nights which intervene. Solitude between two keepers is reality, pursuing and haunting the captive even in his dreams. A sad reality, whose forms are variable, but whose effects are always the same. Yesterday it was the Colonel of the Municipal guard, who, when escorting the Prince, said to him, that if he made the smallest movement, he had the most precise orders to blow out his brains; and, at the same time, boasted of having been embraced by the Emperor at Montereau. What an extraordinary confusion of ideas! Embraced by the Emperor at Montereau, and ready to blow out



the brains of his nephew ! To-day, it is the old soldiers, proud of having formed part of the heroic battalions of Austerlitz. Montmirail and Champeaubert, now become jailers or turnkeys, in order to obtain a miserable pittance to support life. And if the prisoner had been able to look abroad from the window of his prison, he would have seen the Louvre, and the Imperial Eagle, which, notwithstanding two restorations, still stands there, altogether unknown.

With these melancholy reflections on former greatness and prosperity, there were also mingled recollections of the happy days of youth, surrounded by parental care and affection, and *mirages* of Arenenberg floated before the mind's eye of the prisoner. Alone ! No ; Napoleon Louis was not alone ; his energy of character, his natural pride, remained as his companions ; and, thanks to these, he succeeded in driving far from him all feelings of despair ; all those symptoms of being overwhelmed by misfortune, which sometimes, by the very charm of recollections, subdue the strongest minds, and lead them by degrees towards weak despondency. The Prince, however, soon justly appreciated his position ; he had, so to say, taken his resolution, and was determined to stand by his decision. He was now in presence of the reality, and it was



necessary to conquer or be conquered.\* At this period it was that he translated an ode of Schiller, which conveyed, in exalted language, the expressions and sentiments which then filled his heart, and served for a moment, to calm the sorrows and sufferings of his soul. We present our readers with the translation, without changing a single word. The expression of that thought, which, like a sweet ray of light and heat, penetrated the heart of the prisoner in despite of the horrors of the dungeon, seems to us to contain something sacred and holy which one cannot touch without profanation.

#### L'IDEAL DE SCHILLER.

##### 1.

O tems heureux de ma jeunesse, veux-tu donc me quitter sans retour; veux-tu t'enfuir sans pitié avec tes joies et tes douleurs, avec tes sublimes illusions? Rien ne peut-il donc t'arrêter dans ta fuite perfide? Tes flots vont-ils inévitablement se perdre dans le sein de l'éternité?

##### 2.

Les astres brillants qui éclairèrent mon matin dans la vie ont perdu leur éclat; l'idéal qui gonflait mon cœur, ivre d'espérance, s'est enfui. Elle est anéantie cette douce croyance en des êtres créés par mon imagination; ces rêves si beaux, si divins, ils sont tombés en proie à la triste réalité.

##### 3.

De même qu'un jour Pygmalion étreignit la pierre de ses ardents transports, jusqu'à ce que le sentiment eut coulé brûlant dans la fibre glacée du marbre; de même, j'enlaçais la nature de mes bras amoureux, avec une ardeur juvénile, jusqu'à ce qu'elle eut commencé à respirer, et à se réchauffer sur mon cœur de poète.

\* "Politics no sooner enter within the sacred precincts of the courts, than justice flies away. All intercourse between politics and justice is corrupting, and all contact is poisonous."—*Guizot*, 1821.

En partageant mes brûlants transports elle s'animait à ma voix, me rendait les baisers d'amour, et compressait les battements de mon cœur. La fleur, l'arbre, tout vivait pour moi, le murmure des ruisseaux chantait à mon oreille, même les objets inanimés paraissaient sensibles au retentissement de ma voix.

## 5.

Mon étroite poitrine se dilatait par un effort tout puissant dans un cercle immense, et je voulais entrer dans la vie en paroles et en actions par les illusions, comme par le bruit. Comme il était grand ce monde tant qu'il ne fut pas éclos à mes yeux, mais comme j'ai vu peu de choses s'épanouir, et ce peu, comme il était petit et mesquin.

## 6.

Avec quelle audace il s'élançait dans la vie, transporté par une noble ardeur, le jeune homme que le délire de ses rêves rendait heureux, et dont aucun souci n'avait encore arrêté la fougue; le vol altier des projets l'emportait jusqu'au sommet du firmament—rien n'était trop élevé, rien n'était trop loin, parceque dans son ivresse il a cru pouvoir l'atteindre.

## 7.

Avec quelle facilité il était transporté? Qu'y avait-il de trop difficile à son bonheur? Comme sur le chemin fleuri de la vie il était joyeusement accompagné. L'amour avec son doux retour—la Fortune avec son brillant diadème—la Gloire avec sa couronne étincelante—la Vérité avec l'éclat du soleil.

## 8.

Mais hélas! à peine au milieu de sa route, ses compagnons infidèles l'avaient déjà abandonné, et l'un après l'autre, ils s'étaient enfuis précipitamment. Le bonheur, au pied léger, avait déjà disparu. La soif de la science n'était pas apaisée et les sombres nuages du doute obscurcissaient l'image brillante de la vérité.

## 9.

J'ai vu la couronne sacrée de la Gloire, flétrie sur des fronts vulgaires, hélas! le tems heureux de l'amour n'a eu qu'un trop court printemps, et ma route devint bientôt de plus en plus déserte, le silence s'accrut, et c'est à peine si l'esprit jette encore une faible lueur sur mon obscur sentier. (8)

At length the veil of secrecy is about to be drawn. Prince Napoleon Louis is about to appear before the Chamber of Peers, as the highest judicial tribunal. Before proceeding

farther, we must here yield to the necessity of expressing how earnestly we would wish to be able to turn away our attention from that scene, when we shall no longer meet with one generous emotion, or single feeling of fidelity, but where servility, not even covering itself with the mantle of political passions, is about to arm itself with the naked sword of the law, and where, in short, men who all their lives long have treated the obligation of oaths as a jest, are about to be transformed into judges.

The Dukes Decazes and Pasquier, with Marshal Gerald, came to examine *Monsieur* Louis Bonaparte,\* for so they styled the nephew of the Emperor, without being able at the same time to conceal the feelings of involuntary respect, which his presence inspired.

At a subsequent period, when the decree of the Court of Peers was reduced to writing, the title was still suppressed, but the authorities changed their minds, before the decree was communicated to the Prince, the word *Prince* was substituted for that of *monsieur*, and the copy from which

\* Have I not seen those titles of popular election refused to my children—titles which were inscribed in the record of their baptism, as well as in the annals of French glory, and of which they alone were not proud, placing their noble pride in being French and Napoleon? Could any one believe that those who most frequently refused to recognise the validity of those titles, were the very men who owed every thing to Napoleon?—*Fragment des Mémoires de la Reine Hortense écrits par elle-même.* Chap. xiii., p. 267.



the final form of the decree was taken bore the marks of this after-thought.

The President presented the members of the commission, one by one, to the accused, and as he said "M. Decazes," he might have added, "formerly secretary to your father, the King of Holland." As he presented "Marshal Gerard," he might have subjoined, "Lieutenant of Napoleon." And "I, the President," he might have said, "I am the same Pasquier, whom His Majesty the Emperor was pleased successively to make an *auditeur*, *Maître des Requêtes Procureur General du sceau des titres*, an officer of the Legion of Honour, a Baron, Director of the Roads and Bridges, and Prefect of Police, and who in every one of these situations, took the oath of fidelity to his person, dynasty, and government."

Whilst the proceedings took the usual course, and were approaching the termination assigned to them as their results, the accused appeared before his judges. M. Persil, Secretary to the Commission, immediately developed his great and favourite maxim—*d'autres tems, d'autres besoins* (new masters, new laws)—and here, too, the accused was still nothing more in the eyes of the Chamber of Peers than Monsieur Louis Bonaparte. Instead of the language of flattery, the

Emperor had long been subjected to ingratitude or forgetfulness, but now came the turn for insolence—*d'autres tems, d'autres besoins*.\*

Let us, however, observe, that this question of etiquette is of no importance in our eyes. Contemporary history contains so many examples of such meanness and degradation, that we have no right to be astonished at the addition of another to the number; but that those who received from the Emperor their own titles and honours should refuse to his nephew even the inheritance of his name and titles, and that there should be such men, of whom there are some hundreds in France, is what cannot be related without feelings of humiliation and shame. (9)

The Prince delivered a few noble words in explanation. M. Berryer arose, with all the dignity

\* M. de Lamartine has very recently drawn an admirable sketch of the policy of the men of whom we speak:—"It consists," writes the eloquent deputy of Macon, "in yielding obedience to, and serving, all passions, on condition that they serve us in turn; in flattering parties when in power, and abandoning them when they fall; in following every change of opinion, and every vicissitude of government; in watching the fluctuations of the public mind, and riding on every popular wave; in soliciting a favourable breath from every wind, without at all regarding the course which the vessel is steering, provided that our own interest may be saved from every shipwreck, and whatever may be the fate of the nation, we may be safely wafted into the port of Fortune, Honour, and Power. This is the policy which makes great, which elevates, enriches, the man who practises it; but which leaves behind no trace of its passage through the course of public affairs, except a certain reputation for vulgar ability, a disgrace to honourable men, and a pernicious example of the success of egotism, for the guidance of future lovers of low ambition."

of his character and talents, and never, perhaps, was there delivered a more solemn appeal than that which he made to the court in his irresistible and dignified language, when he said, "Speaking on your conscience, before God, and in the presence of us, who know you, say, 'If he had succeeded, if he had triumphed, I would have denied him; I would have denied all participation in his power; I would have disavowed him, and would have repulsed his advances.' For myself I accept this supreme arbitration, and whoever of you, before God and his country will say, 'If he had succeeded, I would have denied his right,' him will I acknowledge as a competent judge."

Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte was condemned to the penalty of perpetual imprisonment.

"All judgments shall be judged."

The *Journal des Debats* announced the condemnation and sentence of M. Louis Bonaparte, as the *Journal de l'Empire*\* had announced the birth of his Royal Highness Prince Charles Louis Napoleon. It would be difficult to point out the source from which this journal derives its inspiration; but it is impossible in this case not to recognise the application of that same principle

\* The *Journal de l'Empire* belongs to the brothers Bertin; in 18—, it took the name of the *Journal des Debats*, and continued to be the property of the Messrs. Bertin to whom it still belongs.



which led Philippe Egalité to use the brief name of *Capet*, as the proper designation of Louis XVI. *Væ victis!* Such was the trial, and such were its results.

The Prince, as we have already said, had entirely accepted his position, and if he showed any solicitude throughout the whole of this affair, it was not solicitude for himself; the fate of his companions never ceased to occupy his mind, and all his efforts were invariably directed to the amelioration of their condition. In consequence of this feeling, still true to the spirit of his recollections, and not knowing besides to what extent the passions of his enemies might go, he took every means in his power to reimburse the old servants of his house, for the pensions which had been bestowed by his grandmother, the Empress Josephine and his mother, Queen Hortense; and thus, at least, the passage of Prince Napoleon Louis into the dungeons of Paris, was marked by very different features from those which characterize the miserable ambition of degraded courtiers.

Madame de Stäel has somewhere said, that there is not one of the deplorable actions of the French Revolutionary times, which has not been compensated by some traits of honour and fidelity; this is still true of the French monarchical times,



and every one will feel a sentiment of gratitude towards him who, from the elevated regions of misfortune, wished to show that if there are in France many who are ungrateful, there are also noble minds, in whose estimation the wants of the heart and the conviction of the mind remain the same, despite the changes of time and the contemptible maxims of M. Persil.

We shall not again return to this melancholy phase in the Prince's life. Duke Pasquier fulfilled, to the letter, what he calls his awful functions. And just as the dungeons of the *Conciergerie* have fetters for every one, the Duke Pasquier has examinations ready for the service of all classes—for princes of the Imperial Family—men who have remained loyal to the elder branches of the Bourbons—ardent republicans—honest men or assassins; all pass under his terrible standard, and receive from him those gentle pieces of advice, which he knows how to give with a grace and good nature that belong to himself alone. "Prisoner, you compromise yourself. You are only aggravating your position." Surely history will no more concern itself with the actions of Duke Pasquier, than posterity with his literary works; the latter have made him an academician, and the former a Duke and Chancellor of France. Nothing can prevent him from being so; but

nothing also can hinder him from remaining—  
PASQUIER.

If it was our duty to write an imaginary tale for the instruction of a young Prince, to put him on his guard against the deceitful seductions of fortune, the most fruitful imagination could never invent greater contrasts between the past and the present, than those which we have been obliged to trace in the present chapter, without departing for a moment from the exact reality.

## CHAPTER V.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.—*Shakespeare.*

ON the 6th of October, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the sentence of the Chamber of Peers was read to Prince Napoleon Louis. At midnight he was compelled to enter a carriage, without being allowed to see any of his friends; and, under the safe conduct of a colonel of the Municipal guards, he was conducted to Ham, where he arrived at mid-day on the 7th (10)

General Montholon and Dr. Conneau having preferred a request, supported by the Prince, to be allowed to pass the time of their confinement in Ham, the ministry acceded to their petition, and they were accordingly sent to this fortress, where General Montholon, after the lapse of 20 years, found a new St. Helena. From Ham he wrote as follows:—"The thing which vexes me, as a Frenchman, the most, is to think that the Emperor, at St. Helena, was not so ill-treated by the English, as his nephew is in France by the

French." General Montholon, who had been one of Napoleon's lieutenants, remained faithful to his chief to the last moment, not of his fortune, but of his life.

*L'amico suo non della ventura.*

Having fallen into disfavour in 1812, he became a courtier, in the days of misfortune, in 1815; and after having continued to be the friend and companion of the sufferings of the captive of St. Helena, he wished to terminate his mission of attachment and devotedness, by sharing the misfortunes of the prisoner of Ham. Here, altogether forgetting his own fate, he used his unceasing efforts to ameliorate the condition, and to soothe the sorrows of the Prince, nephew of the Emperor, by the assiduous duties of friendship, and the amiable qualities of his mind. Napoleon once said to him, "Every one is about to abandon me. Will you, too, forsake me?" "No, Sire;" replied Montholon, with profound emotion; and the devoted servant, companion and friend, has kept his word. To a man of spirit and intelligence, resigned to his fate, there is no position so bad, from which he cannot derive some advantages. The Prince found in himself that power of mind, which enables a man to be resigned—that inappreciable grace which God never refuses to those who know how to draw it from its true

source. But whilst there are men who know how to resign themselves to their fate with courage, there are others to whom the resignation of their victims becomes an insupportable torment.

In diplomatic representations, men in power invoke *reasons of state*, *political necessity*; obscure words, of which people in general do not even attempt to comprehend the meaning, or, to employ other words, which such men have at their command, it is, they say, the good of the country, and the necessity of maintaining public order which call for such measures. We do not punish; but in defending the country we defend ourselves and the safety of all; in using such language, great ministers of state draw out, sanction and confirm those programmes of numberless petty vexations, which their obedient and servile subordinates execute to the very letter.\* The great object of these vexations is to irritate the nerves of the prisoner, and never to leave him an instant to forget the horror of his situation. It is impossible to know what is exactly the enduring force of any man, but it might be that at last the greatest courage and resolution are undermined by repeated annoyances, just as the stone is worn by a continual drop of water;

\* Monsier Guizot has said, "When authority descends into the dirt, responsibility descends with it."



and then a moment may present itself when the worn and harassed prisoner is become weak, and will smooth away certain difficulties, professedly and publicly despised, but greatly dreaded in private. Prince Napoleon Louis was obliged to submit to the full intent of these unwritten instructions. If he took a walk upon the ramparts in a space of forty yards long by twenty broad, it was not sufficient that there should be numerous sentinels within and without the fort, to the very foot of the stairs and at the door of his apartment, but a keeper was appointed to follow him step by step, like Banquo's ghost.

Among the servants of the Prince, there was one who was the most faithful of the faithful, and who had been attached to his person since his youth—this was Charles Thèlin, his *valet de chambre*. Shut up with his master, he was not permitted to go into the town to execute a thousand little commissions, which might have served as some additions to the comfort of the prisoner. The gates of the fort were pitilessly closed upon all those whom devotedness alone caused to enter its walls.

The soldiers, too, had orders not to honour the Prince by the military salute; but let it be said, to the honour of the French soldiers, that they always presented arms to the nephew of the

Emperor, even at the risk of four days confinement in the guard-house.

When, after a number of conversations and official requests, it was admitted that the prisoner's health required horse-exercise, a horse was at length brought for his use ; but when the Prince submitted to the necessity of mounting on horseback in the narrow and ill-paved castle-yard, he became an object of curiosity to the whole *posse* of jailers and turnkeys, to the soldiers, and many of the inhabitants of Ham, who were admitted to look through the embrasures of the outer walls. The Prince soon became weary of being a mere show to these people, and was obliged to renounce his favourite exercise, which was so necessary to his health.

In order to have access to the Prince, it was necessary to have an order from the Minister of the Interior, and these orders were only obtained with great difficulty ; and even the signature of the Minister did not suffice—the order could not be received by the Commandant of the fortress, till it was countersigned by the Commisioner of Police in the town of Ham.

The French police enjoys a great reputation for skill ; when the thing is examined a little more closely, and when once there is an opportunity of lifting the corner of the veil, by which



it covers its mysterious means and operations, the observer becomes immediately sensible, not merely of the ignorance and the corruption of its agents, but of the powerlessness and imperfection of its measures. The political police, or what, in other words, is called the *high police of the kingdom*, charged in particular with the duty of watching over the safety of the government, disposes of immense resources, but the results are far from corresponding with its expenditure. Agents are scattered about in all directions to make reports of every thing which is going forward; these men ought to know what is going on, and as they are paid in proportion to the information which they give, it may well be supposed, they furnish it in abundance. Control, however, being impossible, the agents of the police give free scope to their imagination, and hence the precautions and numberless fears, which are so frequently useless and unfounded.

Who does not know what the prepossessions of the police can do? When an idea has once taken root in their minds, when they are bent on accomplishing a project, everything is connected with it and fashioned to their idea. The weakest bond, or the most distant relation, presents to their minds the appearance of a most rigorous and indisputable chain of causes and

effects. Measures of precaution are redoubled precisely in proportion as their suspicions increase. Thus, one fine morning in June, 1841, the small and peaceable town of Ham was invaded by a little army of infantry from St. Quentin, of cavalry from Peronne, and of artillery from La Fère. All had been put in motion, and the object of their concentration was to oppose the rescue of the prisoner, which was to be attempted by 2,000 workmen, from the plain of St. Denis. The alarm was as complete as it was useless; the fear of ridicule caused the troops to be recalled the next day after their arrival, and the police, which had played its part, was allowed to sink into repose, after much excitement and tumult.

“We must have spies,” say the authorities, “or how should we be able to preserve public order, if we were ignorant of what threatens to disturb it? And how should we know these dangers, unless we employ men to watch and make us acquainted with such criminal designs? These spies are miserable wretches, we know it, spend their lives in the lowest company; it is there they live and learn. What can we do? It is an evil which we are obliged to accept with all its consequences.”

Thanks to the progress of public morality and

of social order, these consequences are the following:—

A vile spy never addresses himself to any but obscure and unfortunate wretches, and rarely ever discovers any thing except isolated and contemptible designs, which have not the least chance of success. The classes into the midst of which the spies penetrate, are rarely those which enter into conspiracies, plots are hatched in a very different sphere; they demand the agency of a very different sort of men, and combinations of a deeper character. In such cases the police are dumb, they have no longer either eyes to see or ears to hear. What examples of this truth might not be quoted from that of the Infernal Machine down to the conspiracy of Mallet,\* and from that again, down to the events of Boulogne!

Monsieur de Lavalette, Director General of the Post, under the French Empire, having been condemned to death in 1815 for having taken possession of the General Post-office, in the name of the Emperor, succeeded in escaping from the

\* At the time of the conspiracy of Mallet, Monsieur Pasquier was surprised at the Prefecture of Police—carried off in a hackney-carriage, and deposited at La Force, with strict orders to keep him there till the provisional government was installed. The Prefect of Police was not set at liberty till the conspiracy had failed.

*Conciergerie*. He sought an asylum in a house, the first-floor of which was occupied by the judge who presided at his trial. After having remained for several days in this place, he succeeded in leaving Paris and France, in spite of the united efforts of the first police in the world.

Some years ago, Cavaignac\* escaped from the prison of St. Pelagie, together with nineteen other persons, and lived in London. He had occasion to go to Paris on some family business, and he did, in fact, visit that city, provided with a passport *en règle*; and in spite of the *surveillance* of the police, he remained there for several weeks, quite at his ease. He felt so free from apprehension, that he thought himself at liberty to go to the theatre, and actually remained during a whole evening at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, seated in a stall by the side of the terrible Duke Pasquier.

The police carry on their operations by a system of routine, and assign to those whom they have under *surveillance*, habits conformable to their system, so that as soon as any one has either ingenuity or courage enough to depart from the ordinary routine, the police become powerless: it is, so to speak, a machine, which,

\* One of those involved in the case called the *Complot d'Avril*.



complicated as it really is, is far from being able to fulfil all those multifarious functions for which it has been invented.

Serious offers have been received by Prince Napoleon Louis, of which the police has never had the slightest idea; in revenge for that, however, a captain from the East Indies, having asked permission to communicate with the Prisoner of Ham, to whom he had a message to deliver from the Government of Central America, respecting the Canal of Nicaragua,\* the police did not fail to trace in this step all the characters of a plan of escape. Orders were given to the Commandant to be upon his guard, and the Prince was compelled to submit to a double amount of *surveillance*.

Monsieur de Querelles, who was implicated in the affair of Boulogne, had contrived to escape, and he was living quietly in Prussia when the police of Paris gave notice to that at Ham, of his certain arrival at St. Quentin.

It appears that after these blunders, in order to console themselves after their fashion, and to recompense themselves for what has escaped their notice, the police have recourse, with a sort of

\* It appeared, afterwards, that Prince Napoleon Louis accepted the proposal of putting himself at the head of this great enterprize, the object of which was to connect the two oceans by a canal, terminating in the Lake of Nicaragua.

passion, to that petty *surveillance* which deceives no one.

Towards the end of November, 1845, the Prince asked permission for Thèlin to go to Paris for a few days, to visit his friends. Leave was immediately granted; but it happened, by *accident*, just at the same time, that the Commissary of Police at Ham also obtained leave to visit his friends in Paris. He set out on the same day as Thèlin—contrived to ride in the same carriage, and prolonged his stay in Paris precisely till Thèlin's return. We are, with all frankness, obliged to conclude that the French police, seriously considered, would be a perfectly innocent institution, did it not cost the country two or three million francs *per annum*, and if it did not, under the troublesome form of useless passports, often prove itself intolerably vexatious to peaceable and respectable travellers of all nations. It is, in a word, a barrier which only serves to turn back asses, but which the most indifferent horses can always clear without difficulty.

We shall not dwell longer on the enumeration of all those petty and continual vexations of which Prince Napoleon Louis was the victim. Calculating on the work of time, which can soften the hearts even of ministers of state, the Prince thought that he should be able to abstain from

all complaints till after nine months of suffering; he conceived that if resignation was good, it was his duty also no longer to authorize an intolerable state of things by his silence; and he consequently addressed a protest to the French Government, which we transfer to these pages, because it will convey a more precise idea of his situation than we could otherwise do.

PROTEST.

“Citadel of Ham, May 22d, 1841.

“During the nine months which I have now been in the hands of the French Government, I have submitted patiently to indignities of every description; I do not, however, wish longer to be silent, or to authorize oppression by my silence.

“My position ought to be considered under two points of view—the one moral and the other legal—morally speaking, the government which has recognized the legitimacy of the head of my family, is bound to recognize me as a Prince, and to treat me as such.

“Policy has rights which I do not dispute; let government act towards me as towards its enemy, and deprive me of the means of doing any harm—so far it would be right; but on the



other hand, its behaviour will be inconsequent and dastardly if it treats me, who am the son of a king, the nephew of an emperor, and allied to all the sovereigns of Europe, as an ordinary prisoner.

"In appealing to foreign alliances, I am not ignorant that they have never been of use to the conquered, and that misfortune severs all bonds; but the French government ought to recognize the principle which has made me what I am, for it is by this that it exists itself. The sovereignty of the people made my uncle an Emperor, my father a King, and me a French Prince by my birth. Have I not, then, a right to the respect and regard of all those in whose eyes the voice of a great people, glory and misfortune are any thing?

"If, for the first time in my life, I perchance boast of the accident which has presided over my birth, it is because pride suits my position, and that I have purchased the early favours of fortune by twenty-seven years of suffering and sorrow.

"With respect to my *legal position*, the Court of Peers has created in my case an exceptional penalty.

"By condemning me to perpetual imprisonment, it has only legalized the decree of fate which has made me a prisoner-of-war. It has

endeavoured to combine humanity with policy, by inflicting upon me the mildest punishment for longest time possible.

“In its execution, however, the government has fallen very far short of the intention, which I am pleased to ascribe to my judges. Accustomed from my youth to a strict rule of life, I do not complain of the inconvenient simplicity of my dwelling; but that of which I do complain, is being made the victim of vexatious measures, by no means necessary to my safe-keeping.

“During the first months of my captivity, every kind of communication from without was forbidden, and within I was kept in the most rigorous confinement; since, however, several persons have been admitted to communicate with me, these internal restrictions can have no longer an object, and yet it is precisely since they have become useless, that they are more rigorously enforced.

“All the objects for the supply of my daily wants are subjected to the most careful examination.

“The attentions of my single faithful servant, who has been permitted to follow me, are encumbered by obstacles of every description. Such a system of terror has been established in the garrison and among the officials in the castle,

that no individual dares to raise his eyes towards me, and it requires even extraordinary boldness to be commonly polite.

“How can it be otherwise, when the simplest civility of look is regarded as a crime; and when all those who would wish to soften the rigours of my position, without failing in their duty, are threatened with being denounced to the authorities, and with losing their places? In the midst of this France, which the head of my family has rendered so great, I am treated like an excommunicated person in the thirteenth century. Every one flees at my approach, and all fear my touch, as if my breath were contagious.

“This insulting inquisition, which pursues me into my very chamber, which follows my footsteps when I breathe the fresh air in a retired corner of the fort, is not limited to my person alone, but is extended even to my thoughts. My letters to my family, the effusions of my heart, are submitted to the strictest scrutiny, and if a letter should contain any expression of too lively a sympathy, the letter is sequestered, and its writer is denounced to the government.

“By an infinity of details, too long to enumerate, it appears that pains are taken, at every instant of the day, to make me sensible of my



captivity, and cry incessantly in my ears, VÆ VICTIS.

“It is important to call to mind, that none of the measures which I have pointed out, were put in force against the ministers of Charles X., whose dilapidated chambers I now occupy.

“And yet these ministers were not born on the steps of a throne; and, moreover, they were not condemned to simple imprisonment, but their sentence implied a more severe treatment than has been given to me; and, finally, they were not the representatives of a cause which is an object of veneration in France.

“The treatment, therefore, which I endure is neither just, legal, nor humane.

“If it be supposed that such measures will subdue me, it is a mistake; it is not outrage, but marks of kindness which subdue the hearts of those who suffer.

(Signed)

“NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.”

The effect of this protest was, that his *valet* obtained permission to go into the town, and it induced the government to adopt measures more conformable to its true dignity.

The fate of the Prince was then distinctly

fixed, as far as man can fix any thing. It was accepted by him who, notwithstanding numerous offers of devotedness to his cause, wished to remain a stranger to every thought of escape; and, it may be added, that this imprisonment, in the midst of France, was not without charms for the exiled.

“Recovered,” he writes, “from all the illusions of youth, I find in my native air which I breathe, in the studies which I pursue, and in the quiet of my prison, a charm which I have never felt, when partaking even of the pleasures of foreign lands.” (11)

## CHAPTER VI.

Soldiers, soldiers—nothing but soldiers and iron.

*Old Ballad.*

THE foundation of the town of Ham is lost in the obscurity of the first German invasion. The construction, or rather the re-construction, of the castle dates as far back as the fourth century.

The etymology of the name of Ham has given occasion to a great variety of learned antiquarian dissertations, which have, as always happens, contributed to obscure the point, which the authors of these disquisitions propose to illustrate. Some find the name to have been written *Han* or *Hon*, and, by the ingenuity of their craft, they then find no difficulty in deriving it from *Ly-Hon sang de terre*, a name which the inhabitants of the country gave to the place in which that dreadful battle was fought, in which the Huns, during the reign of King Dagobert, were defeated, and cut to pieces, with such a loss of men, that



the whole country was covered with the slain, and flooded with their blood.

Little satisfied with this explanation, and confused rather than enlightened by the researches which we have made in reference to this point, we were at length fortunate enough to meet with one of those rare men who understand how to resolve, without complicating, a question, and who, in the quiet of their studies, have made themselves so familiar with the science of antiquities, that, so to speak, they see no more in the actual facts than an opportunity of fixing their origin, and thus ascend in thought to those ancient times—a fertile field, which they never cease to cultivate—an inexhaustible source of their studies and reflections. A work of very curious and immense research will shortly appear, which will make the public acquainted with the name of an author who will constitute another ornament to the glories of English literature. We, however, shall not anticipate, by our indiscretion, the renown of the individual to whom we refer. The book of which we speak, is a brief, clear, and precise account of the etymology of all the names of towns and cities throughout the whole world; and we have subjoined the remarks which we there find under the word Ham.

HAM, in German, a lodging or dwelling. Almost

at every place at which the Germans made a halt or a settlement, we find this word, employed sometimes alone, as in Prussia and Picardy, and and at other times accompanied by an epithet, indicating some further peculiarity, as in many places in England. The word HAM alone was used to signify the residence of the chief of those *nomadic* and warlike tribes,—the place, which was either the centre of a camp or military entrenchment,—in cases in which any great event took place, such as a battle. The name of Ham, to which was added that of the province, was given to the place rendered so memorable in tradition by the event. Thus, Ham, in Picardy, was rendered so celebrated in consequence of the grand battle, to which we have just alluded, and from that time it became the chief place of the province. In course of time, the inhabitants of the country became used to drop the name of the province, and the word Ham alone remained, as it has come down to us at the present day.

We may add that at that period battles were almost always fought at places where there were either camps or military entrenchments, which were to be taken by storm, and from which the occupants were to be driven. This explanation appears to us satisfactory, and we recommend all those who, like us, are well-pleased to see a

question resolved, to adopt it as being based upon the very best conditions of probability and common sense.

Ham is situated in the midst of a very extensive plain, stretching far in every direction. The whole country round is nearly destitute of trees, and presents the aspect of all those great fields of battle, which Providence seems to have formed on the surface of the globe, to serve as theatres for the exhibition of the bloody scenes of human passions. The history of the town and castle of Ham would be that of the legions of the Cesars,—of entrenched camps,—of the disorders and tumults during the invasion and conquests of the Franks, and of the feudal wars. Amongst its traditions would be found the pillages and massacres of the wars of religion and, at more recent periods, the captivities by *lettres de cachet*, by commissioners and courts of justice; it would, in fact, be a detail of all those deeds and misdeeds which characterize the different phases of society, from the Gallo-Roman period down till the present times. It would be the history of almost all the towns and castles of every country, and of all times. There are few of these dwellings whose history does not contain some story of blood or of wanton and cruel oppression. When the cry against the castles arose



from the bosom of the French revolution, was it not the voice of Providence announcing in dreadful language, that "the children were about to suffer for the sins of their fathers?"

In the year 876, at the time of Romelin, Bishop of Noyon, Ham was the capital of a district called Hamois, which was a dependancy of the Bishopric of Noyon. The erection of this *sée* dates as early as the year 531. There is good reason to believe that from the sixth to the seventh century, the territory and town of Ham, like most of the French towns about the same period, had placed themselves under the protection and temporal administration of the church. The town of Ham, however, was not long in experiencing its share of misfortune from the predatory incursions made by the temporal lords upon the territories under the protection of spiritual superiors, and from the usurpations of domains and titles, which the weak descendants of Charlemagne were no longer able to defend or maintain.

At the close of the ninth century the town and territory of Ham constituted a part of the possessions belonging to the Carlovingian House of Vermandois, and were then under the dominion of Herbert II., Count of Vermandois and Troyes, who was so successful in immeshing Charles the

Simple in the net of his protestations and chicanery, that the latter was induced to repair to St. Quentin, the castle of his vassal. Herbert then, violating at the same time his faith and the laws of hospitality, seized upon his too confiding *suzerain*, and first sent him, according to Ville Hardouin, to one of his *strong places on the Somme*, near St. Quentin. This was, in fact, the fortress of Ham, from which he caused him afterwards to be conducted, under a strong guard, to Castle Thierry, another of his fortresses.

Nothing more is known of the part which the Counts of Vermandois, lords of Ham, afterwards took in the struggles which continued to prevail at that period among the great fiefholders of the Crown, who aspired to hereditary dominion.

It is only about the year 986, when we hear of Simon, Lord of Ham, descended from the great family of Vermandois. The property and inheritance of the fiefs, which had been long disputed, had then become fixed, and regarded as a right under the new order of society. It is, therefore, at once agreeable to reason and history, to presume that the lord who happened to be invested with the territory of Ham, at the time in which the great fact of hereditary descent became a principle in the social system, and an acknowledged right, was the same from whom the first



regular and legal transmission of it was made to the seigneurial house, which existed for three centuries, and furnished thirteen lords, from the direct successor of Simon, who succeeded him in 1026, till the time of John III., who died without male issue about the year 1374.

With John III. ended the pacific seigneurial house of Ham, which had become fief of St. Quentin, a royal domain under King John. In this manner, the law of fiefs, acting against its own primitive operation, so worked as to reunite to the Crown all the domains which marriage or inheritance brought to the royal house. This territory followed the destiny of the female branches, and the Lordship of Ham afterwards became successively united to the houses of the Sire de Covey, those of Orleans, Bar, Luxembourg, Vendôme, and Navarre. Finally, on the accession of Henry IV. it was reunited to the Crown, from which it was again detached by an arrangement, for the use of Cardinal Mazarin, and then as an apanage for Philip of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., in whose family it remained till the great revolution of 1789.

The castle of Ham having been dismantled under Mazarin, became a state prison, after it was made an apanage of the House of Orleans. Louis XVI., who suppressed state prisons, changed its

destination; and, under the republic, it was restored to its former use. Louis XVIII. again altered the arrangement, when he mounted the throne; and when Charles X. was banished from France, state prisons were re-opened and the castle resumed its former condition. The early pages of the history of Ham relate the captivity of an heir of Charlemagne whom a Count of Vermandois caused to be shut up in a *fort belonging to him upon the Somme*, and the last pages of that same history have to relate the captivity of the heir of Napoleon, shut up under the reign of the house of Orleans in a *fort belonging to it, upon the Somme*. In 923, as well as in 1846, this fortress was called Ham.

Louis of Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol, and Constable of France, in the reign of Louis XI., having caused the great tower of the Castle of Ham, called the Constable's Tower, to be rebuilt, ordered a humorous inscription to be engraven over the door; where, to this day, the inscription *mon mieux* remains to be seen. "It is supposed," says the historian Matthieu, "that he believed himself always sure to find his *mieux* in this place, and in the worst state of his fortunes; and, as from the shores of the sea, to see the waves and the winds sport with France."

The Castle of Ham, at the present day, is very

much in the same condition as that in which it was rebuilt by the Constable of St. Pol, in the latter half of the 15th century, upon the ruins of the ancient castle. The fortress is square, and flanked at the angles with four round towers, connected together by very narrow ramparts. The only gate, towards the north-east, is protected by a strong, square tower, to which another of similar form corresponds in the direction of the north-west. The only exterior works consist of two *demi-lunes* to the east and west. The ramparts on the south and east are washed by the waters of the canal of St. Quentin; and the Somme, which runs past the town, is also very near. There are two brick buildings of moderate size in the interior of the court, which are used as barracks; and the state prison forms the extremity of one of these buildings. It consists of a poor, small dwelling (see the engraving), badly built, low, damp, and separated only by a space of some feet from the exterior ramparts, which effectually prevent a free circulation of air, and obstruct the light for its whole height.

In order as far as possible to complete this short notice of the castle of Ham, we shall here present our readers with a legend of the country, a story for which we are indebted to the pen of Count de Peyronnet, one of the four ministers of

Charles X., who fell a victim to the events of 1830. And with another, which is an extract from the interesting work of M. Capot de Feuillide, on the castle of Ham, to which also we are chiefly indebted for the brief notice already given.

In accordance with the idea by which we have been prompted to draw up these pages, we believe that every thing of interest which is connected with the places of which we speak, will be regarded as a natural, and indeed, a necessary, complement to the more immediate subject matter of the narrative.

The origin of the popular tradition, which we are about to relate, no doubt belongs to that period in which the dry calculations and deductions of cool reason had not yet completely withered up the natural enthusiasm and credulity of simple and unworldly minds. The tradition is one with which the *ciceroni* of the place never fail to try the credulity of those who visit the castle, whom, and especially the young women, they wish to inspire with a faith which they themselves have long since lost.

In one of the narrow and gloomy prisons of the great tower, in which a man can scarcely stand upright, there was once shut up, as it is said, a pious and worthy Capuchin. When and why,



no one knew. Without that, wherein would the wonder consist? It would appear, however, that his misfortunes were the consequences of his virtue—a very common thing at a time when vice was triumphant, and guided the affairs of the world! God, however, gave the most striking proofs of his favour and protection to the poor Capuchin; for, if we can give credit to the legend, the Monk continued to live for a long period of years, in chains, supported by the fervour of his prayers alone! His body had become so hardened, petrified, so to speak, by his privations, that his head had worn the stone which served him for a pillow, and left impressed upon it the form of his countenance and the shape of his ear. The people, who never wish to lose the positive and visible effects of the wonders which their imaginations have engendered, attributed miraculous virtue to the prayers of the Capuchin. It will easily be believed with what devotion this holy stone was visited, when (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) it is known that every young girl who came to visit the shrine, and who, after having brought it into contact with her garments, religiously detached a small portion of it, never failed to find a husband within a year. It is needless to add, that in consequence of the soft and friable nature of the stone, that which is now



shown in one of the casements of the great tower, has yielded with such a good grace to the devotional acts of the successive generations of the damsels of Picardy, that at present, there is neither impression of countenance nor ear—nor indeed of anything, which has any resemblance whatever to any part of the good father Capuchin.

We subjoin two couplets from a song on the subject, (quoted from the notice of M. de Lioux.)

Celebrons  
La rare merveille  
Divin talisman  
L'orgueil et la gloire de Ham.  
Oui chantons  
Et vantons  
La chère oreille  
Du bon Capucin  
Favorable aux vœux de l'Hymen.

Fille de Picardie  
Venez au caveau de Ham  
Et l'Eglise vous marie  
Avant qu'il ne soit un an.  
Ayez figure vermeille  
Bonne dot, et pour certain  
Vous bénirez l'oreille  
L'oreille du Capucin.

#### STORY OF LAUTREC.

Another tradition, much more recent and less uncertain than that of the Capuchin, transmits

to us the following story of a prisoner in Ham. We are indebted for its preservation to Count de Peyronnet, keeper of the seals, under Charles X., and who was imprisoned in Ham, after the events of 1830.

There was a young man of the name of Lautrec, handsome in person and of ardent disposition—formed for extremes, and born either for pre-eminence in virtue or excesses in crime. He met with a young woman beautiful as himself, and full of generous passion, but chaste, pious and imbued with candour and modesty. Lautrec fell in love with her; with a love such as men of his character feel, impassioned and ill regulated. The young girl suffered herself to be also surprised by this affection. She loved Lautrec, but she loved him with tender innocence.

Her condition was obscure, and she had no property to redeem her from it. Lautrec imagined, for some time, that love would gain the ascendancy in her mind over virtue; but he was deceived. The poor girl, astonished and humiliated, found an inexhaustible resource in her purity of mind. She would have wished to love him enough, if will alone had sufficed.

Lautrec had no hopes of prevailing over or soothing his father's pride, and he did not, therefore make the attempt. The fruitless passion

which consumed him became an obstinate and irresistible evil. His complexion faded; his looks lost their vivacity; he lived in seclusion; and became gloomy, thoughtful, and taciturn. He scarcely listened to those who addressed him, and answered only with groans.

Lautrec had an uncle still young, who had been early raised to high offices of dignity in the church, and had always treated him with great affection. This uncle marked the serious change which had taken place in his nephew, and was distressed at the result. He often put very pressing questions, which the young man evaded. The uncle would not suffer himself to be repulsed, and persevered. Lautrec, at length yielding to his affection and importunities, allowed his secret to escape.

In an age in which moral duties sat lightly, and men were very unscrupulous in their conduct, love was hardly ever treated as a serious affair. The uncle adopted all possible means to disabuse the mind of his nephew, and to free him from the source of his trouble. He saw the young girl, and exhausted all his artifices and means of inducement. One while he conjured her by love to renounce his love, in order that he whom she loved might become free from an engagement which rendered him miserable. Another time,

if love was not sufficient, he offered to add riches as a compensation for the sacrifice which he solicited. And again, since his affection was so strong, and he wanted resolution to renounce it, he ventured hesitatingly to advance proposals of another kind, making the young girl understand that all hopes of a legitimate union being absolutely forbidden, there remained no other means if she wished to preserve his love than to yield.

However, the virtue of the poor girl was not less deeply rooted in her heart than her passion. The inflexible simplicity of her young mind disconcerted all the resources of ingenuity. The heart of the uncle himself was troubled, and a perverse, wicked and frightful idea entered his mind. He proposed to himself to seduce her, and he was to be himself the man. So many charms had captivated him, so much virtue filled him with inexpressible admiration. The unhappy man yielded to his passion, loved and ventured to declare it. A cry of horror and fear was the only reply which the young girl could make: confounded and terrified, he fled.

At the same moment, Lautrec arrived. The girl wept, groaned, and evinced symptoms of the most violent despair. The young man became desperate, and asked her the cause of such extraordinary agitation, such lively grief. He wished



to know it, and to know it on the instant, without dissimulation or concealment. His voice was at once suppliant and imperious. He begged and required; he wept and commanded. What could the poor girl do? She was overcome by her own emotion—by the eagerness and impetuosity of Lautrec. In her indignation and her amazement, incapable of measuring her words or foreseeing consequences, she made imprudent disclosures, and Lautrec learned the treachery, or surmised it.

Overwhelmed with the intelligence, his mind became deranged, and scarce a glimmering of reason was left. He rushed away—seized his arms—followed the traces of his uncle—reached him at the foot of the altar, and although robed in the vestments of his exalted office, he struck him dead and revenged himself in his blood.

From that time the dungeons of Ham became the refuge of his madness and his crime. Forty years had elapsed, when the revolution of 1789 took place, and he was enlarged; but forgotten, thought dead, and disavowed by his kindred, he had neither a resting-place nor bread. The people of Ham took pity on his condition, and committed him to the care of a poor woman to provide for his wants. Her care was not long needed, for he died in about three months after-



wards. He would probably have lived a longer time had not liberty, a stranger so completely unknown, come unexpectedly upon him, to derange and alter all the melancholy habits of his life.

Such is the castle of Ham, where, from time to time, the most various forms of oppression have been exercised at different periods upon the victims of ecclesiastical tyranny—of *lettres de cachet*—of political reactions, and, finally, of the miserable ingratitude of our own times.

It now remains to us to give our readers some account of the interior arrangements of the fortress, the measures of precaution taken by the government, and the habits of the prisoners, which we shall do in one of the following chapters.

## CHAPTER VII.

O, goodness infinite, goodness immense,  
That all this good of evil shall produce.

*Milton.*

IMPRISONMENT, for political offences, is a thing of modern invention; this method of punishment had escaped the notice of the civilization of Greece and Rome. If the rules in these nations kept any man in prison, it was only that the accused might await his trial, or his execution. Death or exile was the only alternative, and no man was indefinitely condemned to imprisonment. Those who are pleased to refer everything to a system, do not fail to ascribe this modification of penal inflictions to the influence, and to the honour of Christianity; whilst we who do not bind ourselves to a system, and do our best to look at things as they are, have great hesitation in ascribing political imprisonment to Christianity. If we only think for a moment

of the dreadful dungeons of the middle ages, of the iron cages of the time of Louis XI., of the *oubliettes* of the Bastile, they do not present us with anything which savours of Christianity; whilst, on the other hand, on considering the manners and morals of the Ancients, we cannot reconcile imprisonment with the demands and necessities of their civilization.\* Political imprisonment is a thing entirely monarchical; it is easy of execution; a man has his enemy completely in his hands, and he grants forty or fifty paces for his breathing and exercise-ground. The prisoner is a kind of hostage, and his friends and partizans keep themselves quiet, lest their efforts or their interest should worsen his condition. In our days, besides, imprisonment under a more benignant form has assumed a character of extreme rigour, on account of our manners alone. In short, when we remember that in a few weeks we can visit Egypt, Greece, and America, and return to our homes; in a few

\* The law of *ostracism* among the Athenians never deprived the condemned of the hope and happiness of seeing their country again; the duration of the punishment was *limited*, and could not exceed *ten years*; and yet it was necessary that 6,000 *citizens*, at least, should have pronounced the sentence! Ought France to shew herself more severe than the Greeks in the penalties which she inflicts, to go contrary to that immutable principle of all people, *that every man born in a country, has a natural right to the place which he occupies; that he has a claim upon the soil on which he was born, and that his fellow countrymen cannot drive him from it, without being guilty of injustice and cruelty?*

days we can travel from London to Edinburgh, or from Brussels to Berlin, imprisonment is a species of refined torture, which the usages of our age alone have created, it is true, but which is not on that account less real. Looked at from this point of view, a limit of forty or fifty yards as the boundary of our locomotion, becomes hateful, and the apartment, even though spacious, is changed into a dungeon; and yet, Prince, if we come to think on the fate of so many who have been condemned for political offences, a still more grievous penalty has, it is true, been inflicted upon them; for to be deported to Mont St. Michel, a very few yards from the very shores of France, how cruel must be their punishment!

The word deportation, in our days, signifies whatsoever you please.

For a long time men, full of christian solicitude for the amelioration of the human race, have turned their thoughts to the best means of inflicting punishment, with a view both to the safety of society and the reformation of the criminal. The system of solitary confinement at present largely occupies the thoughts and reflections of deep thinkers and careful observers of the life of society, such as Eugene Sue and some others; and a vast field of experience and obser-

vation has already been opened up for the study of its effects.

The penalty is not found expressed in the penal code; but yet may at pleasure be found there, waiting for some great movement of civilization, when it will be inscribed in full and and distinct form.

The system of solitary confinement is that which at the present day demands all the zeal of the friends of humanity. In the commencement, however, this system was only practised on the wretched criminals who filled the central prisons, or the houses of correction—upon minds degraded and brutalized by vice—on bodies of iron, which rendered observation long and wearisome, and the result was nothing. They were received into the prisons corrupted, and they were returned to society, from this solitary confinement, more wicked and more degraded than ever.

At a later period, the idea came to be entertained of applying the system to persons condemned for political offences; and here the experiment was to be tried upon minds of high intelligence, improved by the highest education. They are condemned to deportation, that is, placed at the disposal of the authorities, to do with them as they please.

Come, then, to your work, gentlemen of science—to your work—in the name of suffering huma-



nity—in the name of *society*—observe the pulsations of the heart of a man—like Barbes, note the progress of the wrinkles in the brow—watch the ravages of *marasmus* and make your report, and we shall know exactly in how many years, months, or days, a man of intellect and spirit, a man of energy and pride, may become stupid, idiotic, or insane.

What a result! and how precious and cheering for the future lot of our common humanity!

In all the middle ages, criminals condemned to death were obliged to submit to such operations as the physicians and surgeons of those days thought necessary for the advancement of science. This was, indeed, a barbarous mode of advancing science; but at least the wretched criminal's consent was asked, and he was allowed to make a choice between the surgeon and the executioner. In our age of high civilization the progress is different. In the hospitals the sick poor are compelled to die from inanition, in order to make experiments on *gelatine*, and the solitary system is tried upon political prisoners. The poor and the republicans are the present resources for the experiments (*experimentum in animâ vili*) of our great philanthropists, without being able to escape from their hands; and this Mont St. Michel is the place where, according to all biographers, the Duke of Orleans, now Louis

Philippe, destroyed one of those cages in which men had been shut up, saying, "we must efface every recollection of such barbarous ages." Mont St. Michel, thus regenerated by the noble words of the King of the French, has become a prison for solitary confinement. No more cages—only cells—*autres tems, autres besoins*.

You see, Prince, what might have been your lot if any philanthropist, who may have happened to have been a friend of the minister, had felt the desire to know what a Bonaparte, subjected to the solitary system, could have endured.

We have men of all classes, republicans, men of the world, *litterati*, persons in active life and of profound thought, who would have been eager to know exactly how much time it would have required morally to annihilate a man who has the blood of Napoleon in his veins, who is full of lofty aspirations—has always lived for the future—and combines a robust constitution with great intellectual powers. What result would have been obtained? But they have thought of none of these things, and when this thought passes through the mind, do not our forty yards of ramparts become a green and splendid park, our dilapidated chambers a true palace—there sitting at your table a faithful friend, here a devoted servant, obedient to your call, and ever amongst those agents of power, of whom you

have so many things to complain, you find one more elevated by the rank which he occupied in the good republic of letters than by his ministerial office, who has placed at your disposal all the treasures of the national libraries, an example which his successors have had the good taste to follow, even to the end.

In the morning, you can spend your time in works which are pleasing to you, the tutelary angel which has watched over you, from the days of your childhood and your youth has conferred upon you tastes for study—those good faithful companions, which, as Cicero says, will accompany you everywhere, into the city, on your travels, into the country, and will not abandon you even in prison.

Upon that rampart which had become for you the whole world, you have been able to find a modest corner of ground, where you can cultivate beautiful flowers; you, Son of Queen Hortense, who loved them so much! Thus you find yourself in the midst of the friends of your youth. You can write, and carry on communications with absent friends—you are not permitted, it is true, to break the seal of your letters, a pleasure which the post-office, allows us sometimes; but you, nevertheless, find a charm in seeing again the much loved characters. In the evening, when the darkness of the night has cast the



mantle of equality over all nature—the prison disappears, and one may say that at that hour, and anywhere else, one would be shut up—a man may then believe himself free, precisely because he is in prison. At that hour, the Commandant of the fort, having well-assured himself that every man is at his post, and with the keys in his pocket, feels himself relieved, as it were, from a heavy weight, and, for a time, forgets his melancholy office. He comes to solicit the honour of spending the evening with you; of joining General Montholon, and the worthy Dr. Conneau; and of assisting, by a rubber of whist, to give an agreeable relief to the labours of the day. How much then may you congratulate yourself in having found in yourself, and yourself alone, that force of character, which, as you yourself have said, makes it certain, that if you live without pleasure you are also free from remorse.

Forgetting your own lot, and thinking only of that of your brethren, you have been able to say to yourself, “I have laboured for them, I have been desirous of diminishing the sum of their evils and of increasing that of their blessings. I have co-operated according to my power in the designs of God, for the accomplishment of His work;” and you sleep in peace, with the duties of the day fully discharged.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Le ridicule est une arme à deux tranchants qui blesse souvent ceux qui veulent en frapper les autres.

*Madame de Stäel.*

THE fortress of Ham, as it at present exists, forms a square, flanked by two large, round towers, with some modern outworks added to the old fortifications.

The interior consists of a large court, around which are barracks for the garrison, and a building of modest appearance, destined to serve as a state prison. This building is backed by the ramparts.

In a subsequent part of this volume, we shall explain the manner in which Prince Napoleon Louis contrived to spend the years of his long captivity; our present object is merely to convey to our readers some account of the different details of the accommodations, and the usages of the prison.



The garrison of Ham consisted of 400 men, of whom 60, at least, were constantly on duty. In addition to the military guard, which, properly speaking, formed the guard of the fortress, there was at Ham, as in all other prisons, a brigade of door-keepers, turnkeys, and keepers, to whom the care of the Prince's person was more particularly entrusted. Besides this ill-omened brigade, the Commandant of the fort performed the duties of *haute surveillance*. In addition to all this, the police were busy, according to their fashion, that is, they wrote reports, often useless, sometimes absurd, and always ridiculous.

In the commencement of his sojourn in Ham, the prisoner occupied the rooms which had been previously appropriated to M. de Polignac, minister of Charles X., and was afterwards removed to those which had been occupied by Count de Peyronnet, the colleague of Polignac. These apartments were really in a state of complete dilapidation, and comfort was as carefully excluded from this melancholy abode, as liberty. The ceiling was full of holes; the paper on the walls torn, and the floor formed of brick, and badly laid, with doors and windows which would not shut close—such was the habitation of the Emperor's nephew. Let us, however, hasten to observe, that in order to remedy this state of

things, which very soon began to affect the health of the prisoner, M. de Remusat, Minister of the Interior, and formerly one of the *Emperor's Chamberlains*, placed the sum of 600 francs (25*l.*) at the disposal of the Commandant, which was to be appropriated to the purchase of articles of convenience and comfort for the prisoner's apartments—600 francs! this was the exact sum! Whether this was a mere oversight, or a deliberate insult, we know not; but it will be obvious to all, that the repairs and purchases to be effected with this 600 francs, were neither very numerous, nor of a nature largely to increase the comforts of the prisoner. On the stairs, and at the doors, keepers were stationed, whose duty it was to keep the prisoner always in view; and, as we have stated in a preceding chapter, they followed him, even when he took his walk upon the ramparts, in a space of 40 yards long by 20 broad. In addition to this, as we have observed, the police kept watch after their own fashion, and the absurd alarm, which we have already mentioned, was one of the fruits of their reports. The prisoner was informed, at the same time, of this assembly of 2,000 deliverers, on whom he had not reckoned, and of the arrival and departure of the little army destined to repulse them, whilst

the public understood nothing whatever of the affair.

If the reader has formed any just idea of the feeling with which we have been animated in recounting these events, he will do us the justice to admit, that we have, above all, been anxious to be perfectly exact, and scrupulous in our details; and will, therefore, be assured, that we have no desire to find mere materials for sarcasm, when we relate facts, which truly appear to be a bitter satire upon the system followed towards the Prisoner of Ham.

The genius which presided over the safe-keeping of the Prince, was not a genius of foresight. The garrison was composed, in part, precisely of the very same soldiers of the same 46th regiment of the line, who had known the Prince at Strasburg, in 1836, and of the 42nd, which was in garrison in Boulogne, in 1840. It often happened that soldiers came to the windows, and cried *Vive l'Empereur*, at the time in which the prisoner was taking his usual walk upon the ramparts. In order to guard against this serious inconvenience, blinds were put on the windows of the barracks looking towards the rampart on the principle of shutting the doors and windows upon those whose mouths they could not stop.



With respect to the interior arrangements, our readers will have already learnt, that the Prince's household consisted of a very moderate establishment, and was placed on a moderate footing. The expenses of his table had been regulated by M. Lardenois, Lieutenant-Colonel of *gendarmérie*, embraced by the *Emperor at Montereau*. This officer had accompanied the Prince from Boulogne to the *Conciergerie*, and from the *Conciergerie* to Ham. The sum paid to the canteen was fixed by him at seven francs (5s. 10d.) a day. The *gendarme* who had conducted the ministers of Charles X. to Ham, managed things better; for he paid, or allowed, ten francs a day for each of the ministers.

We have elsewhere alluded to the Prince's attempt at enjoying the benefit of horse-exercise, and stated that he had been obliged to give up the practice, in consequence of the importunate curiosity, of which he had become the object; but we ought also to state that the Prince often received from the people who assembled to look at him, such marks of sympathy as are always grateful to those who suffer; smiles and flowers protested silently against all the thousand harassing vexations of the police; and, in spite of all their efforts, it often happened that persons from without came and stationed themselves at

the windows of the canteen, in order to get a nearer view of the prisoner.

The struggle between the sentiments which the Prince inspired, and those who wished either to deny or stifle them, was incessant; men were employed every morning to rub off, and obliterate, those inscriptions with which the walls had been covered during the night by the soldiers, who took this means of giving evidence of their hopes and sympathies; and thus they thought to arrest the spread of the contagion! If, however, blinds, locks, plaster, and the severity of military discipline, proved insufficient to suppress or stifle the sentiments of those who surrounded the Prince within the castle, if very strict orders were necessary to prevent the officers from conversing with the prisoner, and the soldiers from presenting arms as he passed, how much prudence and skill would not have been necessary to prevent the people beyond the walls and jurisdiction of the fort, from doing anything which might appear like an expression of attachment to the prisoner, who was treated like an *excommunicated person in the thirteenth century*! One day, the rector of the Academy at Amiens arrived by post to read a severe, but most absurd, lecture to all the masters in the town of Ham, who had been guilty of an offence



endangering the safety of the state, by distributing among their scholars some medals which had been obtained from the Prince. The medals were commemorative of the victories of Napoleon, and one of them was that which had been struck on the occasion of bringing home the Emperor's ashes.

One of the teachers in the town of Ham had taken it into his head to think, that some mark of interest from the illustrious prisoner shut up within the fortress, would serve as a great encouragement to his pupils to be attentive to their lessons, and, with this view, he asked the prisoner to grant some testimonial of his approbation to the most successful of his pupils. It had never occurred to the *domine* that this small homage, shown to misfortune, could awaken any one's susceptibilities. The Prince, in compliance with the request, sent some medals of honour, which were distributed, without any of the authorities of the town having dreamt that there was anything wrong or suspicious in the affair.

The other masters in the town, no sooner knew of the favour which their fellow-labourers had obtained, than they thought it would be wise in them to follow the example. Hence, new demands, new supplies of medals, and fresh distributions.

The rector of the Academy at Amiens no sooner became acquainted with what was taking place at Ham, than he drove thither in all haste, and summoned the five favourers of anarchy to his presence. "Is it possible, gentlemen," he said, "that you have so far forgotten your oaths and your duties?"

The attempts of the unfortunate teachers to appease the wrath of the rector, were all to no purpose, and they were obliged to submit to all the consequences of the indignation of this zealous functionary.

Thus it is, that in our times, everything ends by becoming grotesque; this prison, which was so terrible half a century ago, is now much ameliorated; but is this amelioration real? From what has preceded, the reader will be able to judge. He has seen how brutal cruelty has been replaced by petty vexations, which harass and annoy the prisoner in the points which affect him most sensibly. He will have seen how this system of dumb oppression is, at the present day, carried into execution, and probably conclude with us that it is the *ultima ratio* of power.

We have been desirous of making our readers acquainted with the whole details of our story, of conducting him as much as possible, step by step, along with us through the labyrinth of

pass-words, keepers, spies, and the officious jealousy of the police; and we shall now finish this part of our task, by stating, in a few words, the manner in which the prisoner employed his time. We have already stated, that in prison, days follow and resemble each other with a painful uniformity, thus—*ex uno disce omnes*.

Napoleon Louis, once at Ham, arranged his mode of life in the best manner he could. He rose early in the morning, and worked till breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock; after breakfast, he walked on the rampart, or cultivated his flowers, for which he had made a bed along the parapet; he then retired to read his correspondence, to write to his friends, or to resume his early reading, and thus continued to occupy himself till dinner. After dinner, he conversed with his friends, and received the regular visit from the Commandant of the fort; and in the evening, a game of whist, in which General Montholon, the Commandant, and Dr. Conneau joined, completed the day. As may be supposed, there were few incidents to interrupt the long monotony of his captivity; there was, however, one which we cannot pass over in silence, on account of a curious coincidence, which would almost lead us to put faith in the old stories of waggish goblins, which delight to play their tricks upon their unwary victims.

In 1842, the Prince was one day taking his usual ride on the ill-paved courts of the castle, when his horse stumbled, and the Prince had a fall, though not a very dangerous one. On the very same day another Prince, born like himself under the shadow of the throne of France, met with a similar accident, and broke his thigh-bone in the fields, in the neighbourhood of Prague. In the sequel of this volume, we shall sometimes again necessarily have occasion to return to the details of the prison, which we were desirous of bringing here into one point of view, that our readers might be able to form an exact idea of the condition to which misfortune had reduced the nephew of Napoleon in France. We must now, however, pass over and forget, as Napoleon Louis did, Ham and its draw-bridges, to turn our attention to the writings of the Prince, which will afford the best means of enabling us to know his character, to judge of his abilities, and appreciate him at his real value.

## CHAPTER IX.

. . . . . Indignor,  
Nec veniam antiquis sed honorem et præmia posci.

IF the Prisoner of Ham was conquered by the course of events, he took his revenge, and, in his turn, remained master of the field of battle. A captive, he was liberated, from the bonds which enchained him, and, free in thought and in his studies, he traversed the whole range of science, where neither guards nor calumnies could harass or impede his progress. One would have said that, in his ignorance, he was afraid of seeing his captivity too soon brought to a close, so agreeable did he feel it to be to breathe the air of his native land, even through the bars of a state prison. The whole activity of his mind was employed in conversing with men, whose names are amongst the most celebrated, and will



constitute one of the most enduring monuments of the glory of France.

Forgetting his imprisonment, which was the consequence of that title which his judges had endeavoured to refuse him, Prince Napoleon Louis seemed to have forgotten the honours of his birth, merely to remember the inward power and resources of his own nature. He resembled those vigorous plants which strike their roots into the crevices of the rocks on the barest mountains, and find nutriment on the arid summits of the southern deserts, by the natural power of their fibrous roots, and seem to gather sustenance from their own inward vigour, which enables them to send forth their lofty stems, wide spreading branches, and rich foliage, towards the heavens.

Occupied with the study of chemistry and natural philosophy, he addressed an important paper to M. Arago, on the production of the electric current. This communication did not contain a positive discovery; but M. Arago quoted it with great approbation, and it was ordered to be inserted in the minutes of the meeting of the academy. Thus, in spite of the locks of Ham, the doors of the sacred asylum of science were opened up to him—that asylum into which flattery is no more allowed to enter, than she is to pass the threshold of a prison.

Monsieur Arago then asked the Prince for some information respecting the mathematical education of the Emperor, and there may be seen in the public journals the letter which the Prince wrote to him in reply. (12)

Napoleon Louis Bonaparte now began to attract attention, and to be appreciated; and the most agreeable and acceptable testimonies arrived from all quarters, of the sympathy which was felt for him by the public journalists. The excellent Frederick de George, chief editor of the journal of the *Pas de Calais*, placed the columns of his paper at his service. The Prince sent him several articles, and thus took his place in the ranks of journalism—that power which is now recognized as amongst the greatest powers in the world.

The writings of Prince Napoleon Louis do not bear that mark of uniformity which, in our days, too often distinguishes those writers who always return with self-satisfaction to one idea—the first which they have met on their way. The Prince is a man of the world, and he wrote, because writing is the conversation of the prisoner; and he writes, moreover, as men converse, by giving free course to his mind, and yielding himself up to various topics by turns, as they naturally suggest themselves to the mind. Amongst the

writings of the Prisoner of Ham, there is one in particular, which we cannot pass without notice, and which engages all our sympathies. It is a pamphlet, which has passed through several editions and received a high degree of approbation, entitled, *Fragmens Historiques*, 1688 and 1830. We remember in our tender years, to have listened with eager attention, to the lessons of Monsieur Guizot, at that period, in which the youth in the schools, whom he called the hope of France, delighted to recognize in him a man of progress with the age. His course of history remains a beautiful monument of modern literature; but, let us add, that to the merit of having written and delivered this course, M. Guizot at present joins the modest feeling of attaching but a very moderate importance to his labours. Time has constantly enlightened this superior man before us, but experience has also granted to us its advantages; and, since that period, we have often regretted to see M. Guizot incessantly carrying with him to the parliamentary tribune his lessons on history.

England, which was always the great field of the professor's observations, has remained the same favourite theme in the mouth of the minister of state; M. Guizot has created an England for himself, and an England of which he alone pos-

sesses the secret. Bold, indeed, must be the man who would venture to assail him on his favourite field. On a recent occasion, M. Thiers wished also to speak of what was passing in England, and he did it with that lucidness of language and of conception, of which he is so great a master. The minister, from the elevation of his curule-chair, denied it all, and the mass, astounded by his prodigious talent in speaking, supported by a rare assurance, regarded the whole as admirable. The customary article soon appeared in the *Journal des Debats* —“the great minister rose again, and brought all his immense talent to that discussion in which he soared, like an eagle, above all competitors or rivals.” In order to avoid delay, a note, written in English, was despatched to London on the same subject and in the same tone, and on the next and following days M. Guizot, in reading the Paris and London journals, applied to himself the *fruitur fama sui*, with as much justice as he threw the *omnia serviliter pro dominatione* to M. Molé. It would be a matter of bad taste to blame means which have so completely responded to the expectations of him who has employed them; but, as we have just observed, time, with its instructions and lessons, has advanced for all, and to those whose ambition has not obscured their thoughts, to those who



depend only upon the resources of their own judgments, is perhaps more especially reserved the just appreciation of things and facts, even if it please M. Guizot, in regard to Old England.

Prince Napoleon Louis, in his Historical Fragments, has applied himself to the task of refuting that historical boasting of the author of the *Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre*, who is never weary of comparing the great revolution of 1688 with that of 1830.

According to our views, there are two powerful reasons why these events cannot be considered parallel; the former, drawn from that observation of which M. Guizot has elsewhere recognised the justice, "that the best reason why a thing does not happen is, that it has happened already;" and the second, derived from an appreciation of the fact that William of Orange, placed at the head of a powerful people, knew how to identify himself with a great principle, of which he became the life and action. William, in spite of the opposition he met with, was really popular. He continued to be so during the whole extent of his reign, and his popularity survived him, without, as far as we know, his having endeavoured to gain it by waving his hat, or by singing national songs in the balcony of his palace, or in the theatres.



For us, the history of England contains still other instructions. By studying the history of the Puritans, and by observing what is taking place in our own days, it will be seen that no real empire, of any duration, has ever gained over the people but by, at least, the semblance of virtue; and it is their very morality which makes them submit to hypocrisy.

The author of the *Fragmens Historiques* applies himself to prove that the history of England pronounces with a loud voice in the ears of kings, "March at the head of the ideas of your generation; these ideas will follow and support you. March in their rear, they will drag you along with them. March against them, and they will overturn you." M. Guizot, in practice has adopted very different maxims; his theory is, "do not march at all; this is safer and less deceitful."

In London, near the Bank of England, there is a place where all the omnibuses stop. Immediately on their arrival at this temporary resting-place, the driver dismounts, and his place is taken by an humble representator, who figures as a driver. This man's business is to whip the horses, from time to time, in order to keep them alive, and to give them the appearance of just being about to start. By this means

passengers are attracted, deceived by appearances, and hasten to mount, believing that all is ready for a forward movement. Such is M. Guizot at the head of the state. He occupies the coachman's seat till the real man arrives, who will give the impulse which will carry it *en avant* in spite and defiance of all resistance.

It was about this time, also, that the Prince conceived the idea of writing a history of Charlemagne, and having addressed himself to the illustrious author of the History of the French,\* in order to obtain information as to the best authors to consult, he received in reply the following letter, which will, no doubt, be read with great interest, and be regarded as still more interesting, now that Death has removed the learned Sismondi from the world, and from literature. His letter was written from Chênes, in Switzerland, dated June 22nd, 1841, and is as follows:—

“PRINCE,

“I am deeply affected, as well as flattered, by the letter which your Imperial Highness has done me the honour to address to me. I was afraid that, in consequence of the urgency of my

\* M. Sismondi had been one of the warmest opponents of the prolongation of Prince Napoleon Louis' sojourn in Switzerland.

appeal to our council, in 1838, I had wholly lost your goodwill and kindness. I felt that, in fact, I differed most completely from the views entertained by your Highness; first, as to the democratic principle, which you admit in all its fulness and extent, whilst I seek for liberty in harmony among the different elements of society; secondly, as to the development which you would give to the *military instinct*, whilst I am wholly for peace; and, further, as to the happy results which you expect from violent revolutions, whilst the maintenance of the existing order of things appears to me to secure the greatest blessings: and, little did I hope you would candidly admit of the difference of opinions, now that these opinions had been carried into action, and have brought to your Highness such painful consequences.

“Permit me to congratulate you, Prince, on the preservation of that energy of character with which you turn towards the resources of study, to seek from it those consolations, which it is so well able to bestow. The name of Napoleon has been long united with that of Charlemagne, and, at the distance of a thousand years, the two restorers of the Empire will frequently be compared together. It would give me great pleasure to aid your Imperial Highness in your

researches; but the documents on that reign are by no means numerous, and they have all been long since collected and published. I doubt whether there is, positively, anything to add to the contents of Vol. v. of Don Bauquet *Scriptores Rerum Gallicarum et Franciscarum*. This is a folio volume of 850 pages, which at first appears a great deal; but, on turning it over, it will soon be seen how much of it is uninteresting; how dry its annals and chronicles, of which there is a score, are—mere barren repetitions of one another—how many of the anecdotes collected by Genhard are mere domestic scenes, and how many of those of the monk of St. Gall have a purely apocryphal character. In the collection of memoirs relative to the history of France, published by M. Guizot, (Paris, 1824), there will be found translated in Vol. iii., almost everything which is of any interest in Vol. v. of the *Scriptores*. Michel Lorent in his *Summa Historiæ Gallo-Franciscæ* (Argentorati, 1790), has pointed out all the sources of the history of the Carlovingians, with that scrupulous and exact erudition which is rarely found any where but among the Germans. An Englishman, whose name I cannot now recall, has recently published a history of Charlemagne.

“In order, however, to form a correct idea of



the great man, it is necessary to resort to different sources of information; and nothing new is to be extracted from these short chronicles. To study the condition of the various provinces of the Roman Empire, it is necessary, first of all, to have a clear idea of them, with their mixtures of races, each living under a different system of laws—the organization of the people of the Germanic race, both at home and in their conquests—the state of property—the condition of the soil—the relations of the landowners to the cultivators—the unmeasured increase of the system of bondage, which, in my opinion, at least, was the principal cause of the ruin of the Carlovingians, and, finally, the nature of military discipline, and the changes which were successively introduced from the time of the Roman legions down to that of Charlemagne. In pursuing these different branches of study, and in ascending through the centuries from Charlemagne to Augustus, your Imperial Highness will, at length, comprehend and see the means of explaining the singular phenomenon of a barbarian wishing to regenerate civilization—carrying sovereignty where there is knowledge, from the conquering to the conquered race—who accomplished in one reign that which the Romans were not able to do in many centuries, namely, to have subdued, and



at the same time to have brought within the boundaries and laws of civilization, all those races so proud of their independance, who inhabited the north and east of Europe, as far as the Frozen Ocean. You will learn how, at the same time, he used and exhausted the nations which submitted to him; so that from the very day of his death, commenced the most rapid, the most shameful, and the most distressing decline. You see, Prince, that whilst I understand how the splendour of conquest furnishes a ground for comparing Napoleon with Charlemagne, I am sensible that it is only in this respect that there exists any relation between them, and that the influence of these two great men on the time in which they lived, is absolutely opposite.

“Condescend, Prince, to retain towards me that feeling of goodwill, of which you have given me such flattering expressions, and believe me,

“With great respect,

“Your Imperial Highness’

“Very humble servant,

“S. C. L. de SISMONDI.”

## CHAPTER X.

Mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor.

*Horatius.*

THE Prince's life at Ham was not like that of a man completely prostrated by misfortune, or of a clamorous and enraged captive writhing in his chains, and thinking only of bursting the fetters of oppression.

Penetrated with a conviction of the wants of the age, Prince Napoleon turned his ideas towards the promotion of material interests, which, although exhibited with such pompous show on the flag of our government, really receive no more attention, and are treated with no more respect, than the principles which they affect to despise as mere chimeras.

Are we to believe that if statesmen too frequently fail, from incapacity, to recognize sound principles of finance, and of the higher departments of administration, that it is always by

instinct, rather than from incapacity, that they repulse all noble and generous ideas? During the first years of the captivity of Napoleon Louis, the sugar question, which had been for a long time hushed to silence, or smothered, so to speak, under the weight of ministerial repugnance and incapacity, assumed a new life. The Prince discussed the subject thoroughly, in all its bearings, in a pamphlet, which obtained a large circulation amongst all who took an interest in the question. He followed out the question, inch by inch, without suffering himself to be repulsed by the dryness of the subject, or confused by the calculations which it involved. He examined it in all its phases, presented it in all its aspects, and, above all, showed a jealous anxiety for the interests of France. It was also regarded by him as a family affair; for what great idea is there, whether affecting industry, agriculture, commerce, administration, or war, which does not suggest and recall the organising genius of Napoleon?

The Prince's pamphlet, as we have said, had great success. The committee representing the interest of the sugar manufacturers, who were engaged in urging upon the government the necessity of protecting their industry, and who rejected the idea of compensation for the sup-

pression of their trade, were about to draw up a paper to lay before the government and the Chambers, with a view to convince both of the advantages of preparing sugar from beet-root, and of the rights and claims of the manufacturers to protection. This committee, having been informed of the existence of a pamphlet on this question, published by the Prisoner of Ham, found, on examination, that the Prince's paper presented the merits of the question in a manner so clear and precise, that they relinquished the idea of any other publication. They found their own ideas completely and admirably stated. In consequence of this opinion, the committee requested the author to place 3,000 copies at the disposal of the the society, to enable them to distribute them amongst the members of the government, and other parties interested.

About the same period he published, "Reflections on the mode of Recruiting the Army." To say that this work contains particular views of very high importance—that the writer does not satisfy himself with collecting all that statistical science has furnished, in relation to his subject—that he does not take men merely for quantities, as many other writers on this subject have done, but as men—and that he treats the whole question with knowledge and ability, is to do nothing



more than simple justice to the excellent endowments and talents of the author; we must, however, beg to express our dissent from Prince Napoleon Louis, in his opinions relative to the influence of military organization on the national character.

He attributes to military institutions too great a power for the regeneration of nationality. It is in vain that we reflect upon this word *army*; we never find it signifying anything else than an idea of exclusion of the domination of one class over others. It is averred that it is a bad method, to sow gunpowder in order to reap democracy, and to create smoke, in order to enlighten the world. Prince Napoleon Louis certainly looks too high, and sees too far, to believe that a country, in case of invasion, can expect safety and protection from an army alone, however well organized it may be. It appears to us that, on this occasion, the special view of the subject had absorbed his attention, so far as to draw it away, for a moment, from the great principles which dominate the question.

The rampart of nations is the national spirit. The armies of the Empire, annihilated in Spain by a population without government, without finances, and without arms, would be sufficient to prove this assertion, did not even the melan-



choly recollections of the Campaigns of 1813 add complete confirmation to the evidence. Napoleon had nothing to defend the country but his own genius; and the army and the country were conquered, because the national sentiment had become extinct, or they did not know how to restore it. The French armies had carried and occupied all the capitals in Europe, while they had had no other opponents than armies; and they were overthrown, even in France, as soon as the national feeling was enkindled among the conquered nations.

In the year 1793, the whole of Europe entered into a coalition against France, 100,000 Vendéens threatened Paris; 1,300,000 Frenchmen flew to arms, inspired by patriotic feelings; and not, as has been said, to escape the axe of the lictors of Robespierre and Couthon. The coalition was conquered and compelled to recognise the republic. What France did then, she could have done again in 1814 and 1815. The comparative exhaustion of her resources would have been more than compensated by the advantages of her union; and neither the occupation of Paris, nor the battle of Waterloo, could nor would, have compelled her to pass under the Claudine forks. General Bonaparte could have saved her—the Emperor abdicating, destroyed her. A good system and

organization for recruiting is undoubtedly a desirable and useful thing; but we must never allow the safety of a country to depend on that alone; because, with the best army in the world, and the most skilful commanders, a nation must sooner or later fall, if it loses a national character in the masses, and the very plan of placing extreme confidence in the power of the army, is in general injurious to that national spirit—to the creation and maintenance of which we would wish to draw the attention, and combine the efforts both of citizens and government. We have already observed that the Prince's remarks upon recruiting contain a number of very just observations on the speciality of the subject; we dissent from the general tendency and results, which, according to our opinion, would be to make the safety of a country solely dependent on the good organization of the army.

It is, in our opinion, an error to believe that the military organization of Prussia could be applied to France, and create a national spirit. A real feeling of nationality can only be created by good institutions, which shall afford a sure guarantee for the rights and liberties of each and of all. Military organization will make soldiers; but laws alone will make men. It was said by Napoleon:—"Men are to be found everywhere;

what is wanting, is soldiers;" we say—make good citizens, and there never will be a want of soldiers to defend the country, and the laws of the country; make soldiers, and the time will soon come in which they will impose silence upon the laws. "*Silent leges inter arma.*"

Blessed, a thousand times blessed, the day and the country wherein the military spirit shall be succeeded and superseded by the spirit of love, fraternity, and family bonds; where, in a word, all shall be citizens, and there shall be no soldiers.

This question, respecting an army, is more-over one full of complications. After the revolution of 1830, it was discovered that France had no army; and in order to repair this serious state of things at that moment, the bitterest reflections were made on the preceding governments, and eulogies were lavished on the activity and genius of Marshal Soult. Ten years after, when fresh rumours of war began to be heard from afar, attention was directed towards an army supposed to be so well organized, created by the activity and genius of the Marshal; and matters were found to be in the same condition as in 1830—that France would not be prepared to take the field in less than a year or two, even admitting that foreign powers allowed her to go



and seek for horses enough to draw the cannon destined for the destruction of their armies.

May it not, therefore, be said with truth, that this was, and is, in reality, a complicated question?

Soldiers and cannon are everywhere to be seen in France, and all foreigners are at first struck with the prodigious numbers of these defenders of the country, whom they meet with in all places in every town and village; but, the moment the trumpet is about to sound, the minister ascends the tribune to announce that there are no disposable forces ready.

It was about this time, also, that the Prisoner of Ham published an address to M. de Lamartine, who, in a letter addressed to M. Chapuis de Montlaville, had passed a judgment upon the Consulate and the Empire, which, to say the truth, has not, up to this moment, been ratified by any writer. As we do not wish to enter the field of politics, we shall abstain from a critical examination of this paper of Prince Napoleon, and merely present our readers with the concluding passage as a specimen. After having refuted M. de Lamartine, the author concludes, as follows:

“It is painful to find a man of genius, like de Lamartine, failing to recognize such great truths;

but, how are we astonished, when we remember that it is only a year since, that the deputy of Macon, in an address to his constituents, was pleased to deny the influence of Rome upon the civilization of the world, and attributed to Carthage an influence which it never possessed! The poet who forgets that we people of the West owe everything to Rome—everything, even to our language, to which he himself lends a new lustre—this poet may also well forget the civil glory and the civilizing influence of the Emperor, for the traces of the genius of Rome, as well as the traces of the genius of Napoleon, are graven in ineffaceable characters upon our soil, as well as in our laws.

“I cannot comprehend how a man who accepts the prominent character of the advocate of democratic interests, can remain insensible to the prodigies developed by the struggle of the whole of the aristocracies of Europe against the representative of the revolution, and feel no compassion for his errors. He is without any commiseration for his reverses, who is never wanting in pathetic lamentations for the misfortunes and in finding excuses for the failings of the Bourbons. (See M. de Lamartine’s last address to the Electors of Macon). How can M. de Lamartine express regret and shed tears



for the acts of violence committed by the Polignac ministry, whilst his heart is unaffected, his eye remains dry, and his words are bitter at the sight of our eagles falling at Waterloo, and an Emperor, sprung from the people, dying at St. Helena ?

“ This letter has been addressed to you by M. de Lamartine in the name of historical truth, the most magnificent thing in the world, after religion ; it is equally in the name of this same historical truth, that I address to you mine. Public opinion, the Queen of the Universe, will decide between us, and determine which of the two has showed the period of the Consulate and the Empire under its true aspect.”

## CHAPTER XI.

Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor,  
and to thy needy, in thy land.

*Deut. c. xv, v. 11.*

“IN misfortune it is natural to think of those who suffer;” so the Prince expressed himself in the preface to a small pamphlet on the *Extinction of Pauperism*, published in 1844.

To dry up the sources of ignorance, vice, and misery, by introducing the masses to all the benefits of civilization, to offer an asylum in the country for the withered victims of the industry of the towns, and, at the same time, to regenerate the sick bodies and degraded minds of the numerous classes of labourers, is the problem which the Prisoner of Ham proposes to himself to solve.

When pauperism is mentioned, there is a set of political economists who commence by affirming that pauperism is a necessary evil, and that

all that society can or ought to do is, as far as possible, to repress it; but, as to its extirpation, that is impossible. Proceeding is everything, and on all occasions, merely, from day to day, these men can neither conceive a grand idea, nor, consequently, create anything either grand or useful. They smile with compassion at those who, in their turn, think there is no *necessary evil*; that these are words which have a natural repugnance and principles to which all the sophistry of a narrow and unreflecting practical mind can never give the currency of a truth.

For want of knowing how to ascend to the evil, in order to arrive at the true source, governments are always prone to look merely at what they call the practical side of the question, and to enforce their theories by commissaries and gendarmes. Mendicity is *suppressed*, by punishing paupers as if they were robbers; without even thinking of the possibility of bringing about a condition of things in which there shall be neither mendicants nor robbers, by making a place for all at that social banquet which God has spread for his people—as he has made the sun to enlighten the world. The ideas of statesmen, more and more incline towards that practical system, which has at present issued in England in a detestable system of Poor-laws

—no one now wishes to support a law which is summed up in this deplorably practical axiom—that is to say, the best means of diminishing the number of the poor—and that is simply by allowing them to perish from want. A Scotch economist, a few years ago, published a pamphlet, in which he maintains that the most efficacious means of diminishing, and even destroying, mendicity, is to give no kind of relief to mendicants, and to employ no means whatever in aid of the poor. “They will die,” says this *enlightened philanthropist*, “and their attenuated carcases, in the streets and highways, will be a warning to all those who have not been careful to provide some resource against age and misfortune, in their days of health and activity.”

Here may be seen the depth to which persons may sink, when everything is reduced within the narrow limits of a mere practical question. The newspapers are daily filled with instances of the melancholy application of these sad principles—if we can call that a principle which is opposed to every social and religious idea. The Press contains daily examples of that fatal ignorance; but its voice is lost in that immense void, in which the millions of sermons daily preached, and exhortations given, in the name of that Great Being, “who hath made of one blood



all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth," and taught us the universal brotherhood of men, are swallowed up.

Our hearts shrink with horror when these reflections assail it—and a dreadful doubt is raised in the mind, whether this is really true. Can it be necessary for the well-being of society, that millions of our brethren should perish from misery and want? We distress ourselves with the idea; we doubt, and often too it happens, that even the good or those, at least, who by common consent are so called, endeavour to persuade themselves that the state of things is in reality not so bad as many represent it—that they are too much alarmed, and are in danger, in order that they may from thence derive a pretext for remaining quiet; they wish to sleep in peace. And sometimes, on the other hand, their minds exaggerate the social evils by which they are surrounded, in order to come to the convenient conclusion, that all human efforts are useless, and to refer the whole question to the care of Providence. Some agree that it is necessary and imperative to seek a remedy for the evil, but that the duty and the necessity affect others, and not themselves. Under these various pretexts and motives, each shrouds himself within his own mantle, and sits down to look from afar,



with as little interest as he can upon the sufferings of the poor. It would appear that France at the present time has inherited *en masse*, that maxim which was so usual in the mouth of one of its most licentious kings—"qu'importe" was the favourite phrase of Louis XV., "*cela durera autant que nous.*" God will, however, only suffer these things for a season, till enlightened by experience, we shall at last come to a full conviction of those eternal truths which words seem without power to inculcate; and God, too, will raise up men of enlightened and exalted minds, who will turn their thoughts towards the means of remedying the evil. There are men who know that God has not sent man upon the earth, to waste his strength and his abilities on vanities, or to enjoy a few years or days of indolent or luxurious repose. They will come down courageously into the arena, and, fearing neither labour nor peril, they will know how, and will dare, to speak to every man in language which he cannot fail to comprehend. They will show by demonstration, by calculations and deductions, to those who will only hear the language of rigid argument, that evil is not *necessary*—that if it be not capable of immediate extirpation, it at least admits of progressive diminution; that it may be rendered impossible for the future, and that after all, great and true

theories are capable of an extended and certain application.

Prince Napoleon Louis' idea of remedy consisted in the adoption of means, to bring into use the immense extent of uncultivated or neglected lands, which are, at present, nominally the property of the Communes or the state, without yielding any profit, either to the masses or to individuals; to form on these lands agricultural colonies, where the workman, exhausted by the labours of the manufactory, might come to breathe the fresh air of Heaven—to acquire new vigour, to feel the generous warmth of the sun, and, in short, that he too is a man, and a child of God; by these means to increase the income of the parishes, and the national wealth, by destroying the leprosy of pauperism, which gnaws and consumes the vitals of society.

All statistical calculations are in favour of the Prince—common sense, morality, and a pure and holy religion, are on his side. He is right now, and he will be right in future; for his voice is but the echo of the universal voice of the people, who demand, with a degree of perseverance which never wearies, and with an ardour which nothing can cool, that the reign of intelligence and right should at length be substituted for that of ignorance and routine.

Like the soldier, who finds his death in the

struggle, you, Prince, may not live to be a witness of the victory; but numberless voices will be raised to bless the memories of those who, like you, by their unremitting efforts, shall have urged on the consummation, and secured the application of the great law of love and brotherhood, without which humanity meets with nothing but discomfort, ruin, and desolation.

A work such as that of Prince Napoleon Louis, on the extinction of pauperism, could not fail to meet a response, and awaken generous sympathies in many a breast. The poet who has raised the French song to the rank of the beautiful and serious ode—the good Beranger, from the depths of his retreat at Passy, wrote to the Prince as follows:—

“The idea which you have expressed in your pamphlet, which is but too short, is one of those best calculated to ameliorate the condition of the industrious and working classes. It is not within my province, Prince, to judge of the correctness of those calculations, by which you support your assertions; but dreams of a similar kind have often passed through my own mind, and enabled me to appreciate the full worth of your generous purposes. By an accident, from which I derive a feeling of pride, the



utopian schemes of my fireside are singularly like these, which you have developed so clearly, and supported by such irresistible reasons.

“I speak of my own speculations in this way, Prince, much less from any feeling of vanity, than to enable you to judge of the degree of satisfaction which the reading of your work has given me.

“It is magnanimous of you, in the midst of the annoyances and sufferings of captivity, to be able thus to occupy your thoughts with those of your fellow-countrymen, whose evils are so numerous and alarming. This is the very best manner of occupying your time, and it is most worthy of the great name which you bear, to make those statesmen sensible of their wrongs, who hesitate so long in restoring you to liberty, and to your country.”

We have not been able to resist the pleasure of transcribing the whole of this beautiful letter of Beranger's (which a kind condescension has placed at our disposal), for if he is proud of meeting with Prince Napoleon Louis in the field of noble thoughts, we are happy that he has afforded us an opportunity of offering, in the name of all, one more act of homage to the noble sentiments of the national poet of France.

Without entering into further details respect-

ing this work of the Prince, we shall bring our reflections on this subject to a close, by a quotation from the work itself.

“Let the Government,” says the author, in conclusion, “put our ideas into circulation, modifying them in every way which the experience of men versed in these complicated questions can suggest, and availing themselves of all the new light which such men can throw upon the subject; let it lay to heart all the great national interests, and establish the well-being of the masses upon immoveable foundations, and it will be immoveable itself. Poverty will cease to be seditious as soon as riches cease to be oppressive; opposition will disappear; and those pretensions which, right or wrong, are attributed to some men, will vanish like the breezes which curl the surface of the waters under the Equator, and vanish before that real wind, which comes to fill the sails and drive the vessel on her course.”

It is a noble and holy mission, well worthy of exciting the loftiest ambition—to appease the hatreds, to heal the wounds, and to calm the sufferings of humanity, by uniting the citizens of the same country in a bond of common interest, and by accelerating the arrival of a future, which civilization will sooner or later bring.



In the century before the last, La Fontaine uttered the following sentiment, too often true, and yet so melancholy ; so destructive of all society, of all order, and of all government : “ *Je vous le dis en bon Français notre ennemi, c'est notre maître.*”

At present, the object of every skillful government should be to strive by its efforts to realize a condition, when one might say—“ *The triumph of Christianity has destroyed slavery ; the triumph of the French Revolution has put an end to bondage ; and the triumph of democratic ideas has extinguished pauperism.*”\*

*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

\* This Pamphlet of Prince Napoleon Louis, has just been translated into English.

## CHAPTER XII.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship,  
To foreign passages, and in the end  
Having my pardon, boast of nothing else,  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Shakespeare.*

FOR those who have arranged their mode of life, so as to be beyond the reach of those grave puerilities, and that pedantic bustle with which many minds are so much occupied at the present day, the thought of those ameliorations, which the state of society so incessantly demands, soon becomes an occupation and passion of the mind, before which personal sufferings disappear. Thus it was, that the mind of Prince Napoleon Louis became so completely absorbed in the different occupations, of which we have given a hasty sketch, that he forgot his ramparts, jailers, and guards.

About the period at which we are now arrived (1844), rumours of an approaching amnesty had

penetrated the prison walls, and came to recal to his mind that days of liberty were yet in store for him. But, for the Prisoner of Ham, these hopes had lost their charm; and even at a preceding period, when similar rumours were afloat, he said:—

“If they were to open the gates of my prison to-morrow and say to me, ‘You are free; come and sit with us as a citizen around the national hearth—France no longer repudiates any of her children;’ then assuredly a feeling of lively joy would fill my soul. But, on the contrary, if they come with the opportunity of exchanging my present condition for that of exile, I would at once reject the offer, which, in my eyes, would be merely an aggravation of my punishment.”

Let us observe, however, that the reports of a general amnesty became, at this time, more widely circulated than ever; whether they were sent forth by the agents of government, like pilot-balloons, to discover the current of public opinion, and to form some idea of the effect which such a measure would produce upon the parties, or whether they were the mere results of idleness alone, the Prince, as well as many others, ultimately concluded that they had some foundation.

Liberty—the very word produces a delightful

sensation in the heart of a prisoner. The parents whom he is about to revisit—the friends he is again to meet—the free air he longs to breathe, and the light of the sun from which he has been excluded—these things have unspeakable charms for all prisoners—except from him who is merely about to pass from prison to exile—without hope of alleviating any of its bitterness by taking refuge in the bosom of his family—except for him whom political power has deprived of the most precious gift which liberty can bestow.

From his prison the Prince conversed with old and with new friends; his publications had gained the good will even of those whom his very name affrighted, connected as it was with a past which they did not well comprehend. Little accustomed to flattery, these men never concealed the expression of their thorough repugnance to the Prince, but neither did they hesitate to convey to him the tribute of their sympathies for his misfortunes and for the noble courage and resolution with which he struggled against the hardships of his lot.

"I have very little fear," wrote the author of the *Dix ans de Règne* to the Prince, "that the expression of any resentment of admiration falling from my mouth or proceeding from my pen, will be suspected of flattery." (13)



"My mind," says George Sand, "is distracted in two opposite directions—by the necessity of admiring you and putting faith in you, and I know not what fear of the dreadful name which you bear."\* (14)

These letters will be found to contain the expression of perhaps, an exaggerated love for sacred liberty, as well as evidences of the most noble and disinterested affection for the person of one, whom they only feared to be constrained to love too much.

A few days ago it was Beranger who came to express his sympathies in the good inspirations of Napoleon Louis, in favour of the poor and suffering classes of humanity; and to-day it is Chateaubriand, the *preux Chevalier*, who comes to congratulate the Prince upon his enlightened views and admirable work.

"PRINCE,

"Amidst those unfortunate circumstances wherein you are placed, you have successfully employed your sagacity and energy of mind in searching into the causes of a revolution which, in modern Europe, has laid open the career to royal calamities.

\* We are again indebted to a gracious communication for having it in our power to present the whole of these letters to our readers. They will be found at the end of the volume.

"Your love for public liberty, your courage, and your troubles, would, in my eyes, put all rights on your side, if, to deserve your esteem, I did not feel it my duty to remain loyal to Henri V. as I am faithful to the glory of Napoleon.

"Let me be allowed, Prince, to thank you for the highly-valued honour you have bestowed upon me by quoting my name in your beautiful work; this precious token of your remembrance fills me with the most lively gratitude.

"I am, with profound respect,

"Prince,

"Your most humble, and most  
obedient servant,

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

"Paris, 15th June, 1841."

In this admiration, and the expression of it, there is something noble, which belongs almost as much to him from whom it proceeds, as to him who is its object. It is a testimony so much the more valuable when addressed by Chateaubriand to the nephew of Napoleon.

*Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro. (15)*

In these melancholy days of corruption, when poets are silent as the birds which traversed the

poisoned atmosphere of the banks of Avernus, it is delightful to find them, even for a moment, rouse themselves from their sweet obliviousness, and come to pour one drop of consolation and sympathy into the cup of him whom Misfortune has struck with her iron hand.

It is a strange period this in the life of the French nation, whose deleterious influence has imposed silence upon Beranger, and stifled the voice of Chateaubriand, whilst it has torn Lamartine from *the melodious lyre*, to bind him to the soil of the legislative tribune. It is a period without events and without glory—as it is a calamity without name—without a future—happiness without joy—a peace without repose, which poetry knows not how to sing.

Whilst those noble minds and elevated hearts, far above the paltry prejudices of temporary politics, were thus doing honours at home to the nephew and the Emperor, there came from across the Atlantic most pleasing evidence, both of esteem for him and of veneration for the illustrious name which he bore. In the anticipation of an approaching amnesty, the inhabitants of Central America invited the Prince to come amongst them, and there to find a refuge from the ingratitude of the Old World, and the persecutions of diplomacy. The Prince, who fore-



saw that in case of his being set at liberty, he would not be allowed to consecrate himself to comfort and cheer the declining years of his venerable father, in Italy, hesitated to comply with an invitation to spend his life in those distant lands; he did not, however, altogether reject the idea, but replied, that if fate led him to those distant lands he would delight to devote himself to some great works, such as the construction of a canal to unite the two oceans; and he commissioned a Frenchman to make the necessary investigations, and surveys, that he might be able to form some idea of the practicability and feasibility of the scheme of uniting the two oceans, by means of the great lakes of those countries.

By a remarkable coincidence, at the very moment in which the Prince was making these enquiries, the French government sent M. Garella to America, to make similar enquiries respecting the Panama Canal.

In the year 1844, the States of Guatemala, St. Salvador, and Honduras, sent Mr. Castellan, a minister plenipotentiary, to King Louis Philippe, with directions to request for those states the protection of the French government, and offering, in return, many commercial advantages in favour of France. The French government de-



clined the proposals made by Mr. Castellan, who then asked for a permission to visit the Prisoner of Ham. His wish being complied with, Mr. Castellan had an interview with the Prince, during which he entered at great length upon the importance and possibility of joining the two oceans, urging him to go to Central America, and place himself at the head of this gigantic enterprise; but his exertions proving unsuccessful, he subsequently signed a treaty with a Belgian Company.

Mr. Castellan, during his stay at Ham, found, to his surprise, that the Prince possessed an intimate knowledge of all points in connection with the project under consideration, and was fully alive to the importance to which his country was destined to attain at no distant period; and he therefore desired that the Prince would reduce to writing the ideas which arose in his mind on the subject. In compliance with that gentleman's request, the Prince forwarded to him in America certain memoranda, in which he proved by general considerations, and from enquiries already made by his friends that the undertaking was easy, and would be profitable, promising immense results for that portion of America; that it could only be executed by means of the lakes of Nicaragua and Leon, for in these localities the

construction of the canal would not only be effected with much less expense, but would combine all the conditions requisite for so great an undertaking. The canal in this case would traverse healthy countries inhabited and fertile; containing numerous rivers, which would carry fertility and civilization into the interior, having good harbours at its mouth, and presenting great advantages for commerce in the interior of the immense basins, whilst, at other points, and at Panama, especially, it would possess none of these advantages. At that time the Prince's father had taken no step to obtain his son's liberation. His health had not up to that period been impaired, and the difficulty opposed by the French government to the liberation of the Prince could not have been anticipated. He, therefore, revolving in his mind the great project laid before him, the accomplishment of which would reflect such high credit upon his name, came to the decision of informing the American States that should he be set at liberty, it was his intention

to go to America, and place himself at the head of this undertaking.\*

On receiving from the Prince this communication, Mr. Castellan caused it to be translated into Spanish; and no sooner was it made known

\* "*War has had its day*;" wrote the prisoner of *Ham*, as early as 1843, to the representatives of Central America, who asked him to place himself at the head of the great Nicaragua canal enterprise, which was to open communication between two oceans and two worlds.

"*The time of conquests is passed without return*," said he at the onset of the war in the East (opening of the Session, 2nd of March, 1854); "*for our epoch is reserved a very different glory, quite as magnificent as the glory of victory*"—had said the Prince President of the Republic to the exhibitors of 1849. He desires peace, not only for France, but for Europe, for the world:—"I shall bring up my son in the belief that nations ought not to be egotistical, and that the lasting peace of Europe depends on the prosperity of each country." (Speech to the Corps Diplomatique on the 18th of March, 1856). The concourse of nations which he convoked at the international exhibition of 1867 was, so to speak, the base of the edifice which it is his dream to raise, and it is in this sense that must be heard this sentence, so little understood at the time it was pronounced, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*."

This same feeling mastered undoubtedly his oppressed spirit when the Emperor of the French, giving up his sword to the King of Prussia, said—"I have not desired this war." B.

throughout the country, than a great number of the principal inhabitants petitioned their government to the effect, that Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte should be exclusively entrusted with the execution of the projected ship-canal. Accordingly, on the 6th December, Mr. Castellan wrote to the Prince the letter which will be found on the following page.

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“To his Highness Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte,

“Leon de Nicaragua, 6th Dec., 1845.

“PRINCE:

“It is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your Highness's letter, dated the 12th of August, containing the expression of sentiments of friendship and esteem with which I feel highly honoured. Annexed to it I found the development of your ideas relative to the canal of Nicaragua, viewed by you in that light which is best calculated to promote the welfare of Central America. You, at the same time, acquaint me that you are far more disposed than when I first paid you a visit at Ham, to come to this country, in order to advance, by your presence and exertions, the execution of that great work, sufficient of itself to satisfy the most noble ambition, and that you are ready to accept the necessary powers for its execution, without any other view than that of performing a task worthy of the great name you possess.

“Before I enter upon that great object, of paramount importance to the welfare of my country, I beg your Highness will allow me to say in reference to the flattering opinions which, notwithstanding my deficiency of merit, you express in my behalf, that nothing proves more the magnanimous and benevolent disposition of your heart, than this distinguished mark of esteem and regard with which you have honoured me. I feel happy in having obtained from you such a favourable reception, and I can assure your Highness, that I will seize every opportunity in my power to testify my gratitude to you, as well as my most hearty desire to reciprocate the bounty you have shown to me.

“I beg now to resume the subject before us.

“When I went to France, some time ago, as minister plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of the French, I was anxious, before leaving Europe, to pay you a visit at Ham. I longed for the honour of seeing you, not only on account of the popularity which invested your name throughout the world, but also because I had myself witnessed the high esteem in which your character was held in your own country, and the sympathy exhibited for your misfortunes.

“It was also my wish, Prince, to prevail upon

you to come to my country, fully convinced that you would find there an admirable opportunity for the display of your activity, and the exercise of your talents, which continued captivity might exhaust. I admired, Prince, your resignation, and the love of your native land, standing even the test of imprisonment, but it was with great pleasure that I saw your mind exalted at the recital of the immense work to be executed in my country for the general advancement of civilization.

“I am happy to see by your Highness’s letter, that you feel disposed to come to this country, where the documents you have forwarded to me have elicited sentiments of the deepest gratitude, and of the liveliest enthusiasm.

“Now I am happy to be enabled to acquaint your Highness that the government of this state, fully convinced that the capital necessary to this undertaking could only be raised by placing at its head a name which, like yours, is independent both by fortune and standing, and thereby inspiring a general confidence in the two worlds, whilst it dispels from the easily alarmed spirit of our people every fear of foreign domination—this government, I say, relies on the co-operation of your Highness, as the only person combining in the highest degree these different qualities.

Brought up in a republic, your Highness has shown by your noble behaviour in Switzerland, in 1838, to what extent a free people may rely upon your self-denial, and we feel convinced that, if your uncle, the great Napoleon, has rendered himself immortal by his military glory, your Highness may acquire, with us, an equal glory in works of peace, which cause only tears of gratitude to flow.

“From the day on which your Highness shall set foot on our soil, a new era of prosperity for its inhabitants will commence.

“That which we beg leave to propose to your Highness, is not unworthy your attention, for, previous to the year 1830, King William of Holland had accepted a proposal analogous to that which we have the honour now to submit to your consideration.

“If we do not at once forward to your Highness the powers necessary to the immediate progress of this great work, this is to be ascribed to the recess of the legislative Chambers, which have yet to take into consideration the terms of a treaty, signed by me on the 2nd December last year, with the Count of H \* \* \* \*, president of the Belgian Colonization Company. But this treaty not having been so favourably received as I had reason to expect, there is a greater probability of



the government being enabled to renew its proposals to your Highness, and thereby satisfy the wishes of our people.

“The most influential persons of this capital, distinguished both by their learning and their wealth, have presented to the government a memorial, which I shall hand to our friend Mr. \* \* \* \*, recommending that your Highness be entrusted with the final settlement and terms of the pending negotiation, or of any other which might hereafter present itself—intended to promote the welfare of the state of Nicaragua. The government has not rejected the suggestion but it appears that, at all events, it will feel disposed to send me to you with the necessary instructions, to enable your Highness and myself to come to an understanding on the subject.

“Another cause of delay, is the recent popular outbreak in the country; but the number of malcontents being exceedingly small, and the government supported by public opinion, I think that this revolution will soon be appeased, and the government will be able to display all the elements upon which it relies, to insure permanent peace, and to give this project the strong impulse it justly demands. The government is moreover convinced, that the construction of the canal, by

giving employment to all those hands which are now unoccupied, will contribute efficaciously to the tranquility and good of the people, harassed, for a long time, by the horrors of civil war.

“As much from a desire of bringing to a favourable issue this important matter, in which I am especially disposed to co-operate with all my ability, as from an ardent hope of seeing your Highness ruling the destinies of our country, I long for the honour of paying you, were it but for a few hours, a visit at Ham, which I quitted, last year, full of grief at the prolongation of a captivity, from which I earnestly prayed God to grant you a speedy release.

“I beg that your Highness will continue to honour me with your correspondence, and that you will accept the expressions of my respectful sentiments.

“FRANC. CASTELLAN.”

A few months after this communication, the Prince received at Ham a letter from Senor del Montenegro, Minister of Foreign Affairs, conferring on him, officially, all the powers necessary for the organization of a company in Europe, and apprising him that the government of Nicaragua, by decision of the 8th January, 1846, had determined to give to that great work, which is

to open a new route to the commerce of the world, the name of Canale Napoleone di Nicaragua; in consequence of that decision, Senor del Marcoleta, *Chargé d'affaires* of that country in Belgium and Holland, having received official instructions from his government, went to Ham, for the purpose of signing a treaty with the Prince, conferring upon him full power to carry into effect the object in view.

It will be subsequently seen what obstacles prevented him from immediately following up this project, so worthy to fill up the forced void of an existence, which, in spite of all obstructions, seems destined to accomplish great things.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Quant à nos maréchaux je crois peu  
Que du monde ils t'ouvrent l'entrée.

. . . . .

*Beranger.*

WE are now about to enter on a new phase of the Prince's long captivity. It appears that the idea of perpetual imprisonment began daily to disappear, and that there was a continually increasing feeling in the public mind, that the government was about to grant an amnesty. This rumour was no doubt designed as a means of ascertaining the state of public feeling, and the sentiments of the prisoner. There was an uneasy apprehension as to the course which the prisoner would pursue, when he had recovered his liberty; and there was abundant evidence, at once of the embarrassment which the prisoner caused, and of the fears which his future course of life inspired.



It has been already observed that Prince Napoleon Louis had fully accepted his position, with all its consequences; to those consequences he submitted, like a man of spirit and resolution, and reaped the advantages of his determination. The resources of his mind furnished ample provision for the necessity of activity; and from the accounts already given of his occupation, it may be readily believed, that indulgence or idleness never penetrated into his retreat. Besides the various topics already mentioned, on which he employed his thoughts and his pen, he occupied himself also in collecting the necessary materials for writing a work on the history of fire-arms, which, when finished, as it soon will be, will furnish a complete view of the history of fire-arms from their origin, and of their progressive influence upon the art of war. Thus his studies and his correspondence completely filled up his time. A new presentiment, however, had come to turn his thoughts and studies from their usual channel. He no longer thought of a long sojourn in Ham; the gates of the fortress, and of exile, appeared about to open for him a new scene. He did not wish to believe, but everything around led him to anticipate this result.

Those who have passed through the trials of

misfortune and the anguish of indecision, know that the latter is much more difficult to bear than a certain misfortune.

It is the characteristic of false skill, to allow others to see the end at which it aims, from the very anxiety which it takes to conceal it. It is an old saying, that true skill must not be accompanied by any reputation for its possession; those, however, who figure in diplomacy in our days, have recourse only to by-ways—and to means, often very skilfully chosen—but it is by no means difficult, in general, to discover their object. Among those who did themselves honour by visiting the Prisoner of Ham, was the Duke of Istria, son of BESSIÈRES; and himself a legatee of the Emperor, who left him 100,000 francs in his will. It was during the summer of 1845, that the noble Duke came to express to the Prince how deeply he regretted his long confinement, and how ardently he would desire to see it drawing to its close.

According to the opinion of the Duke of Istria, no one in the Ministry could propose in the Council the enlargement of the Prince, unless, indeed, Napoleon Louis Bonaparte should, in writing, make the two following declarations:

1st. *A decisive and complete renunciation of all his rights and claims to the Throne of France.*

2nd. An engagement, in writing, never to undertake anything against the Orleans dynasty.

It appears to us that the peculiar situation of the Duke of Istria ought to have prevented him from being chosen to conduct such a negotiation, and to make such a proposal; but, besides, the Duke took by far too much pains to conceal his position as an envoy of the government, to leave any doubt on the mind of a man of observation, what was the real character and object of his visit to Ham. To rest the whole responsibility of this extraordinary step on the Duke of Istria, would be to bring a grave accusation at once against his sentiments and his intelligence. However this may be, the Prince, who had not to take into consideration the Duke's position, replied that, as to the first question, he could not renounce rights which he never claimed; and so much the more, because, according to the decree of the Senate of 1804, it was his father who had been named heir presumptive to the Empire; and, besides that, in his opinion, nothing solid could be done in France, without admitting, as the grand foundation, a general election, and the unchangeable rights of the sovereignty of the people. As to the engagement, the Prince showed himself disposed to give all the guarantees compatible with his honour, to show his pacific intentions. It was, moreover, added the Prince,



easy for any man of common sense to see, that after having failed twice, he could not think of making a third attempt; but that he would prefer remaining in prison all his life, to making any declaration inconsistent with his honour.

Thus ended this melancholy mission—*officious* or *official*. The son of Lannes, who was indebted to the Emperor for his titles, honours and fortune had, nevertheless, in Switzerland, used all diplomatic resources to prevail upon the Confederacy to expel the only representative of the Emperor from the Helvetian territory. In France, the Duke of Istria, to whom Napoleon from his bed of death in St. Helena, had sent a testimony of his lively recollection, was the man who came to make this ridiculous and shameful proposition to the Emperor's nephew.

Is this to be called serving one's country?

In this manner the security which springs from resignation was put to flight in order to make place for vague hopes; the calm had disappeared, and an agitation, without any definite object, had assumed its stead. Friends were eager to confirm those rumours, which perhaps enemies had originated and put into circulation. Study and application were interrupted, and to no purpose. If those who think they bring comfort to misfortune by tearing away from him

who suffers his spirit of resignation, by raising in his mind the hopes of a possible change in his melancholy condition, did but know the anguish and disappointment they bring, instead of that calm resignation, which constitutes all his force, if they knew, we say, how much sweeter it is to have those mysterious instincts of the heart in repose, which always yearn after happiness, then to rouse them, merely to become a torment, if they knew these trials, they would spare the unfortunate and repress those outbursts of affection, which almost always fall fatally short of accomplishing their object.

The amnesty, on the one hand, and these officious missions on the other, had destroyed for ever the tranquility of the Prisoner of Ham, when news from Florence came too add to his sufferings, and to render them intolerable.

The Prince's father was now groaning in exile, under the burden of age and infirmity. Alone, and in a foreign land, the noble old man, in his abandonment, always turned his longing eyes towards France, which, after having deprived him of the delights of a country, kept, as a captive within its bosom, his only son, in whom were bound up all the affections of his heart, weary, but not cast down, by his long misfortunes. The tender care and solicitude of a son would have



been an unspeakable blessing to the aged father. It was now long since this paternal affection had been constrained to mourn in isolation, and weep over the fate of his only child. The Prince knew it, and felt it, and then all feeling for *self* disappeared in that of feeling for his sire. Resignation and calmness, possible, and even pleasing, when the question is one merely of self, became impossible and cruel, when the voice of his dying father called him to his bed.

What the Prince had never dreamed of doing for himself, what he would have regarded and repressed as a weakness before his father's earnest appeal, now became in his eyes a sacred duty.

To wait, to hope, to judge of the hearts of others by his own; to believe that reasons of state and policy would yield to the solemn exigencies of his situation, would have been to abandon himself to a faith and trust which had become impossible. It was necessary to act—it was necessary on his part to ascend by all his efforts and all his power, the steps which paternal love and paternal anxiety had already commenced.

We are about to state the manner in which he thought it was his duty to act, or rather, we are about to show how, in these as in all other circumstances, the Prince followed the inspira-

tions of his noble nature; but, before entering into a detail of the negotiation which took place at that period, we must be allowed to consecrate a chapter to the father of the Prisoner. We have still to traverse paths in which we shall find at every step ingratitude, indifference to misfortune, duplicity, and hardness of heart; but before relating these melancholy details, let us recruit our strength and turn our attention to the history and contemplation of a noble life.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A bold spirit in a loyal breast.

*Shakespeare.*

LOUIS Bonaparte was one of those rare men, whose individuality has effectually resisted the shock of those great events, which agitated his life. His mind was thoroughly upright, and strongly imbued with the instinct of integrity. In the course of a career, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of history, duty and virtue were the foundation of all his thoughts, and the reason of all his actions. Without wishing or attempting to present our readers with a biography of the late King of Holland, we shall touch upon the principal phases of the life of a man who would have been truly great in a republic, and knew how to retain all the virtues of a man, when seated upon a throne; we shall do this, not merely because it appears to us to be a necessary complement to our subject, but because it is

both agreeable and necessary to direct our own views and those of our readers, for a time, from the contemplation of duplicity, injury and wrong — *des impurs ruisseaux grossis par nos orages* — and to trace the lineaments of a character in which at every step we meet with virtue, honour, and patriotism.

Louis Bonaparte understood how to wear a crown with dignity, and how to lay it down, in a manner worthy of himself. He understood, too, how to bear worthily the still heavier burden of his brother's name. Louis Bonaparte entered life at fourteen years of age, under his brother's eyes, at the siege of Toulon, where Napoleon already gave indications of his high destiny. Napoleon was ten years older than Louis, and at that age the difference between fourteen and twenty-four is immense. The younger brother was attached to the elder with all the warmth of a heart, of which affection and love were the prime necessities. He looked upon him as upon the person who was to be his best friend, and his most faithful counsellor. On his part, Napoleon, who was never young, had a vast ascendant over Louis, and as it were, by a silent compact, acted towards him rather as a father than a brother; in a word, the age and character of Napoleon had, unknown to himself, from that

time forward suppressed all feelings of equality in his relation to Louis.

We know that it is an error, widely spread even amongst the ranks of those who are the most enthusiastic admirers of the Emperor, to deny that he possessed any real simple goodness, or tenderness of heart. They obstinately persist in regarding him merely as a man of immense ambition, which was justified by that mighty intelligence which carried him to the very summit of human power—just as if he could possess great intelligence without great goodness also. We have often heard this opinion of his character supported by a review of his conduct towards his brother Louis, for which reason nothing seems to us more in point than in this place to quote the Emperor himself.

“It was,” said Napoleon, “at the siege of Toulon, in the midst of the dead bodies of two hundred grenadiers, killed in consequence of the unskilfulness of their General, in an attack upon the impregnable Fort Pharon, that I said to Louis, who was at my side, ‘if I had been commanding them, those brave men would be still alive.’ By this example, Louis learnt how much instruction is indispensable to those who aspire to command. In the attack upon Sorgio I led him, for the first time, up to the mouth of the cannon. He persevered



in placing himself before me, to defend me from the enemy's fire. On another occasion, being in a battery, against which the enemy kept up a well-directed fire, he remained always standing with his head erect, although the gunners were taking all possible pains to shelter themselves from the enemy. I asked him the reason; he answered; 'You have told me, that an artillery officer should never be afraid of cannon. They are our arms—I follow your example.'

"At that period the young men in the schools affected anti-republican principles. Bernardin de St. Pierre and Jean Jacques were their favourite authors, and they had no just idea of the crisis of 1793. They could not think, without horror, of the faults committed and of the blood shed to the cry of *Vive la république*. These impressions had exercised a great influence upon a character naturally virtuous and susceptible to all that was honourable and pure; and, at the age of eighteen Louis regretted deeply to see himself thrown into the waves of a stormy life, and already sighed for retirement. It is, therefore, true that there were remarkable contrasts in his character; he was at once serious and romantic, lively and phlegmatic.

"In service his courage was distinguished, but as by fits and starts; and he was always indif-

ferent to the praises which his bravery gained him. He discharged his duties without any regard to his personal safety. At the passage of the Po, he took his place at the head of the attacking columns: and at Pizzighetone he was the first in the breach. In the advance upon Pavia, he was on horseback at the head of the sappers and grenadiers, who were ordered to break down the gates with their axes, and was thus exposed to a shower of balls, for which he was the prominent mark; he, however, thought it his duty to be mounted, in order to be able observe the situation of the town, as soon as the grenadiers would have rushed into the streets. The sight of the sack of that city, so celebrated for its university, made a deep impression upon his mind, and rendered him still more taciturn.

“When, on the eve of the battle of Castiglione, I ordered him to Paris to lay before the Directory the report of the circumstances, which had determined me to raise the siege of Mantua, and to abandon the line of the Po, he was so much grieved at not being allowed to share the dangers to which he thought I was exposed, that I was obliged to say to him—‘Set out, without regret, Louis; I can entrust a brother alone with this disagreeable mission; but, before you return, you

shall have the pleasure of presenting to the Directory the colours which I shall take to-morrow;' and in fact, he did present to the Directory nine standards, taken from the Austrians at Castiglione, which arrived at Paris almost at the same time as himself. His evil star led him, during his sojourn in Paris, before his departure for Egypt, to make the acquaintance of the daughter of an *émigré* (the Marquis de Beauharnais), with whom he fell desperately in love.\*

"The confidence placed by the young man in the old Casabianca, a devoted friend in our family, disturbed the happy dreams of this first love. The republicanism of Casabianca took alarm at the possibility of an alliance between a Bonaparte and an *émigré*, and he hastened to make me acquainted with the whole affair. It is certain that this marriage would have had an evil effect upon the public opinion, and have furnished grounds for attacks on the part of those who already looked upon me with alarm.

"I did not think it possible to make any impression by reasoning with the first love of a young man, and I thought the best plan was to

\* This Marquis de Beauharnais is not to be confounded with Viscount Beauharnais, general in the republican army, and first husband of the Empress Josephine.

remain apparently ignorant of the matter, and to send him to a distance from Paris by employing him in a military mission.

“On the next day, a post-chaise placed between the lovers the hundred leagues which separate Lyons from Paris. But, in spite of this precaution, neither absence, the campaign in Egypt, nor even the marriage of Mademoiselle Beauharnais with Monsieur de Lavalette, could stop the ravages of this first love, which exercised a fatal influence upon the future life of Louis.

“From the moment of this precipitate departure, without fraternal explanation, and under the forms of rigid discipline, dates that want of confidence, which in his eyes, never ceased to tarnish everything which I subsequently did for him. *I was wrong : it would have been better to have appealed to reason, and to have acted frankly with him.*

“A little after my elevation to the Consulate, I appointed him officer of the 5th dragoons, and sent him to join the army of the west. His duty was to obey, and he did it; but he manœuvred in such a way, that not a man in his regiment even drew a sword; but he could not avoid being witness to the execution of four Chouan chiefs who were shot at Alençon, at the signature of the amnesty. This execution took place under



the direction of General Guidal, and, in spite of the urgent remonstrance of Louis, who entreated the General to wait, till I had confirmed the sentence; and it was observed that he carried his indignation so far as to shut himself up in his chamber, as on a day of mourning, and ordered his officers to follow his example.

“In the summer of 1801, he expressed to me a desire to be present at the grand manœuvres which were about to take place at Potsdam. I readily consented, in the hope that the variety of objects with which he would meet, during his long journey in the north, would serve to distract his mind from other thoughts, and counteract the progress of a moral and physical decline, which alarmed me. He set out with the intention of travelling through the whole north of Europe; but political events hastened his return to Paris, and prevented him from visiting Russia. Soon after he set out with his regiment to join the French-Spanish army, destined for the invasion of Portugal, under the command of General Leclerc. The signature of the treaty of Amiens recalled him to France, and it was then that his marriage with Hortense became a matter of serious consideration. He had long known the earnest desire of the Empress Josephine to call him son-in-law; but still, under the impression



of his first love, he shunned every opportunity of being alone with her. A ball at Malmaison was the rock on which all his resolutions were shipwrecked, and an attack, as lively as it was unexpected, carried his consent. On the 4th of January, 1802, the nuptial benediction was pronounced upon two beings worthy of enjoying the sweets of mutual love, whom destiny separated by impressions, which nothing could efface."

Does there not breathe in the spirit of these words of the Emperor in St. Helena, the strongest affection, and the purest goodness? And surely, it cannot be necessary to seek for proofs to show that Napoleon was truly good and affectionate.

From all that precedes, it is obvious that Louis Bonaparte was a man who possessed a loving heart and a noble soul; that he was the slave of duty, an enthusiast for virtue, a brave soldier, and a man of superior talents; and, nevertheless, he was one who had been cruelly tried before he was thirty years old.

Louis Bonaparte was forced by the genius who presided over his destiny, to enter the Council of State; it was hard for him, who was a soldier, passionately attached to a noble profession, to exchange his brilliant sword for the pen; and he could not comprehend the object of Napoleon, who was desirous of initiating all his

brothers in the mechanism of the government. On this occasion he did not conceal his bitterness of heart, and this formed a new element in the distrust which he felt in his brother.

He did not, however, remain long in the Council of State, and his all-powerful brother, who still loved him well, restored him to the army. Being appointed General of Carbineers, he received, along with the Constable's sword, the command of the *corps de reserve* of the army of Boulogne. And again, when the Emperor himself set out for the campaign of Austerlitz he entrusted him with the command of Paris—a most difficult duty, which he discharged with zeal, activity, and talent, in the midst of the most serious embarrassments.

When the hostile attitude of Prussia compelled the Emperor to collect an army on the Rhine to defend Holland and Antwerp, he confided the command to Louis, who acquitted himself of that duty, as well as others, with zeal and ability.

The giant of battles, however, still increased in greatness; and the grand idea which presided over the Empire, indicated to Napoleon that it was necessary on all sides to support himself by new dynasties, which should emanate from the Empire, and form its natural supports in the future. Holland, exhausted by dissensions and

internal struggles, threw itself into the arms of France, and asked for a Prince from the family of Napoleon, who might preside over its destinies. Ambassadors from the Dutch people came to offer the throne of Holland to Louis; "we come," said they, "of our own free accord, supported by the suffrages of nine-tenths of our fellow-citizens, to entreat you to join your fate with ours, and to save a whole people from the dangers which threaten them."

Louis Bonaparte did not dissemble his dislike for the honours and obligations of a crown, and if he accepted it, it was wholly from considerations of deference to the will of him, whose political interests demanded this sacrifice.

He asked for time, in order to examine the constitution, which was presented for his signature, and replied to the Ambassadors, that the only assurance he could give them, was, that he would devote himself entirely to the interests of Holland, and would do all in his power to justify the good opinion which the Emperor, his brother, had expressed of him. Every one knows that he kept his word.

On the 5th of June, 1806, he was proclaimed King of Holland, at St. Cloud, and set out in hopes of finding, in his solicitude for the public interests and in the labours of administration, a



powerful correction to the consumption which slowly undermined his constitution.

Louis, now King of Holland, carried thither all the warmth of his dearest affections, and saw clearly that his first duty, as a king, was to cherish as his children, the faithful inhabitants of his new country.

Faithful, above all, in his immoveable attachment to duty, he devoted himself entirely to the well-being of the country, which Providence had committed to his charge; and when circumstances placed him in a situation in which he was obliged to choose between his duties as a king and his affection to his family, he never hesitated to range himself on duty's side. And when we remember how strong his family attachments were, we shall be satisfied how great a victory he gained over himself. Louis sustained the struggle as long as he could, by defending his country against the overwhelming influence, without doing injury to the interests of France; but when he perceived that all his struggles and efforts were in vain, that he could not effectually resist the current of events, he relinquished without regret, a crown which he could no longer wear with honour, and which would have been tarnished in his eyes, had he forgotten what he considered as his sacred duty—he laid down his crown and retired calmly into

private life, after a reign of five years, and at a time when Napoleon was at the apogee of his power. Louis was a simple citizen, great also in his retirement, and might well have taken for his motto, *plus d'honneur, que d'honneurs*.

Such was Louis Bonaparte, who in 1811 quitted the political scene, when the Empire of the world seemed firmly in the grasp of the powerful hands of Napoleon.

As a soldier, a general, and a king, Louis Bonaparte still remained the same man—attached above everything to the inflexible rules of duty, which never bowed to circumstances, but, on the contrary, regulated and subordinated them to power.

At twenty years old, his heart suffered shipwreck of his first love, and his happiness was for ever gone. If we are disposed to look at things in their true point of view, it will be seen that the same principle which constrained him as a soldier to confront the grape-shot of the enemy, made him also faithful to his first oath, as a king, constrained him to relinquish rather than disgrace his crown. It will be seen that this same principle, emanated from that duty which constrained him to devote his whole life to the interests of virtue.

The events of 1815, found Louis quite pre-



pared for their arrival, and his resolutions had led him to anticipate the decrees of fate some years. In this case, therefore, misfortune merely changed its form; but he was neither astonished nor cast down.

From the time of his abdication, Louis Bonaparte assumed the name of Count de St. Leu, which he always retained. From the time in which he was involved in the decree of exile against his family, he devoted his life, without happiness, to study and to good. From the depths of his retirement, the Count St. Leu defended the memory of the Emperor against the attacks of Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*; and, at the same time, proved to the world that talent always accompanies him who defends the course of sacred truth, whilst it deserts him who, impelled by the genius of Mammon, offers sacrifices to falsehood and calumny.

The work of the soldier is also distinguished by its literary merits, whilst that of the political romance-writer is not only an outrage upon truth, but casts a shade upon his literary fame.

On another occasion, the Count thought it his duty to take up his pen to defend his own cause. Miserable and contemptible scribblers, always ready to cast reproach upon what is venerable, ventured to attack his administration of the

kingdom of Holland—the Prince repelled their attacks with dignity and skill, and completely annihilated their case.\*

Let us now add, that the Count St. Leu was loved and venerated by all; that misfortune never ceased to strike him in all that was most dear; that his broken heart, even to the last moment, believed in the goodness of others; and when we have thus said, we have finished our rapid sketch of this noble man, truly worthy of envy, notwithstanding all his misfortunes. Last of all, the Count St. Leu wrote to M. de Montalivet: "You are a father, and you can understand my feelings." No; M. de Montalivet could not comprehend the feelings of a noble-minded old man, who addressed himself to the son of a man whom the Emperor had loaded with riches and honours, to request him to interest himself in the lot of the Emperor's nephew. M. de Montalivet lives and vegetates in the murky atmosphere of courts, where the brilliancy of virtue never penetrates. M. de Montalivet, no doubt, loves his children; but it is not given to men like him to love them enough to understand the worth of the noble inheritance which he might leave them—the recollection of a good action.

\* Louis Bonaparte also wrote a novel entitled *Marie, ou les peines de l'amour*, which is written in an admirable style, and contains passages of exquisite sensibility.

For this reason the Indendant of Louis Philippe thought it his duty to show himself indifferent to the appeal, by which the Count St. Leu thought he might do honour to the son of the Minister of the Interior under the Empire. By addressing himself, however, to him, he was unable to obtain, as a last and solemn favour, the privilege of a father once more to embrace his son upon the earth. Diplomacy has no bowels of compassion, and Death, weary of delay, gave the fatal blow to the aged sire, on the 25th of July, 1846, at Leghorn.\* Louis Bonaparte died the peaceful death of the just—which injustice itself was not able to embitter. In his will he has requested that his remains may repose on the soil of France.

\* Count St. Leu, in his last moments, was absolutely alone ; his brother, the former King of Westphalia, was unable to arrive in time to receive his last adieu. A cast of the illustrious dead was taken by an artist in Leghorn, which was designed as a last memorial to be sent to the Prince, his son. The body was then embalmed and provisionally deposited in the Church of St. Catherine, at Leghorn, waiting for permission to have it conveyed to France. The King of Holland, in his will, requested his remains to be laid at St. Leu, beside those of his eldest son, and those of his father.



## CHAPTER XV.

Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death.  
*Shakespeare.*

ABOUT the middle of August, 1845, the Count of St. Leu determined on taking some steps in order to obtain his son's liberation. The details of this negotiation cannot be better related than in the words of the negotiator himself. Monsieur Sylvestre Poggioli, who was employed in this affair, expresses himself as follows:—"Honoured with the confidence of Louis Napoleon, formerly King of Holland, and now Count of St. Leu, I spent some months in attendance on his person, endeavouring by my assiduous attentions, to soothe his sufferings, and by filial devotedness, to alleviate the weight of isolation and exile, when he employed me to undertake a mission, which from its nature, caused me the regret of separation; but, at the same time, inspired with the hope of being able, by my exertions, to secure



for him the last and most precious consolation of his old age. On the 18th of August, 1845, the Count of St. Leu gave me three letters, addressed respectively to Messrs. Molé, Decazes, and Montalivet, in which he begged these noblemen to intercede in favour of his son. He said to one of them that death was preferable to imprisonment. The letter addressed to Monsieur de Montalivet, contained these words: 'You are a father and can, therefore, fully understand my feelings.'

"At the moment of separation, the Prince drew tears from my eyes, by the manner in which he spoke of his own state of health, of his son, and the certainty which he felt, that we should not meet again; adding, that he reckoned confidently upon my sincerity and zeal.

"I recalled to mind the elevated condition through which the noble old man had passed, the splendour and glory of his public life, and the benignity and purity of his private virtues. I represented to myself, the Prince raised to the throne, and there showing himself superior even to his destiny.

"Before me, now, I saw him overwhelmed with sufferings, and sinking under vexations, at a distance from a country still full of his name, and reduced to weep for an absent son, immured

in a prison. I quitted his presence with my heart full of emotion and respect.

I arrived at Paris on the 1st of September; but found there none of the three persons to whom the letters were addressed; and it was not till the end of October that I was able to deliver the Count's letter to M. Decazes.

"M. Decazes gave me a very kind reception, and conversed with me for an hour-and-a-half. I visited him again on the 2nd of November. On this second visit he told me he had communicated the Count St. Leu's letter, first to Marshal Soult, the President of the Council, then to M. Duchâtel, and, finally, to M. Guizot, who was commissioned to lay it before the King. I promptly pressed M. Decazes to be good enough, in person, to make an application to the King; he promised to comply, and requested me to call upon him the day after that, in which the *Moniteur* should have announced the *accouchement* of the Princess de Joinville. On the 7th, I accordingly repaired to the house of the Grand Referendary. He informed me that he had not been able to speak to the King. Our conversation this time was short, and I remarked that the Duke was constrained in his manner. Was I to attribute this unexpected change to feelings of regret, on the part of M. Decazes, that he had

not been able to effect anything for the son of him of whom he had formerly been the secretary and friend? I determined to allow him as much time as might be necessary, and waited till the 22nd of December, before I ventured on a new visit. This was the last; for it required little observation to be convinced that, if M. Decazes had a good memory for recent events, he had none for those of a more distant date.

“M. le Comte Molé, to whom I had written on the 23rd of October, sent me a reply from Champlâtreux, dated the 3rd of November, and on the 7th received me with every mark of attention and kindness. Having been already informed of the object of my request, he showed signs of being affected by the confidence which the Count of St. Leu reposed in him, and was ready to do all in his power to justify his good opinion. I am persuaded he was sincere, and that, had M. Molé been in the ministry, the object of my mission would have been successful. The Count of St. Leu never doubted that it would be so, and had always expressed to me an esteem for the talents and character of Count Molé, which the latter reciprocated by feelings of deep veneration and lively sympathy.

“As to the Count Montalivet, I was obliged to write three letters to him, before I could



obtain an audience. In the last of these I said to him, that not receiving any reply, I begged him to inform me whether I was to attribute his silence to forgetfulness, or to consider it as a refusal to receive the letter from the former King of Holland. On the very same day, an audience was appointed for the 12th of November. M. Montalivet, not without considerable affectation, enlarged upon the admirable mechanism of a constitutional government, keeping out of view the executive power, to which I incessantly recalled his attention, as that upon which everything depended. 'I will speak to M. Duchâtel on the subject,' said M. Montalivet when I left him, 'and in a few days I will make you acquainted with the result of our conversation.'—I still wait for the reply.

"This solemn appeal of an aged man who commanded so much esteem and regard!—The last prayer of a father begging once more to see his only son before he died!—The whole seemed irresistible. It was, however, misunderstood. I failed in my mission, and immediately informed the late King of Holland and Prince Napoleon Louis of the fact. I informed the latter, besides, that I had been spoken to vaguely on the subject of guarantees, but no precise form had been submitted. In consequence of this, the Prince sent



me a letter on the 23rd of December, which he desired me to deliver to M. Duchâtel. He wrote as follows:—

“‘To the Minister of the Interior.

“‘Sir,

“‘My father, whose age and infirmity require the attention of a son, has asked the government to allow me to join him.

“‘His application has not been attended with a favourable result.

“‘The government, as I am informed, requires a formal guarantee from me. In such circumstances my determination cannot be doubtful; and I am ready to do everything compatible with my honour, in order to offer to my father those consolations to which he has so many claims.

“‘I now, therefore, declare to you, Sir, that if the French government consent to allow me to go to Florence, to discharge a sacred duty, I promise, upon my honour, to return and to place myself at the disposal of the government, as soon as it shall express a desire that I should do so.

“‘Accept, Sir, the expression of my high esteem.

(Signed)

“‘NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.’

"At the same time, the Prince made me acquainted with his determination to place the question of his honour above that of his liberty. 'The guarantee which I offer,' he wrote, 'is the only real one for the government, and the only one which I can honourably offer.'

"On the 26th of December, I requested an audience of the Minister of the Interior. I saw him on the 29th and could get nothing from him but the following words: 'I had already received the Prince's letter; the question is a grave one, and I will submit it to the Council of Ministers.' On the day agreed upon, I presented myself at the house of the Minister, to learn the decision. M. Duchâtel said to me:—'The Council has decided that it cannot accede to the Prince's request, because it is contrary to law, and because it would be granting a full and free pardon, without the King having the merit of it.' He added: 'Will you transmit this answer to the Prince?' 'This I will do; but, Sir, since the Prince has written to you directly, I beg you to give him a direct and official answer.' M. Duchâtel had recourse to the medium of the Commandant of the fortress; a dispatch to whom, of the date of January 5th, contained these words: 'Be good enough to inform the Prince from me, that I have laid his request before the Council; and that the

Council has not thought it to be within its power to grant it. This provisional liberation would be merely a disguised pardon; and whatever may be the rank of those who may be condemned, no pardon can issue except from the clemency of the King.'

"Some days after, I set out for Ham, in order to put the Prince in full possession of all that had taken place; my views coinciding with those which many persons had already suggested to the prisoner, he resolved to address a letter directly to the King; on the 14th<sup>th</sup> of January, he wrote the following, as the greatest sacrifice which he could have been called upon to make, from a regard to filial duty:—

"Sire:

"It is not without lively emotion, that I approach your Majesty, and ask, as a favour, permission to quit France, even for a very short time. For five years I have found in breathing the air of my country, ample compensation for the torments of captivity; but my father is now aged and infirm, and calls for my attentions and care. He has applied to persons known for their attachment to your Majesty, in order to obtain my liberation; and it is my duty to do everything which depends upon me to meet his desires.



“ ‘The Council of Ministers has not felt itself competent to accede to the request which I made to be allowed to go to Florence, engaging to return, and again to become a prisoner as soon as the government might desire me so to do. I approach your Majesty with confidence, to make an appeal to your feelings of humanity, and to renew my request by submitting to your high and generous interference.

“ ‘Your Majesty will, I am convinced, appreciate a step, which beforehand engages my gratitude, and affected by the isolated position in a foreign land, of a man, who, upon a throne gained the esteem of Europe, will accede to the wishes of my father and myself.

“ ‘I beg your Majesty to receive the expression of my profound respect.

(Signed),

“ ‘NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.’

“I was commissioned to carry this letter to the Prince of Moskoua, who was in person, to lay it before the King. On receiving it, the King appeared satisfied, and without breaking the seal, said: ‘That he thought the guarantee previously offered by the Prisoner of Ham, sufficient.’ The Prince, however, was again obliged to put up with a new refusal, and couched in still harsher



language than the former. The copy of his letter to the King, having been sent to the ministers through the medium of the Commandant of the fort, M. Duchâtel, replied, on the 25th of January, 'that the Council of Ministers had deliberated *on the copy* of the letter, and that this would be a pardon by indirect means; and that in order to maintain the proper exercise of the King's clemency, it was necessary that this act of grace should be deserved and frankly avowed.'"

There are moments in life in which it appears as if all our past vexations, and all our present troubles, come and burst at once upon the heart. Although Napoleon Louis knew the kind of men to whom he addressed himself, it happened to him that which happens to those who eagerly desire—he hoped against all hope. This new trial was, perhaps, the most painful to which the Prince had been yet subjected. It is impossible to express what he felt, and we shall not attempt to describe the prisoner's impressions; but, every one will readily understand, that the vexation of a son thus wounded in his dearest affections, was mixed up with feelings of the strongest indignation.

History, which never forgets anything, will set in its full light, as it deserves, this conduct of the men of the empire, who, after having condemned

the heir of the man, to whom they owed everything, to perpetual imprisonment, left him six years in prison, without showing the slightest evidence of sympathy in his misfortunes; and, at last, when he begged to be allowed to go and embrace his dying father, these men, with all the insolence of *parvenus*, reply, that he must merit pardon by self-degradation!

Publicity and an appeal to the Chambers were now the only means left to attempt to recover a right, which if not written in the book of the law, is at least deeply engraven on the tablet of humanity. The Prince made several influential deputies acquainted with the refusal which he had just received, and the rudeness with which it was accompanied. It will easily be believed, that conduct, such as that displayed by the ministers on this occasion, needed only to be exposed to become the object of severe reprobation. Several deputies, without any distinction of party, made the warmest representations to the government; among the *censuratives* we may mention the names of Messrs. de Valtry and Lascazes devoted to the Orleans dynasty. The cause of the oppressed was equally taken to heart by the most distinguished members of the opposition. Messrs. Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, and Lamartine and Odilon Barrot embraced it with zeal.

The illustrious historian of the Empire, faithful to his noble instincts, wrote to the Prince the following letter:—

“PRINCE,

“I have received the letter which you have done me the honour to address to me, in order to make me acquainted with the refusal which has been given to your request. It seems to me that, the desire of seeing a dying father, accompanied by the promise of returning to prison on the first requisition of the Minister of the Interior, ought to have been regarded as sufficient. In my opinion such a measure might have been adopted without inconvenience, on the responsibility of the minister who had taken it. I am sorry, Prince, not to have it in my power to be of any use to you whatever in these circumstances. I have no influence with the government, and publicity would serve you little. On every occasion in which I can possibly contribute to solace your misfortunes, without failing in my duty, I shall be happy to have it in my power, to give proofs of my sympathy with the glorious name which you bear.

“Accept, Prince, the homage of my respect.

“A. THIERS,

“Member of the Chamber of Deputies.”



M. Thiers thus showed to these men, who consider depth of thought to consist in the mere practice of cunning, and make the art of governing consist in the narrow calculation of a policy without any definite object; that it is quite possible to sit at the Council-table of France, and direct all the energies of superior talents, to the promotion of the well-being of the nation, without abjuring the eternal sentiments of honour and humanity. M. Odilon Barrot suggested a plan of smoothing down the difficulties of the case, by proposing to M. Duchâtel the drawing up of a new letter to the King. This letter contains the following passage:—"I hoped that your Majesty's Government would see in that engagement (of returning to prison) one guarantee more, and a new obligation in addition to those which gratitude should have imposed upon me."

It will be observed that it might be inferred from these words that the Prince had already failed in gratitude towards the King, in consequence of having made the attempt at Boulogne, after having been carried away from his prison in Strasburg. It has been already stated that the Prince was forced on board the Lorient, and withdrawn from trial, notwithstanding his earnest appeal to justice, in order to remain an object of calumny from the government, which followed him with its persecutions even to his mother's



death-bed, and injured him in that which is ever dearest to a noble-minded man—in his honour and his family affections.

To sign such a letter, after the insulting reply from the ministry, was, indeed, to pass under the Claudine forks; but, according to the noble expressions of the Prince, in a letter to his father, he was ready to do everything, except to disgrace himself, in order to receive his last embrace, and his paternal blessing.

Among the various persons who took an interest in the Prince, some advised him to sign, others warned him of the snare, and others still represented to him that no man was forced into a step which was extorted from him by force. Necessity—it was said—there is a sanctuary of the soul where its empire should never reach; and, were it not so, where would be *virtue* upon the earth? An amusement, says Fontenelle, which is only suitable to the leisure of a peaceful life. On the one hand, there was a prison—a father, aged and infirm, imploring the presence and care of his son—his only son, and last consolation; on the other—honour. It is possible to form a just opinion of the torture which the prisoner was obliged to suffer, and how much energy was necessary in order to come to a decision, by endeavouring to place ourselves in a similar position.

The Prince, however, did not hesitate for a moment; and when M. Poggioli brought him the draft of a letter to sign, in spite of the dreadful alternative, he refused to proceed a step further.

"I shall die in prison," he exclaimed, "if unexampled severity condemns me to such a lot, but nothing shall induce me to degrade my character. My father, moreover, who has always adopted for his motto — '*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra*' — my father, I am convinced, would regard my liberty as too dearly purchased at the expense of my dignity, and of the respect which I owe to my name."

On the next day, the Prince put into the hands of M. Poggioli, the following letter to M. Odilon Barrot, written under the impulse of the noblest emotions.

"Ham, February 2nd, 1846.

"SIR,

"Before replying to the letter, which you have been good enough to address to me, allow me to thank you, as well as your political friends, for the interest you have shown, and the spontaneous steps which you have thought it consistent with your duty to take, in order to lighten the weight of my misfortunes. Be assured that my

gratitude will never be wanting to those generous men who, in such painful circumstances, have extended towards me a friendly hand.

“I now proceed to state to you, that I do not think it consistent with my duty to attach my name to the letter of which you have sent me a copy. The brave man who finds himself alone, face to face with adversity, alone in the presence of enemies interested in depreciating his character, ought to avoid every kind of subterfuge—everything equivocal, and take all his measures with the greatest degree of frankness and decision; like Cæsar’s wife, he ought not to be suspected. If I signed the letter, which you and many other deputies have recommended me to sign, I should, in fact, really ask for pardon without avowing the fact, I should take shelter behind the request of my father, like the coward who covers himself with a tree to escape the enemy’s fire. I consider such a course unworthy of me. If I thought it consistent with my condition and honour, merely and simply to invoke the royal clemency, I would write to the King, ‘Sire, I ask pardon.’

“Such, however, is not my intention. For six years I have endured without complaining an imprisonment, which is one of the natural consequences of my attack against the government;



and I shall endure it for ten years longer if necessary, without accusing either my destiny or the men who inflict it! I suffer, but I say to myself every day, I am in France; I have preserved my honour unstained—I live without enjoyments, but also without remorse; and every evening I go to repose in peace. No steps would have been taken by me to disturb the calm of my conscience and the repose of my life, had not my father signified an earnest desire of having me near him again, during his declining years. My filial duty roused me from a state of resignation, and I took a step, of the gravity of which I was fully aware, and to which I attached all that frankness and honesty which I desire to exhibit in all my actions. I wrote to the Head of the State—to him alone who has the legal right to alter my position; I asked to be allowed to go and see my father—and spoke to him of *honour*, *humanity*, *generosity*, because I have no hesitation in calling things by their proper names. The King appeared satisfied, and said to the worthy son of Marshal Ney, who was good enough to place my letter in his hands, that the guarantee which I offered was sufficient; but he has as yet given no intimation of his decision. His ministers on the contrary, forwarding their resolution in a copy of my letter to the King, which I sent to



them from deference, taking advantage of my position and their own caused an answer to be transmitted to me, which was merely an insult to misfortune. Under the blow of such a refusal, and still unacquainted with the King's decision, my duty is to abstain from taking any step, and above all, not to subscribe a request for pardon, under the disguise of filial duty.

"I still maintain all that I said in my letter to the King, because the sentiments which I have there expressed were deeply felt, and were such as appeared suitable to my position; but I shall not advance a line further. The path of honour is narrow and slippery, and there is but a hand-breadth between the firm ground and the abyss.

"You may, moreover, be well assured, Sir, that should I sign the letter in question, more exacting demands would be made. On the 25th of December, I wrote rather a dry letter to the Minister of the Interior, requesting permission to visit my father. The reply was politely worded. On the 14th of January I determined on a very serious step; I wrote a letter to the King, in which I spared no expression which I thought might conduce to the success of my request; the answer was an impertinent one.

"My position is clear; I am a captive; but it is a consolation to me to breathe the air of my

country. A sacred duty summons me to my father's side; I say to the government, 'circumstances compel me to entreat from you, as a favour, permission to leave Ham. If you grant my request, you may depend on my gratitude, and it will be of the more value, as your decision will bear the stamp of generosity; for the gratitude of those who would consent to humiliate themselves in order to gain an advantage, would be valueless.'

"Finally, I calmly await the decision of the King; a man, who like me, has lived through thirty years of misfortunes.

"I rely on the support and sympathy of generous and independent men like you; I commit myself to destiny, and prepare to resign myself to its decision.

"Accept, Sir, my assurances of esteem.

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

If the interest, and even affection which was felt for the Prince, had for a moment caused division in the opinions of his friends, they were all moved at a resolution which showed so much firmness under misfortune, and their approval of it was unanimous; so irresistible will the power of all great and noble actions always be.

Among the touching proofs of this, which were shown to the Prince, not the least flattering was that which he received from a writer celebrated, as well for his talents as for his noble sentiments.

"I frankly confess to you," wrote M. Louis Blanc to the Prince,\* "that your reply to M. Barrot has moved me deeply. The resolution which it announces was only one worthy of you; for in my mind, it was more imperative on you than on any one else, not to sacrifice what you owed to your character to the desire of seeing your prison gates opened. Be well assured that by this noble conduct you have filled your true friends with joy, and mortally displeased your enemies."

We may here remark, how well it is for men holding a political position, always to follow those impulses of the soul which will ever be the best safeguards against the base attempts of stratagem. Had the Prince signed the letter in question, we know with certainty, through a ministerial deputy, who had had a long conversation with M. Duchâtel, that this would not have procured his liberty. *We will bring him to ask pardon.* Such was the unworthy expression of M. Duchâtel; in other words—"Prince Napoleon

\* We give the whole of the letter at the end of the volume.



Louis, will only be allowed to leave Ham debased and degraded in the eyes of his fellow-citizens;" this was the object of the system.

The refusal of the prisoner did not terminate the negotiations. Thirty-three deputies, chosen from the most distinguished men of the Chamber, attempted a last step. M. Odillon Barrot, asked an audience of the king; it was immediately granted to him.

The chief of the *Gauche Dynastique* was very eloquent; he employed all the brilliant resources of his mind in demonstrating to the king, the striking contrast existing between the position of the two families, which had lately been called to the throne by revolutions; he described the Bonaparte family, proscribed, persecuted, scattered through the world, the heir of the Emperor's name languishing in prison, the other dying in exile; and, on the other hand, the king himself, reigning peaceably in the midst of all the splendour of power, and surrounded by all the attention and charms of an adored family.

The king replied, that he did not require that the prisoner should humble himself to ask for pardon, but merely that he acknowledged that it was to the Royal power, that he owed the permission to visit his father. Louis Philippe, then energetically blamed the speech of M. Duchâtel,



which he called a "*jailer's answer*," and the matter was referred to the ministry.

For a short time after this conversation, M. Odillon Barrot still entertained some hopes of success, but he was soon convinced that any farther step would be useless; and this conviction he announced to the Prince, from whom he had requested permission, in case of success, to address a letter of thanks to the King, in the following terms. We give M. Odillon Barrot's letter here, because it will serve to connect and render comprehensible to the reader the different circumstances of the spirit of the whole negotiation:—

"YOUR HIGHNESS:—Our negotiation has proved a failure; and if I have been tardy in informing you of this fact, it was because as late as yesterday, I still retained some hope. The government speak of present circumstances—the state of Italy, of Switzerland—these circumstances would, nevertheless, have been overlooked, had a more *explicit* guarantee been given in your letter, because then they would have dispensed with the council of ministers; but politics, not having been put out of the question, it was necessary to yield to the considerations of public order which prevailed in the council; and that,

for the present, considering the circumstances, no liberation is to be looked for.

“It is with great pain that I inform you of this result; I have begged Vatoul to say to the King, that if we had completely differed, since 1830, in political opinions, I hoped that at least we agreed in sentiments of humanity and generosity. I now see that this is another of my utopian ideas, which I shall be compelled to renounce.”

Several individual attempts were made to obtain from the ministers the liberation of the Prince; they all failed, and their only result was to bring the ill-will of the government more and more strongly to light. One of the most distinguished members of the English House of Lords determined, however, to make a new attempt. As the French government always spoke vaguely of *engagements*, the noble Lord asked the Prince what guarantee he would be willing to give? The Prince, being desirous to go as far as possible without failing in what he owed to the dignity of his name, authorised Lord —— to declare to the French government, that if the gates of Ham were opened to the illustrious prisoner, he would, in return, engage to go to America, after spending a year with his father in Italy.

But even this proposal, a son submitting to cross the Atlantic on condition that he should be allowed to see his father, did not shake the resolution of the French ministers; so true is it that there are men, who persist as earnestly in drawing reprobation upon themselves, as others do in pursuing the paths of honour; the noble and generous stranger was barely treated with politeness, and his magnanimous application received no reply. The French government were doubtless aware that a citizen of Great Britain would find difficulty in understanding the tissue of stratagem, made up of the cross threads of weakness and power.\*

Such was the issue of this negotiation; we have limited ourselves to the relation of the facts;

\* Some years ago, one of the present French ministers, traced the following portrait of the minister of the time of which we write; we submit it to the judgment of our readers.

"There are men," says M. Guizot, "who, when managing the reins of power, think themselves skillful because they quietly resign themselves to the necessity of the evil. They perhaps entered upon their duties with the intention, we will not say the feeling, of justice. Difficulties arose; to meet those difficulties they made faults; these faults produced fresh difficulties. They then had recourse to the physical force in their power, in order to escape the rocks on which their reason was wrecked; thenceforward the taste for force gains dominion over them, and they say that they have gained experience; they call that '*gaining practical knowledge, understanding men and things.*'"

"In former times," say they, "they were young, they dreamed of chimeras; now they know the world, and understand the art of governing." Perpetual insolence of human nature! The only experience which they have acquired is that of their weakness, and they pride themselves upon it as upon an advance in the science of power!



every one will judge of them according to his own ideas, opinions, and sentiments. As regards ourselves, we are in haste to quit the regions of political shame, more deeply convinced than ever, that if sometimes the success of immorality is to be perceived in a political course, those great results which genius united to virtue can alone effect, will never be produced by it.

And if yet another proof is wanting, that justice and generosity are the best counsellors in the policy of a government, would not the history of this negotiation be a clear testimony to the fact ?

Would not the position of the French ministers throughout the whole of this affair, have been infinitely better, had they accepted the chivalrous offer of the Prince, to re-enter his prison after having closed his father's eyes? The government would then have showed itself noble, lenient, and generous, it would have rendered it impossible for an enemy, whom it has too much injured, not to show that it fears him, to attempt anything against it, and the Prince would now be free through the pardon of government; or he would have been obliged, in order to fulfil his promise, to return to his prison, and would be bound by gratitude, owing to the King, the permission to receive the paternal benediction. Instead of this,



the Prince is free, morally and physically free, and he may say to the French government ; “ You were deaf to my prayers ; when I was a prisoner, you endeavoured to degrade me, and even when I regained my liberty, you still closed to me the road which led to my dying father.”

Happily, indeed, if the captivity of Prince Napoleon Louis is considered by statesmen as indispensable to the welfare of France and Europe. Divine Providence does not appear to sanction their decision, and the events, the accomplishment of which it has just permitted, prove plainly that if it refuses noble sentiments to certain men, it does not abandon to their mercy those who, strong in the nobleness of their hearts, and full of truth in the Lord, call upon him in their distress. (*See notes 16 and 17.*)

## CHAPTER XVI.

Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele  
Omai la navicella del mio ingegno  
Che lascia dietro a se mar sì crudele.

*Dante.*

EVERY project having thus failed, escape alone, with all its accompanying dangers, seemed to be the only remaining hope, and a failure in the attempt was certain not merely to draw down upon the prisoner a more rigorous captivity, but to heap that ridicule upon him which is the accompaniment of ill-success. The Prince, who had supported his captivity with magnanimity—who had exposed himself without fear to bayonets at Strasburg, and to balls at Boulogne, felt himself subdued by the apprehension, and defenceless against that *unseizable* enemy, whose sarcasms presented themselves to his lively imagination as mocking phantoms, come to add one insult more to his unhappy condition. The desire, however,

of once more seeing his illustrious father in this world, determined him to make this bold and dangerous attempt, of which we are now about to give an account.

Escape having been once decided on, the plan was to be settled: and the first thing to be done was sedulously to instill into the mind of the Commandant the belief of an approaching amnesty, in order more effectually to conceal the prisoner's projects from his observation. It was easy to persuade him, after the information which the Prince had received from his friends in Paris, that the Ministers had determined to proclaim a general amnesty towards the month of June, just before the Elections, as sometimes happens. Several plans presented themselves to the Prince's mind, but he rejected them all, one after another, in order to adopt the simplest, which consisted in finding a pretext for introducing workmen into the prison, and to avail himself of the disguise of one of them to make his escape. Here accident marvellously contributed to promote his views, for at the very time in which he was thinking of finding a reason for persuading the Commandant of the necessity of some repairs, the latter came to inform him that in compliance with his requests, the Ministry had at length resolved to have the staircase and

corridors of the building occupied by the Prince, Count Montholon, Dr. Conneau, and Charles Th  lin, put into complete repair. Dr. Conneau's period of five years' imprisonment having expired, the two latter were free in their actions, and could go into the town.

Although the conduct of the Prince, during the five years of his captivity, which had now passed, was such as to disarm all suspicion of his attempting to escape, and in spite of the report of a general amnesty, generally spread and designedly circulated and cherished, the eager mind of the Commandant and his own interest sufficed to lead him to entertain suspicions, and adopt precautions, which his subalterns regarded as useless and ridiculous.

Night invariably brought with it double guards, and ten o'clock no sooner struck than the Commandant, who, as we have already said, usually came to spend the evening with the Prince, having seen that the keepers were on duty at the bottom of the stairs, retired, shutting up the whole within the building, and taking the key of the outer door in his pocket, as Lady Douglas did at Loch Leven.

Of the three keepers, to whom the immediate charge of the prisoner's person was entrusted, two were always stationed at the bottom of the stairs.



The Prince had observed that on certain days of the week one of the keepers, whose duty it was to go and bring the public journals, absented himself for a quarter-of-an-hour, leaving the post at the bottom of the stairs in charge of his companion for this short space of time. This was to be the moment of escape, and a facility was thus given of turning away the attention of the single keeper. As to the sentinels, the Prince thought there was little to fear from them; but it must be said, that from the very commencement of his captivity, all the precautions and fears were directed against dangers from without. They were persuaded that the Prince did not wish to escape, but were, at the same time, afraid that partisans from without might make an attempt to release him. The strictest orders were therefore given to prevent all persons whatsoever from approaching the fortress, and from stationing themselves under its walls, and during the first years, especially, the sentinels' orders were not to obstruct persons going out, but carefully to prevent any from coming in.

With a view to carry out this arrangement, the sentinels were, for the most part, placed upon the top of the ramparts, and chiefly towards the outer side, in order to guard against any possible surprise. The fortress, however, being small, it

was easy to command it at all points. There was, therefore, no other feasible means of escaping their observation than that of a disguise.

The plan was as follows :—Charles Thélin, as he had several times done before, asked permission to go to St. Quentin; he was to go and hire a *cabriolet* for the purpose. As he was leaving the prison to go and find his *cabriolet*, the Prince was to go out at the same time, in the disguise of a workman. This combination had two advantages; it left Thélin at liberty to turn aside the attention of the keepers and soldiers from the pretended workman, by playing with *Ham*, the Prince's dog, which was well-known, and a great favourite with the garrison; and, moreover, it gave him an opportunity of always addressing himself to those who, taking the Prince for a workman, might be disposed to speak to him.

The workmen had been already eight days engaged in making repairs within the prison, and these eight days had been carefully employed by the Prince and his friend in observing the ways and measures of the extraordinary precaution adopted with respect to the workmen. They had observed that the precautions were very great on their coming in, and going out of the fortress in a body. On their passing through

the first wicket, as they entered, they were obliged to defile one by one, and to pass under the inspection of a sergeant's guard, and a keeper especially appointed for that purpose. The same form was observed, and the same attention paid on their going out in the evening, besides then the Commandant himself was always present. They observed, moreover, that whenever any of the workmen went alone to any retired part of the citadel they were strictly watched, but when they went out for the purpose of fetching tools or materials of any description, by following the direct road, and thus exposing themselves to view for a considerable distance, they excited no distrust, and were allowed freely to pass through the wicket and over the drawbridge. The Prince, therefore, determined to adopt the last mentioned plan—the boldest, it is true, but offering the greatest chance of success.

The morning was selected, not only because at that time, the Commandant, all whose cares and anxieties were connected with the evening, was not up, not merely because this was the time in which they might expect to find only one keeper at the bottom of the stairs, but also because by adopting this course it would be easy to reach Valenciennes in good time for the four o'clock train to Belgium. As to General Montholon,



the Prince being anxious not to compromise him, would have found it somewhat difficult to conceal his project from his knowledge, had he not chanced to be unwell at the time.

All was then arranged for Saturday, the 23rd of May, one of the days on which, in the usual course, one keeper alone would be for a short time at the bottom of the stairs. By what at first appeared a very unfortunate accident, the Prince was visited on that day by some persons whom he had previously known in England, and whom he had expected to see sooner.

It became necessary to put off his departure till Monday, the 25th, although it was not then certain that there would be a sufficient number of workmen to cover the escape, and that two keepers would not be at the bottom of the stairs. The Prince, however, wishing to derive some advantage from the visit, asked his friends to be good enough to lend their courier's passport to his valet de chambre, who was about to take a journey. The request was complied with, with alacrity. The Prince himself, with the assistance of one of his friends in Paris, had already procured a passport, of which, however, he afterwards made no use. Sunday passed in the midst of great anxieties—for it was by no means certain that there was work enough for the Monday



to require their attendance. Charles Thélin, however, asked them on this very day to be good enough to put up some shelves in a little recess, which was used for a cellar.

The difficulty did not merely consist in passing through the guards and doorkeepers,—it was also necessary to avoid being met by the workmen themselves, who were constantly on the stairs, and superintended by the contractor of the works and an officer of engineers. It is easy to understand what must have been the nature of the emotions by which the prisoner was agitated. Twice he had risked his life for a cause which he had thought it his duty to revive at the hazard of the greatest sacrifices; twice, the government had tried to throw ridicule on his failures—but if he failed on the morrow, they would no longer restrain their indignation and contempt. Neither six years of suffering, courageously endured, his studious works, nor even the sacred cause which called him through so many dangers would be accounted to him; the same gall, the same bitterness would cast blame and ridicule on the man failing in his attempt, and caught under a disguise.

On his part the excellent and noble Dr. Conneau had undertaken to play the diplomatic character necessary to screen the Prince's de-

parture, and give him time to elude pursuit. We shall not here interrupt the course of the narration, in speaking of this faithful and devoted friend of the Prisoner of Ham, but shall afterwards return to the subject.

At last, on Monday the 25th, early in the morning, the Prince, Dr. Conneau, and Charles Thélin, placed behind the window curtains, which they kept carefully drawn, and without shoes, in order to avoid noise, carefully watched the courtyard, and impatiently waited for the arrival of the workmen. All was still silent in the interior of the court—the sentinels alone paced slowly up and down before their sentry-boxes. By a singular accident the only soldier in the garrison whom they were anxious to avoid, was this very morning on duty before the Prince's door. This man, who had long been a *planton*\* of the Commandant, was accustomed to exercise a very scrupulous *surveillance* over the workmen; and the Prince had already remarked him, when he was on duty, examining all their movements with the greatest attention, looking narrowly at their persons, and asking them where they were going.

It is easy to perceive how dangerous such a man might be. The Prince was so much the

\* A *planton* is the appellation given to a private on duty without arms, employed by a commanding officer as an errand-man.

more annoyed at his presence, as it was probable that the soldier would not be relieved before seven o'clock, and it was of great importance to set out before that time, in order not to have a third keeper on their hands. Luckily, by another accident as singular, the hours of mounting guard had been changed in consequence of a review on Sunday, and the grenadier was relieved at six o'clock. It had been arranged, that after having brought the labourers and artizans into the dining-room to give them a morning dram, Thélin should go before the Prince, on to the stairs, in order to turn away the attention of the keepers.\* The Prince once in the courtyard, Thélin was to follow him closely, in order, as we have said, to call to himself, any person, who might be disposed to speak to the Prince, supposing him to be a workman.

A little after five, the workmen entered the fortress and passed between two files of soldiers under arms. At first they were not as numerous as usual—then, because it was Monday, they were better dressed than ordinary—as the weather was very fine, they had no *sabots*, moreover there

\* It would have been useless to think of getting the keepers out of the way, as the very evening before, the Commandant, on his visit to the prison, not having found the men at their posts, gave strict orders, on the pain of immediate dismissal, that one of them, at least should always be at the wicket, as long as there was a workman in the prison.



were masons and painters, but no joiner among them, yet as the Prince intended to put on a joiner's disguise, this gave some reason to fear lest the Prince's disguise should be remarked, as being dirty, and the Prince was anxious for a moment to give up the sabots, (wooden shoes), which would have been very inconvenient, because those which had been prepared for him, and into which he was to put his high-heeled boots, increased his height at least four inches, which alone made a great change in his person. The plan, as we have described it, was a very simple one, but the principal difficulty of carrying it into execution lay in catching with resolution the favourable moment of going down stairs and getting out of doors, while the workmen should be kept drinking, and the attention of the keepers diverted by the doctor and Thélín; it was therefore, necessary that all should be in readiness before, in order not to lose the propitious opportunity. The Prince had to dress and have previously his moustaches cut; yet, on the other hand, should anything hinder his departure for that day, this very act of having cut his moustaches would betray his scheme in the eyes of the Commandant, and so render afterwards the departure impossible. The Doctor's earnest entreaties to the Prince were to delay this operation, so trifling



in itself, yet bearing in the present circumstances such a fearful stamp of a settled resolution which was not to be withdrawn. Prince Napoleon Louis could not help smiling at the consternation of those who were around him when they saw the razor performing this unusual operation. And yet, in the hour which was yet to pass, how many accidents might happen, how many circumstances might occur, which would oblige them to put off their departure till the next day. From this moment dangers had commenced, and all those palpitating emotions which it is impossible to describe. Here, then, was no question about bayonets, through the midst of which the Prince was about to pass—for although the order in every prison is to fire at the escaping prisoner, such was not the fear by which the Prince was moved. Determined, however, to sell his life as dearly as possible, the Prince took a poniard. He was also about to place under his clothes a small portfolio, which contained two letters—one from his mother and another from Napoleon—a sacred amulet which the Prince always carried about with him—the precious pledges of an abiding and constant affection, and of recollections the dearest to his heart. When he thought that those papers might betray him in case of search on the frontier, he experienced a moment's

hesitation, and by look consulted the Doctor; but superstition for sacred objects prevailing in their hearts, prudence subsided, and Prince Napoleon Louis concealed carefully on his breast the only relic which he had, at that time, of the past grandeur of his family. The Emperor's letter is directed to the Prince's mother, Queen Hortense, and in speaking of his nephew the Emperor expresses himself thus: "I hope he will grow and make himself worthy of the destinies which await him."

How different those destinies proved from those anticipated by Napoleon! In how many trying occurrences had this wish to act as a talisman!

In the meantime, the preparations for concealing the Prince's person, by assuming a workman's dress, continued; of which Thélin gives the following account:—"The Prince put on his usual dress, gray pantaloons and boots; then he drew over his waistcoat a coarse linen shirt, cut off at the waist, a blue cotton handkerchief, and a blouse, not merely clean, but somewhat elegant in its cut; and, finally, he drew on a pair of large trousers of coarse blue linen, which had been worn and were very dirty. Under these he concealed the lower part of the first blouse, and finally put on, over all, a second blouse, as

much worn and dirty as the pantaloons. The rest of his costume consisted of an old blue linen apron, a long black-haired wig, and a bad cap. Being thus apparelled, and his hands and face painted with red and black, the moment of action being at hand, all emotion had ceased; and the Prince breakfasted as usual with a cup of coffee, put on his sabots, took a common clay pipe in his mouth, hoisted a board upon his shoulders, and was in readiness to set out! ”\*

At a quarter before seven, Thélín called to him all the workmen who were engaged on the stairs, and invited them to go into the dining-room to take their morning dram, telling Laplace, his man-of-all-work, to pour out the liquor for them to drink. In this manner they got rid also of the latter. Immediately after he came to give notice to the Prince, that the decisive moment had come; and they descended the staircase, at the bottom of which the two keepers, Dupin and Issali, were posted by order of the Commandant, and where, besides, there was a workman occupied in repairing the baluster. Thélín exchanged a few words with the keepers, who bid him good

\* The Prince had formed the idea of taking this board from his library, and when placed upon his shoulders, it concealed one side of his figure. This board, moreover, was not at all calculated to excite attention, as many of the workmen carried in and out several of a similar description.



morning, and seeing that Thélín had his overcoat on his arm, and was prepared to set out, they wished him a good journey. Thélín then pretended to have something to say to Issali, drew him aside from the wicket, and so placed himself that Issali, in order to hear, must have his back towards the Prince.

At the very moment at which the Prince quitted his chamber, some of the workmen were already coming from the dining-room, situated at the other end of the corridor; but Conneau was there to turn away their attention, and none of them observed the Prince, who was slowly passing down the stairs. When he came within a few steps of the bottom, he found himself face to face with Dupin, the keeper, who drew back in order to avoid the plank, which placed horizontally on the shoulder, prevented the profile of the face from being seen, and could not, therefore, observe the Prince's face. The Prince then passed through the two wicket-gates, going behind Issali, whom Thélín kept in close conversation. He then entered the court-yard, where a workman, who came down the stairs immediately after, followed him very close, and appeared about to speak to him. This was a locksmith's boy, whom Thélín immediately called to



him, and formed some pretext for sending him back again up stairs.

On passing before the first sentinel, the pipe dropped from the Prince's mouth, and fell at the soldier's feet; he stopped to pick it up; the soldier looked at him mechanically, and continued his monotonous pace. At the top of the canteen the Prince passed very near the Officer of the Guard, who was reading a letter. The Officer of the Engineers and Contractor for the Works, were at a distance of some paces further, the officer busily occupied in examining some papers. The Prince continued his way, and passed through the middle of a score of soldiers, who were basking in the sun in front of the guard-house. The drummer looked at the man with the plank with an insulting glance, but the sentinel paid no attention to him whatever. The gate-keeper was at the door of his lodge, but he merely looked at Thélín, who kept a few yards behind, and, in order more surely to draw attention to himself, led the Prince's dog in a leash. The sergeant, who was standing by the side of the wicket, looked steadily at the Prince, but his examination was interrupted by a movement of the plank, which obliged the soldier who held the bolt to withdraw himself.

He immediately opened the gates, and turning

round, the Prince went out—the door was closed behind him. Thélín afterwards wished the gate-keeper “good day,” and passed out in his turn.

Between the draw-bridges the Prince met two workmen coming straight towards him on the side on which his figure was not concealed by the plank. They looked at him with great eagerness from the distance at which they still were, and, in a loud voice expressed their surprise at not knowing him. On his part, the Prince, pretending to be tired of carrying the plank on his right shoulder, moved it to the left; the men, however, appeared so curious that the Prince thought for a moment he should not be able to escape them, and when at last he was near them, and they appeared as if approaching to speak to him, he had the satisfaction of hearing one of them exclaim: “Oh! it’s Bertou.”

Success was now complete. The Prince was free beyond those walls, in which he had been immured five years and nine months.

Although the Prince had no other acquaintance with the neighbourhood than that which he derived from examining the map of the town, he did not hesitate, but immediately pursued the road along the ramparts, which joins the high-road to St. Quentin. In the meantime, Thélín

went through the town to get the *cabriolet*, for which he had made arrangements the evening before and which he was to drive himself.

Shall we now venture to speak of the tumultuous feeling which agitated the heart of the fugitive? Shall we attempt to depict the happiness of the deliverance, saddened by the melancholy thought of exile—regret for the loss of his country, softened down by the prospect of a dungeon which the eye perceived in the distance? The mind may form some idea of these things, and of his situation, but no tongue can adequately describe them. The sudden joy of success followed the deep anxiety of expectation and the feverish excitement of action—a rapid transition, which, when it comes upon the mind unprepared, overwhelms all its faculties, and renders the trial more difficult to bear than all the strokes of misfortune. Are we not constrained to believe that the firmest mind would quail and sink in these great crises of life, was it not for the powerful instinct which hurries the mind away from all terrestrial concerns, and leads it towards God, the bountiful giver of every good and perfect gift? He had walked fast, and, in spite of the *sabots*, had reached a distance of about two miles from the town, near the cemetery of St. Sulpice, where he stopped for the carriage which was to



save him; a rough crucifix stood in the middle of the burying-ground; the fugitive prostrated himself before God, and offered up hearty thanksgiving to the Master of all things, who had led him, as it were, by the hand, through the midst of so many dangers.

In the meantime the sound of an approaching carriage was heard, and Charles Thélín was seen approaching. The Prince was about immediately to get rid of his plank, when he perceived another carriage coming from St. Quentin. He, therefore, continued to walk, in order to give the other *cabriolet* time to pass, and Thélín, with the same intent, slackened his pace. At length the Prince threw his plank, which had been indeed that of his deliverance, into a corn-field, leaped into the cabriolet, shook off the dust with which he was covered, took off his sabots and threw them into the ditch, and, in order to commence his new character, which was that of a coachman, he seized the reins and began to drive. The travellers, at this moment, perceived two mounted gendarmes, coming out of the village of St. Sulpice; but they, very luckily, took the road to Peronne, before coming up with the cabriolet.

The distance from Ham to St. Quentin, five leagues, was rapidly passed. At each change of



horses Thélín concealed his face as much as possible in his handkerchief; it was, however, afterwards said that he had been seen by several persons, and, among others, by the Commissary of Police from Ham, who was returning from St. Quentin; and we are assured that an old woman expressed great astonishment at seeing the Prince's valet de chambre, accompanied by a man so badly dressed.

Before entering St. Quentin, the Prince took off the old trousers, the dirty blouse, and the old cap, retaining the smaller blouse and the wig, and put on a braided cap. He then alighted from the cabriolet, in order to turn round the town of St. Quentin on foot, and to wait for Thélín again with fresh horses, on the Cambray road.

Charles Thélín drove to the post-house, from whence M. Abric, the postmaster, had just come out; but Thélín was well-known to Madame Abric; he told her he was obliged to go, with all speed to Cambray, to return early, and begged her to order a post-chaise and horses, with all possible haste, while he would leave at her house his horse and cabriolet. The kind Madame Abric showed the greatest alacrity to have Thélín served, and ordered horses to be put to her husband's small chaise. She pressed him very much to stay for breakfast; but, per-

ceiving that he was anxious to proceed, she did not venture to urge her request. The traveller, however, with great politeness praised the remains of a cold pâté, which was on the table, of which she begged him to accept a slice, and which being carefully wrapped up, soon afterwards furnished an excellent breakfast for the Prince, for which his long walk had provided a good appetite.

In spite of his impatience, Thélín dared not to hurry too much the post-people, for fear of awaking suspicions, yet the Prince had for some time arrived at the other end of the town of St. Quentin, and was waiting, not without some concern, for the carriage which was to overtake him. He laboured for a moment, under the fear of having been left behind while examining the town; but seeing a gentleman coming in a carriage from the Cambray road, he asked him whether he had not met with a post-chaise? This gentleman, who answered him in the negative, was the Procureur du Roi of St. Quentin.\* Sitting on the road-side the Prince was growing more concerned every minute, when, at last, he felt something by him; it was the little dog

\* The Procureur du Roi, (king's attorney,) was the very man who would have been charged with the prosecution had the fugitive been apprehended.

which, running before the horses, announced the arrival of the post-chaise.

M. Abric's small carriage, harnessed to two excellent horses, soon made its appearance; the Prince jumped up, and the postillion resumed his journey at a gallop. From this moment all risk of capture nearly disappeared. Notwithstanding the distance walked and the time lost in changing and procuring carriages, it was not yet nine o'clock; and even supposing that the Prince's escape had been discovered immediately after his leaving the fortress, the authorities must have lost time in making a *reconnaissance*, in closely examining the fortress, in writing dispatches, sending off the *gendarmes*, &c.\*

The travellers continued to make progress, inducing the postillion, by all possible means, to push his horses to their speed. He became, at length, impatient of their eagerness, and said to them, with warmth, "*vous m'embetez*;" but, nevertheless, he continued to make the pavement smoke under his horse's feet. Whilst they were changing horses at the first relay, a horseman with a forage-cap arrived at a gallop. They mistook him for a *gendarme*, and the Prince was preparing to avoid him; when they perceived

\* When the event was known, the first dispatches were addressed to Amiens and Paris.



that he was a non-commissioned officer of the National Guard.

No other incident worthy of notice occurred till the travellers reached Valenciennes, where, thanks to his conductors, the Prince arrived at a quarter-past two. This was the only place where they were asked for their passports. Thélin presented that of the English courier, and the Prince was not called upon to show his.

As the train for Brussels did not leave till four o'clock, the Prince would willingly have taken post-horses to gain the frontier of Belgium; but this step might have led to remarks, as such a mode of travelling had become very rare since the opening of the railroad. The Prince, therefore, determined to wait at the station at Valenciennes, for the starting of the next train. The capture had now become an impossibility. Thélin, however, was wholly unable to turn away his eyes from that side from which *gendarmes* might come. Suddenly, he heard himself named; he turned, and recognised a *gendarme* from Ham, in the dress of a citizen. Thélin was as much surprised as he was *half-pleased*; he did not, however, lose his presence of mind, and the *gendarme*, soon after, asking him what news of the Prince's health, told him that he had quitted the service, and obtained an employment



on the Northern Railroad, at the station of Valenciennes.

The Prisoner of Ham soon reached Brussels, then Ostend—and then—England.

He had scarcely arrived on the hospitable soil of Great Britain when he wrote to Sir Robert Peel,\* Lord Aberdeen, and the French Ambassador, in order to explain his views, and make them acquainted with the motives which had influenced his conduct. The letter to the Count St. Aulaire was published in the daily journals at the time; we, however, republish it here, because it presents a summary of the Prince's intention.

*“London, May 28th, 1846.*

*“To the Count St. Aulaire.*

*“Sir,*

*“I am about here candidly to declare to the man who has been my mother's friend, that in quitting my prison I have not been influenced by any idea of ever renewing a struggle against the French government, which has been already*

\* Sir R. Peel only acknowledged his having received the Prince's Letter. Lord Aberdeen conceiving hospitality to be amongst the most precious prerogatives of a great nation, sent to Prince Napoleon Louis, a very courteous reply; saying, “that under such circumstances as stated in the Prince's letter, his sojourn in England could be disagreeable neither to her Majesty the Queen, nor to her government.”

disastrous to me; my only wish has been to join my aged father.

“Before proceeding to this extremity, I had used all my endeavours to obtain permission from the French Government to go to Florence, and offered every description of guarantee compatible with my honour. But, finding all my requests rejected, I determined to have recourse to the last expedient, adopted by the Duke of Nemours and the Duke of Guise, in the reign of Henry IV., under similar circumstances.

“I beg you, Sir, to inform the French Government of my pacific intentions, and trust that this spontaneous assurance on my part will contribute to abridge the captivity of my friends, who are still in prison.

“I have the honour to be,

“N. L. BONAPARTE.”

By these steps the Prince not only prepared to smooth the way for being allowed to go to Florence, but also to diminish the irritation of the French Government, which might exercise its severity on the Prince's friends whom he had left behind him in prison.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Heureux les Princes qui ont  
De tels amis, ceux là sont vraiment  
Dignes d'être Princes.

*Montesquieu.*

IF Napoleon Louis seems to have been predestined to meet with nothing but ingratitude and melancholy forgetfulness of the past, to which he had such good reason to appeal, in his addresses to those who had been the servants and recipients of favours from his illustrious family, Providence granted him ample compensation in the affection and devoted attachment of some friends, who still continued courtiers of his misfortune. In the course of our narrative, we have more than once had occasion to name Dr. Conneau. In the last chapter we referred to the part taken by Dr. Conneau in the preparations for the Prince's escape, and we shall presently proceed to give some account of his conduct and fate after the event. Before, however, proceeding any farther we must be permitted to give our readers some details with respect to this excellent man; and

we cannot but feel that the mind dwells with the same interest on a good character, that it does on the contemplation of a noble action.

Simple, modest, and honourable; born for a life of equanimity and peace—finding no relaxation from active beneficence except in the recreations of study, and no pleasures except in the indulgence of pure affections, the life of such a man does not appear to be of a nature to present any of those sudden changes of fortune which spring from an active engagement in the moving scenes of public life. Dr. Conneau, however, is endowed with one of those strong and true organizations which only feel, in order to act, and only act, in order to fulfil the law of their existence, which direct them uniformly towards that which is good, honourable, and generous. We are happily able to give some details respecting this admirable man, furnished by himself, in his replies to the President of the Correctional Police of Peronne, on his examination before that magistrate, as an accomplice in the escape of Prince Napoleon Louis.

“I am forty-two years of age, and was born in Milan, of French parents. My father was a pay-master in the army, and I am a physician and surgeon, having taken my degrees in Florence and Rome.”



"When did you come to France for the first time?"

"In 1831; and a second time in 1840."

"Have you been long connected with the Bonaparte family?"

"In 1820 I became provisional secretary to King Louis, father of the Prince. Some time after, I entered an hospital in Florence, to qualify for my degree. I then went to Rome to continue my studies, where I remained for three years."

"Why did you leave that city?"

"Two circumstances forced me to take that step. First—one evening two friends came to seek an asylum in my lodgings; they were compromised in a political conspiracy. I procured them a refuge in a friend's house, and passports and money. I conducted them to Fiumicino, opposite Ostia, and contrived to put them on board a fisherman's boat, which conducted them to a place of safety. This became known, and whilst entangled in this affair, a still graver one ruined me. During the course of a popular tumult in 1831, one of my friends received five bayonet wounds. A proclamation was issued requiring all the medical men in Rome to give information against all those whom they were called upon to attend, on pain of being sent for six years to the galleys; in consequence, I fled.

I went into the March of Ancona, during the insurrection of 1831, and formed a part of the staff of the insurgents. From thence I came to France, and wrote to Prince Louis for a letter of introduction. In reply, he induced me to go to Arenenberg. There I was loaded with favours by Queen Hortense. The Queen was anxious to leave some memorial of me in her will, and she begged me to remain with her son, and dedicate my life to him. Such a request I regarded as an order, and I obeyed."

It was thus that Dr. Conneau,\* as a physician, exhausted all his cares upon Queen Hortense, and from the death of that princess, attached himself to her son, and faithfully performed the duties of affection and devotedness to her whom he was pleased to call his benefactress. On the very day on which the Prince proposed to his friend to accompany him on his hazardous enterprise, Conneau immediately threw aside his books, and his peaceful habits which he had resumed, and we find him among the foremost in the *mêlée* on the shores of Boulogne. He received the fire of the soldiers as unflinchingly as if he had never had another profession. It is thus, in

\* *Note of the Editor.*—Dr. Conneau has been made a senator; his son has been brought up with the Prince Imperial, and this excellent man, faithful to the promise he had made to Queen Hortense, never left the Emperor, and is now with him at Wilhelmshöhe.

reality, that a man of honour, coolly braving danger in order to effect what he regards as a duty, after all only performs his true part. In the presence of his judges he made a full acknowledgment of his privity to the escape, and had no other desire than that of obtaining the fate which threatened the principal author. When Duke Pasquier asked him, "What reasons led him to adopt this course?"

"My affection for Prince Louis," he replied, "and my duty towards Queen Hortense, who loaded me with favours."

This was certainly a worthy and noble reply; but it was addressed to the intelligence of the heart, that has been altogether denied to the Chancellor who was the interrogator.

The Doctor is of slender and small figure, showing a premature stoop—the consequence of six years of imprisonment spent with Prince Napoleon. His hair is light, long, and thin; his forehead large and prominent, with clear blue eyes, sparkling and animated. Everything in his organization is sympathetic, and the whole forms an harmonious assemblage of goodness and intelligence.

Condemned to five years' imprisonment, Dr. Conneau, as we have stated above, expostulated and obtained permission, at the expiration of his own period of confinement, to remain with the



Prince. This was, in fact, both a necessity and the pleasure of his attachment. A day came, however, in which separation was to be the trial of the same devotedness to the Prince, and, for the first time, on the 25th of May, 1846, Dr. Conneau felt happy in finding himself no longer in the company of him to whom he had devoted all his energy and affection. Let us, however, leave the Doctor himself to tell the manner in which he played his character after the Prince's escape.

After having explained to the judges of the tribunal in Peronne all the details of the Prince's disguise, the doctor continues : "I tried to conceal the departure of the Prince, in order to give him time to escape. I was anxious, if possible, in this way to gain at least twenty-four hours. I first of all closed the door leading from the Prince's chamber into the saloon. I kindled a strong fire, although, in fact, the weather was extremely hot, to countenance the supposition that the Prince was ill; with the same intent I put the coffee-pot on the fire, and told the man-of-all-work that the Prince was indisposed. About eight o'clock, a packet of violet plants arrived by the *diligence*. I told the keeper to fill some pots with earth, and prevented him from entering the Prince's saloon. About half-



past eight o'clock, the man-of-all-work came and asked me where we would breakfast. 'In my room,' I replied. 'I shall fetch the large table,' he said. I answered, 'That is unnecessary; the General is ill, and will not breakfast with us!'

"My intention was, in this manner, to push off further knowledge till the next day. I said the Prince had taken medicine. It was absolutely necessary that it should be taken—accordingly I took it myself. I intended to have given him a bath—this was impossible, on account of the workmen. I then thought of an emetic, and attempted myself to perform the consequent functions; but that was impossible. I then took some coffee and threw it into a pot of water, with some crumbs of bread, and added nitric acid, which produced a very disagreeable smell; so that our men-of-all-work might be persuaded that the Prince was really ill.

"About half-past twelve, I saw the Commandant for the second time, and informed him that the Prince was somewhat easier. The Commandant looked at the works, and offered to send me his servant, in consequence of Thélín's absence. About one o'clock I told Delaplace to come and make the Prince's bed. Every time that I came out of the small saloon, in which the

Prince was supposed to be lying on a sofa, I pretended to be speaking to him; the man-of-all-work did not hear me—if his ears had been at all delicate, he would have been able perfectly to hear me speaking.

“The day passed on very well till a quarter-past seven o’clock. At this moment the Commandant entered, with an air somewhat stern. ‘The Prince is a little better, Commandant.’ ‘If,’ he exclaimed, ‘the Prince is still ill, I must speak to him—I must speak to the Prince!’ I had prepared a large stuffed figure, and laid it in the Prince’s bed, with the head resting upon the pillow. I called the Prince—who, *naturally* enough, made no reply. I retired towards the Commandant and indicated to him, by a sign, that the Prince was asleep. This did not satisfy him. He sat down in the saloon, saying: ‘The Prince will not sleep always, I shall wait.’

“He observed to me, that the time of the arrival of the diligence was passed, and expressed his wonder that Thélín was not returned; I explained to him, that he had taken a cabriolet. The drum beat, and the Commandant rose and said, ‘the Prince has moved in his bed; he is waking up.’

“The Commandant stretched his ear, but did

not hear him breathe. I did the same, and said 'let him sleep on.' He drew near the bed, and found a stuffed figure. He immediately turned towards me, and said: 'The Prince is gone! At what hour?' 'At seven in the morning.' 'Who were the persons on guard?' 'I know nothing.' These were the only words which were exchanged between us, the Commandant went out."

It is impossible to have given a more simple recital of a good action, in which one has been the actor, and to show through the whole, more of genuine modesty.

In consequence of the Prince's escape, Dr. Conneau was put in solitary confinement. The Commandant and the keepers were also subjected to a most rigorous confinement, in consequence of the intended trial. In the meantime, the Prince wrote from London to a friend in Paris:

"Where is my dear Doctor? What will they do with Conneau, the companion, nay, the brother of my captivity? Conneau is a rare and inestimable man, with a soul formed after the model of the noblest men of ancient times; of singular resolution in dangers; constancy in trials; of wonderful disinterestedness, and possessed of that quality which crowns them all—fidelity in misfortune."

Conneau, as well as the keepers and the man-



of-all-work in the prison, were taken to Peronne, and the gendarmes put handcuffs on him on the way.

The zeal of subaltern agents has at all times been displayed by the exercise of useless cruelties. Handcuffs on Dr. Conneau ! the good man, however, felt no kind of indignation. What were the handcuffs to him, since the Prince was in safety ?

Such was the character, and such was the behaviour of this admirable friend. Happy, therefore, we repeat it, happy the princes who have such friends. They alone are truly worthy of being princes.

The Correctional Tribunal of Peronne sentenced Dr. Conneau to three months imprisonment; the Commandant and the keepers were acquitted; and Charles Th  lin was condemned for contumacy, and sentenced to six months imprisonment.

The name of Charles Th  lin is already familiar to our readers. From his childhood he was attached to the household of the Empress Josephine, and entered, when very young, into the service of Queen Hortense. After having placed him at the head of the household, she designed him, at a subsequent period, for the personal service of her son. Th  lin performed the functions of



valet-de-chambre, and had given early proofs of a devoted attachment to his person. Queen Hortense, by whom a service performed was never forgotten, gave him the greatest proof of her esteem. On her death-bed, she expressed a desire that Thélín should remain with her son. This wish has been religiously fulfilled, and at Arenenberg, in London, at Strasburg, and Boulogne, in exile, and in prison, even in the dungeons of the *Conciergerie*, we still find Thélín assiduous and zealous in fulfilling towards his master his mission of fidelity and attachment.

The Prince has distinguished Thélín by the title of friend, and none ever better deserved the appellation.

Since the escape of Napoleon Louis, General Montholon has obtained his pardon from the royal clemency, and he has been restored to his family and to liberty.—See Notes 18 and 19.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

D'une terre chérie  
C'est un fils désolé  
Rendons une patrie  
Au pauvre exilé.

*Beranger.*

THERE is a certain simplicity of mind which prevents those who possess it from comprehending many things, and especially those of which diplomatic life consists. Without expecting to find in that life generous sentiments, which would not merely be simplicity but folly, we imagine that there is at least some resemblance between it and the general type of public honour and integrity, formed after admitted maxims. Nothing could be more erroneous than this expectation; however natural it may be, to men of upright and elevated minds. Experience, it is true, disabuses them of this supposition, but generally too late.

When delivered by the Divine Providence,

Prince Napoleon Louis had but one thought, the sole object of all his desires, and of all his actions. This was an eager wish to comply with the request of his father, the progress of whose malady added daily a new pang to the cruelty of exile, and absence from whom became a thousandfold more bitter, as there only remained to him the lingering hope of bidding a last adieu to his only son. Alas! the Prince had calculated without taking account of diplomacy.

Those who had made him bargain for his release, step by step, and phrase by phrase, in order to discourage honourable intercessors; those who had calculated the tariff of deliverance, even to that point to which the acceptance would have become a disgrace, at this time put all energy into action to prevent the meeting of father and son.

The Austrian Ambassador in London, who is, at the same time, the representative of Florence, at the Court of St. James', refused the Prince's passports to proceed to Tuscany; and he stated that this was a matter of *respect* due to the French Government! The Prince's family solicited a permission from the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Leopold replied, "That he could not authorize Prince Napoleon Louis to remain

twenty-four hours in Tuscany; this," said he, "I regret; but *the influence of France compels me to act in this manner.*"\*

Thus we see what shameful baseness the mantle of diplomacy is made to cover! And let any one now say, that the French Government can obtain nothing from foreign powers! The report of this last persecution, however, soon reached Florence, and found the Count St. Leu in a state of distraction at the prospect of being deprived of his last consolation. In a state of alternation, between hope and fear, he had been living for some weeks in a state of the greatest agitation, and at last, when he believed that he was speedily about to hear announced to him the near arrival of his son, his strength rallied. Alas! however, it was not to hear the welcome tidings of his arrival, but the refusal of a passport.

This news proved like a stroke of a thunderbolt upon the unfortunate Count St. Leu, and he did not survive its violence.

We have no desire to weaken the eloquence of facts by detailed reflections. And, nevertheless, here, when the mind, surmounting the strongest feelings of repugnance, comes coolly to consider

\* On its part the Belgian Government inserted the name of Louis Bonaparte in the list of those deserters, whom they were bound by treaty to deliver up.



the maxim, that in diplomacy the most useful is always the most estimable ; when, in considering the actions of men in power, we are accustomed to look for the calculations by which their conduct has been guided : nay, even when we have arrived at the melancholy conviction, that any evil which can be in the least degree useful, will be done without hesitation—still we are disposed to enquire, *cui bono*, to what good purpose all this artifice and crime? And we are tempted to believe, that all things considered, want of reflection in man, explains still more things than his perversity.

As an illustration of this assertion, let us state that Lord Aberdeen, being kindly requested by some distinguished English gentlemen to induce the French Government to restore the Prisoner of Ham to liberty, had given to the Court of the Tuileries the advice of clemency.

Thus, by following not only the councils of a wise oversight, but even those of the celebrated *cordial understanding*, it was possible, by honourable conduct, to enchain the heart of a man who had always distinguished himself by a chivalrous attachment to everything noble and generous. Instead of that, the French Government, by every means of delay, and by the most harassing and ignominious conditions, put off the

restoration of the Prince to liberty, till the force of circumstances would have rendered the noble exercise of Royal clemency itself a low and tardy act of necessity.

No place for gratitude towards the government was ever left, by the course of conduct which it pursued. Hence arose a struggle, hand to hand, between that brute-force which exercised its power by the instrumentality of jailors and turnkeys, and that other power, which is the purest of all force, which, originating in a feeling of duty, manifests itself by the intelligent action of an energetic will. On this occasion, the cause of honour and affection triumphed, and the Prince was soon able to exclaim: "I owe them nothing! I am bound to nothing; without them, and, in spite of them, I have won my liberty!"

That "honesty is the best of policy" is one of these simple and uncontested truths which cannot be too often repeated, although it is a truth which seems merely to be admitted in order to be forgotten. It may be said that they are barren because they are simple, and by adopting them, without question, we are dispensed from paying any attention to their consequences.

This would have been a case to appeal to the application of the maxim, "The King reigns,

but does not govern"—*Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas*. Free from the fetters of politic and administration, the Royal power, according to this principle, remains intact in the sphere of its most noble prerogative—mercy. And, on this occasion, the King of the French ought to have been permitted to *remember* that the mother of Napoleon Louis had been noble and generous towards the mother of Louis Philippe. In 1815, the Dowager of Orleans solicited from the Emperor Napoleon permission to remain in France, and, moreover, a pension for her support. We shall here present our readers with the letters, as curious documents, in which the mother of King Louis Philippe expressed to Queen Hortense her troubles and her wants, and, finally, her gratitude and admiration for the compassionate zeal she had exercised to obtain from the Emperor all those favours, to which reference is made in the following correspondence:—

“ *The Duchess of Orleans to Queen Hortense.*

“ Madame,

“ The kindness which your Majesty has shown me, inspires me with the confident hope of your good offices in obtaining a

decision from the Emperor, which has become *so necessary and so urgent* in the cruel position in which I am placed. I should be afraid to fatigue his Majesty the Emperor by detailing the reasons which appear to me suited to influence his magnanimity. I am pleased to persuade myself that your Majesty's kind offices will produce that effect, and that you will be pleased to do justice to the gratitude of

“ Madame, your obedient servant,

“ Louise-Marie Adelaide de Bourbon, Dowager  
of Orleans.

“ *March 28th, 1815.*”

*From the same to the same.*

“ Madame,

“ The interest which your Majesty has been pleased again to manifest in your kind letter of the 29th of March, Confirms me in the hope that the Emperor will *soon ameliorate the cruel position in which I am placed.* The Minister of Finance having laid the case before his Majesty, it will be very consolatory to me, to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor and to your kind intercession for that relief,



which my position, *whose inconveniences I cannot sufficiently describe*, promptly demands.

“Again, madame, accept of the expression of those sentiments which are offered to your Majesty by, your servant,

“Louise-Marie Adelaide de Bourbon,  
Do wayer of Orleans.

“*April 2nd 1815.*”

*From the same to the same.*

“Madame,

“I am truly sorry that the bad state of my health deprives me of the power of expressing to your Majesty, as I would wish, the deep sense which I feel of the interest which you have manifested in my position. It is still very painful; my leg has not yet recovered any power. I do not, however, wish to defer expressing to your Majesty, and to his Majesty the Emperor, with whom I venture to entreat you to be the kind interpreter of my feelings, the sentiments of gratitude entertained by,

“Madame, your servant,

“Louise-Marie Adelaide de Bourbon Pen-  
thièvre, D. D. d'Orleans.

“*April 19th 1815.*”

In compliance with the entreaties of the good Queen Hortense, the Emperor granted all her requests, and the dowager Duchess obtained the permission which she solicited and at the same time, a pension of 400,000 francs. The mother of Prince Napoleon Louis did not limit her good offices to the family of Orleans. Madame, the Duchess of Bourbon,\* who solicited a pension from the Emperor, and it was to this same beneficent influence, that she had recourse. Observe in what terms the aunt of the King of the French spoke of her position to Queen Hortense, and expressed her gratitude for her kindness.

*From the Duchess of Bourbon to Queen  
Hortense.*

“ Madame,

“ You have been extremely kind in offering your mediation with his Majesty the Emperor, in order to obtain for me *an authorization to remain in France, and an allowance sufficient to enable me to live in a manner suitable to my rank.*

*I know, madame, what, you have already done, and that it is in a great measure to your inter-*

\* The Duchess of Bourbon was the mother of the *Duc d'Enghien*.

*est* that I am indebted for the 200,000 francs per ann., which his Majesty has had the goodness to allow me.

“From this sum, however, the Minister has informed me I must allow the amount of 50,000 francs to my natural brother, acknowledged by my father, which would reduce my annual allowance to 150,000 francs.

“You, madame, will certainly regard that sum *as very moderate when compared with my obligations, and considering the necessity I am under of forming an entirely new establishment, having neither dwelling nor furniture, &c.*

“I did, in truth, solicit his Majesty to grant to each of these gentlemen the sum of 25,000 francs, as being the only moral debt to which I felt myself bound. But, beyond that, I had no idea that this was to be deducted from my own income of 200,000. I thought it important for them to be assured of the same income, in case I should die before them. I, therefore, entreat you, madam, to use your good offices with the Emperor in support of the request which I venture to make, and which I hope cannot be regarded as unreasonable.

“This will be *a new obligation in addition to those I already owe you.* I herewith subjoin a copy of the letter, which I addressed to his

Majesty, and which would be laid before him by the Minister of Police.

“Accept, madam, the assurance of the sentiments of respect and regard felt by

“L. M. J. J. d’Orleans Bourbon.

“April 21st, 1815.”

*The same to the same.*

“Madam,—

“*I am deeply affected by your kindness, and feel entire confidence in the desire which you manifest. It would seem to me difficult for the Emperor to refuse so just a request, if I may venture to use the expression, especially when it is supported by you.* Be assured, madam, that my gratitude will equal the sentiments with which I entreat you to receive beforehand the expression of my most sincere regard.

“L. M. J. J. d’Orleans Bourbon.

“April 29th, 1815.”

A pension of 200,000 francs was granted to the Duchess of Bourbon.

Such was the conduct of Queen Hortense in her days of prosperity towards those whom misfortune then pursued with all her rigours. The



son of the Duchess of Orleans is at present seated on the throne of France; and his ministers pursued the son of Queen Hortense even in his exile, and by their malignant influence hindered him from going to receive the blessing of his dying father.\*

To all these persecutions, as well as to imprisonment and calumny, Prince Napoleon Louis opposed nothing but calmness, dignity, and noble resignation. He knew that iniquity has but its time; that the decrees of destiny are not irrevocable; and whilst his mind was still affected by the last trial to which he had been obliged to submit, he will be assuaged and softened by the devoted attention of numerous and illustrious friends, — by the noble hospitality of England, which received him with that warmth which the English are always ready to show to illustrious misfortune; and, finally, by the serious occupations which the Prince has always found to be the best remedies for the pains of the heart. We think to have kept, if not elevated to its true

\* Those who had an opportunity of seeing Napoleon Louis at the moment in which this sad news arrived from Italy, will preserve a long recollection of their impressions. He was wounded to the heart, and his efforts to conceal his affliction, rendered the few tears which escaped from his eyes more distressing to see. The fear of appearing sensitive—the shame of exhibiting his filial tenderness in a man who never showed to others anything but the energy of his character, formed a contrast which it is not necessary to describe.

height, the recital of the facts which relate to the Prisoner of Ham. Let those who do not know Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, accuse us of having suffered ourselves to be carried away by the interest, which such a noble cause inspires even to an enthusiasm for the person. We have only this simple explanation to give. At a time in which corruption, by its impure breath, seeks to degrade everything which deserves respect and veneration, it becomes the duty of honourable men to raise their voices, however weak they may be, to protest against this degrading usurpation. We know well how much the obscurity of a name renders all the expressions, however sincere, feeble and inefficient. But there is an external reason, which is neither ours, nor that of Prince Napoleon Louis, nor that of power—a reason the most powerful of all—public opinion—the voice of the people, in a word, which already proclaims aloud, that the French owed other things to the august memory of Napoleon than mere barren honours, and that his venerable shade ought to find all his children, on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom he so ardently loved. And finally, that the exile of the family of Napoleon is a burning disgrace to France—this is the voice which is heard in the distant murmurs of the people, who combine,

press onward, and advance at a steady pace, and always direct to their object, and who will finally end, whatever they may be, by accomplishing the designs of Providence.

That, however, which appears to us a sovereign necessity, irrevocable and superior to all power, may, after all, only appear to others a vague presentiment. To such persons let us say—that if the supreme authority in France for a long time past has neither had vigour nor elevation, it is still to be confidently hoped, that her days of greatness are not yet for ever passed. For the honour of the French character, we believe that the time will come in which that strict probity and that real refinement of mind, which are the best guarantees for men connected with public affairs, will resume the place which belongs to them in the first ranks of power; for it would be too dreadful to believe, that it is impossible to be a statesman without the absolute abrogation of all the purest affections of the heart.

Let us also cherish a hope which derives its source from the summit of power itself. The King of the French said to Queen Hortense, “That he would wish, under his reign, to have no more exiles.” The royal wish will find means of triumphing over the obstacles, which the ne-

cessities of the *grande politique* now impose upon it. The mind which has brought back the ashes of Napoleon from St. Helena, will find means of opening the gates of France to the family of the Emperor; and you, Prince, who, while proscribed, imprisoned, and calumniated by the French, only continue to feel solicitude and affection for France, and you will come as a citizen and take your place at the national hearth, because France will no longer repudiate any of her children.\*

Courage then for a little longer. Proceed, without weariness and without discouragement, in the difficult paths which Providence has marked out for you. Persevere under the difficulties which spring up under your feet. You already passed through long years of cruel trials, and have commenced life in the very lap of misfortune, whose solemn instructions, however, have not been lost upon you.

Tu fais l'homme, o Douleur, oui l'homme tout entier,  
Comme le creuset l'or, et la flamme l'acier.

As a man of progress, you will never shrink or draw back from any of its consequences.

\* Amongst all the various petitions yearly presented to the Chamber of Deputies, is always to be found one presented by Monsieur L'Hulier of Vicenbigorre, who year by year, with an invaluable fidelity and perseverance, demands the abrogation of the law, which exiles the family of Napoleon.



Cherish neither regret nor resentment; continue to refer all to your country; the future is dark and impenetrable; it will favour you, perhaps, in proportion as the past has failed to realise your expectations. If any power befalls you, only remember your sufferings in order to avoid making other people endure the same.

Prince, accept this last wish as the most sincere homage which we can offer you.

May the ardent ambition of the blood which flows in your veins, make you look higher than mere domination. By following the inspirations of the age and the progress of events learn how to deserve the admiration and the paternal love of the new generation, and thus to re-establish your title of Prince in the eyes, even of those men of high intelligence, who now regard it as a crime. All generous hearts, all men of noble instincts, are, or soon will be, in your favour, and they, too, will presently constitute the majority in France.\*

\*To an impartial eye it is evident that the Republic is not sympathetic to France. The rural population still holds to the conviction that the Emperor was betrayed at Sedan, and that he surrendered only because he felt himself abandoned. The faith of the French peasantry on this point is such that if to-day they were called to give their voices to a new "Plebiscite" their votes would confirm the last. To-day, as then, their principal reason for voting in favour of the Empire would be, that for the last twenty years they have received double for their produce.

October, 1870.

B.

Surrounded, not by subjects and courtiers, but by friends and brothers, you will return to your country; you will bless with us the new era of regeneration, accomplished under the holy banner of liberty, introduced into the world by Christ, and so long misunderstood or unrecognised by the children of men. The duties of your life will be well fulfilled: "*he who shall have done and taught what is good, shall be called great.*"

## A LAST WORD.

DURING the time which this work has been going through the press, a serious accusation against Prince Napoleon Louis has appeared in the 9th volume of "Capefigue's History of Europe." In the course of the work we have already established the truth on the point to which it refers; yet we think it well to lay before our readers the above-mentioned passages of Capefigue's History, as well as the letter addressed to him by Prince Napoleon Louis. We know not whether this history has been, or will be, translated into English, but this we do know, that, however painful may be the position of the Prince, there are yet to be found, and in England especially, noble hearts which will sympathise with the exile whose honor is so unjustly attacked, hearts which will more firmly rely on the assertion of an honest man, appealing to incontrovertible testimony, than on the assertions of a man who, decorating himself with the sacred name of historian, has allowed himself to be so carried away by his own

prejudices as to have exposed himself to a public refutation from the "Moniteur," a newspaper printed, as is well-known, officially and at the expense of the French Government, and whose testimony no one can refuse to credit, especially when this testimony is favourable to the enemies of the government.

The reader, we doubt not, will do justice to the mild spirit of the reply made by Prince Napoleon Louis to an unjustifiable accusation; but we, who are not bound by considerations similar to his, do not hesitate to remind M. Capefigue, who, in the course of the same chapter observes, "*the first duty of a king is respect for an oath,*" that the "*first duty of a historian is respect for truth,*" and that when he undertakes to write contemporary history, he should not lose sight of the "Moniteur," so full of partiality for the reigning dynasty. Does M. Capefigue think to render a service to this dynasty by endeavouring to give the authority of history to a falsehood? May he not rather have reason to fear that his history by such traits, will draw down upon itself the discredit of partiality and disregard for truth?

We may add that to borrow from party passions their false expressions or contorted narratives is but a poor way of supporting a cause,



and that if the historian has in this case established any truth, he has only done so, in this sense, implicitly acknowledging that there are causes which can only be supported by grossly and coolly calumniating those who oppose them. Those Paris journals which are supposed to receive their inspiration from the Tuileries, can find nothing more flattering to say than to compare the head of the state to *Machiavel's Prince*.\* The historiographers calumniate those who oppose them; is this talent or skill? is it not rather the sign of fatality, which stamps, with the stigma of dishonour and fraud, those who to obtain success have no other weapons but dishonour and fraud to employ?

Recent events have for ever destroyed the prestige attached in this country to *Royal words* emanating from the *system* which weighs upon France; and now more than ever M. Capefigue and his patrons should bear in mind the celebrated reply of the Honourable Dupont de l'Eure, to King Louis Phillippe. "When the King will have said *yes*, and Dupont de l'Eure will say *no*, which will be believed?" said Dupont de l'Eure some years ago; in the present day as well as at that time, in England and in many other coun-

\* See the *Journal La Presse*, 14th October, 1846.

tries, the answer to a similar question would be :  
“ *the honest man will be believed.*”

We sincerely regret that we have been obliged to defer these lines till the end of the volume, but the reader will perceive that they are the necessary complement to a work written with the view of publishing the entire truth.

*Extracts from the History of Europe.*

Vol. ii., Cap. 4.

1

“ An offer was then made to him (Prince Napoleon Louis) of permission to go to America, as the Murat family ; one of his uncles had long resided there, his name would make him everywhere respected ; the young Louis Bonaparte *accepted this condition* in a suitable letter, at the same time pledging his word that he would not attempt to escape from exile ; a decree of the council then announced that the King, in his clemency, had commuted all the punishment incurred by Louis Napoleon to a sentence of exile to America.”

2

“ To the east of our frontiers, fresh negotia-

tions required armaments, Switzerland had, during a whole year, been tranquil, and already the propaganda so severely repressed was forgotten, when the French government was informed that the young Louis Bonaparte had, a second time, sought an asylum there. Our readers will remember that after the arrest of the conspirators of Strasburg, a decree of the sovereign had been made with regard to Louis Bonaparte, which consented to his exile to the United States, instead of a formal sentence and a long captivity. Louis Bonaparte had given his *word of honour* never to return to Europe; but hardly had he reached the United States, when he received intelligence of the dangerous illness of his mother, the Duchesse St. Leu, and hastened immediately to her, troubling himself but little about his pledged honour, and deeming the motive for disregarding it sufficiently legitimate."

Letter from Prince Napoleon Louis to M. Capefigue.

" London, November 10th, 1846.

" Sir,

" The serious accusation against me, contained in the 9th volume of your History

of Europe, compels me to address you, for the purpose of refuting a very old calumny, which I did not expect to see again brought to light by an historian, who in his history of Charlemagne had addressed some flattering words to me.

“You believe, that in 1836, when I was suddenly seized and carried off *in spite of myself*, out of France, I gave my promise to remain in perpetual exile in America, and that my prompt return to Europe was a violation of my word of honour. I here renew my formal denial, so often given, of the truth of this accusation.

“In 1836 the French government did not even seek to negotiate terms of freedom with me, because it was well aware that I preferred a solemn trial and sentence to liberty. It, therefore, exacted nothing from me, because it could exact nothing; and I could promise nothing because I asked for nothing. In 1840, M. Franckarré, himself *Procureur Général* to the Chamber of Peers, was obliged to declare that I had been set at liberty *without conditions*. Such is his own expression, reported in the “*Moniteur*” of September, 1840. You will, I hope, place faith in the words of the man, who, while expressing himself thus, read the act of accusation to the Chamber of Peers. I returned, therefore, to



Europe in 1837, because no moral obligation prevented me from coming to close my mother's eyes.

"If, pre-occupied by this pious duty, I had had the weakness to violate a promise given, the French Government would not have required, after the death of my mother, to assemble a *corps d'armée* in order to force me to quit Switzerland; it would only have needed to call upon me to keep word. Had I violated one promise, the French government would not have placed any reliance on a second; while, on the contrary, it frequently caused me to be informed, during my residence at Ham, that immediately on my entering into an engagement with the reigning dynasty, the doors of my prison should be opened. And had I, as you seem to believe, trifled with *good faith*, I should have subscribed to all the proposals made to me during my captivity; while on the contrary I preferred remaining six years a captive, I preferred running the risks of an escape to submitting to conditions which I thought dishonourable.

"Blame, Sir, if you will, my political conduct, distort my actions, falsify my intentions; I will address no complaint to you; you exercise your right to judge; but I will never permit any per-

son to attack my honour, since, thanks be to God, I have preserved it untainted through many cruel trials.

"I trust, Sir, that you will give to this just reputation, a publicity as wide as the circulation of the writings which flow from your pen.

"Accept the assurance of my distinguished regard.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS."



## NOTES.

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(1)

### THE BONAPARTE FAMILY

Very minute researches have been made into the origin of the Bonaparte family ; and the name has been the subject of more than one controversy among genealogists. Some have maintained that it, like all other proper names, should be invariable, and that consequently it should be written, as it was written in the last Century—*Buonaparte*—whilst others have asserted that it might be written indifferently with or without the *u*, without however assigning any sufficient reason for their opinion. Neither the one party nor the other has considered the matter in its true point of view.

In order to fix the orthography of the name, the true method is not to consult the History of Italy, or that of the family of Bonaparte, but the history of the Italian language.

The language now spoken in the peninsula of Italy, like all other modern languages, has undergone more than one revolution. It is easy to perceive that the Italian of Tasso is very different in its form from that of the poet of Laura and Orlando, and still more from that of Dante. Metastasio was the first who freed the words of his language from a multitude of useless letters. Before his time *cuore* was constantly written with a *u*, whereas the author of the "*Clemenza di Tito*" uniformly writes *core*. After the time and example of Metastasio, Cesarotti, Monti, Casti, Alfieri, and almost all modern authors suppress the *u* when it precedes an *o*. In most simple and compound words this superfluous vowel merely serves to indicate the open sound of *o*. The consequence of these successive suppressions



has been, that in the dictionaries of the last Century we find many words spelled indifferently, with or without *u*. At a subsequent period the *u*'s have almost wholly disappeared, and the words *bonificazione*, *bonarita*, *bonaccia*, *core*, *foco*, &c., are spelled in modern dictionaries according to the new orthography.

It was therefore according to the analogy and usage of the language, that the former Bonapartes should write theirs with the *u*, and that the modern Bonapartes should write it without.

The father of Napoleon signed his name Buonaparte, whilst at the same time his Uncle Lucien, an Archdeacon, who was no doubt more familiar with these orthographical questions, wrote *Bonaparte*.

In his youth Napoleon, in this respect, followed the example of his father—and retained this usage during the campaigns in Italy, in order perhaps clearly to exhibit to the people of that peninsula the ancient origin of the young Conqueror, and thus to flatter their national pride. The general, however, no sooner attained the Consulate, than he dropped this form, and ever after wrote his name Bonaparte.

In our times it has become a law among the *Doctrinaires* never to designate the ex-Emperor of the French except by the name of *Buonaparte*, with a view to denationalize the name or give it a foreign character. Their obstinacy however is but another example of that ridicule with which they load themselves—is a new proof, that they are far behind the spirit of the age—and closely approach the condition of these *routiniers*, who still persist in writing *françois* instead of *français*. We crave pardon for entering into so much detail on these mere lexicographical points, of no great interest perhaps in themselves; but it appeared to us expedient to clear up a point which has never yet been clearly settled.

As to the name of Napoleon, previously foreign to the French calendar, the Bonaparte family derived it from a Napoleon of Ursins, celebrated in the annals of Italy. It had for many generations become a custom, to give this name to the second son of the family. Napoleon, who often laughed at the absurd tales, and all the multifarious anecdotes, with which it pleased the public to surround the history of his youth, scarcely ever

admitted the truth of any of them. He merely remembered the answer which he gave with respect to his name, to the Archbishop who confirmed him. The Prelate exhibited some surprise on hearing it pronounced, and said he did not know the name of that Saint, which was not in the calendar. The young Bonaparte quickly replied, that that signified nothing, since there was an immense number of saints, and only 365 days.

No certain date, however, was assigned to his patron in any calendar, and Pope Pius VII. was polite enough to fix it for the 15th of August, Napoleon's birth-day, and the same on which the concordat was signed.

The origin and nobility of Napoleon have served as texts for the most different and contradictory accounts. Some writers, in their excessive admiration for his person and character, have forged a genealogy at pleasure, which loses itself in the darkness of the middle ages, whilst others trace his origin from the very humblest ranks, in order to throw that dirt upon his ancestors which they dared not pelt at himself.

The Emperor Francis the First having caused some researches to be made respecting the family of Napoleon, who had become his son-in-law, thought to do him a great pleasure by informing him, that the Bonapartes had been sovereigns of Treviso; Bonaparte replied, that he wished to become the *Rodolph of Hapsburg* of his family.

An Italian, at that time residing in London, and who was greatly offended at the manner in which the British Government received the letter of the Consul Bonaparte, published some genealogical notices, which established the direct descent of Napoleon from an ancient house, which was supposed to be the very stock from whom sprung the family of the reigning sovereign house of Great Britain.

And, finally, Madame d'Abrantes in her Memoirs has alleged that the word Buonaparte is a literal translation of the Greek *Calomeros*, the surname of the *Comnenes*, with whom their Son, the Emperor, as she affirms, had a common origin.

Napoleon had always good sense enough to discountenance all these genealogical labours and details, by declaring that his nobility only dated from Montenotte and Millesimo.

However this may be, there can be really no doubt, that the Bonapartes played a distinguished part in central Italy. The name of this family was enrolled in the golden book of Bologna and amongst the Patricians of Florence.

When General Bonaparte conquered Italy, deputations from many cities and towns hastened to lay before him documents and annals which attested the distinguished parts which his family had played.

The arms of the Bonapartes are found in the Golden Book of Treviso, and the house is still pointed out in Florence, in which the family resided. It is situated in the midst of the city, at the bottom of the avenue planted with olives and vines; and over the principal door, the hand of time has not yet completely effaced the escutcheon of the family.

During the numerous revolutions, which desolated the petty states of Italy, the Bonaparte family was exposed to the vengeance of the Guelphi, whose opinions it did not share, and then at one of the earliest periods of the troubles in Florence, one of the Bonapartes being among the number of the expatriated, first retired to Sarzano and afterwards to Corsica. The other branch remained at San Miniato, where Napoleon, after his expedition to Leghorn, still found an old Abbé of the name who made him as heir.

So far the history of the family of Napoleon rests upon information too general, not to furnish, more or less, ground for the various conjectures of the genealogists. But setting out from a period which approaches near to the time of its just settlement in Corsica, it becomes very easy to arrange or determine the authentic genealogy of the Bonaparte family by documents which can neither be falsified by flattery nor hatred, seeing they were produced and verified at a period when no anticipation could be formed of the high destiny reserved for its shoots.

In the year 1771, Charles Bonaparte, in order to obtain the recognition of his nobility by the supreme council of Corsica, produced a certificate from the *notables* of Ajaccio, which attested that his ancestors had been members of the nobility of the country for two generations; and further, a deed in which the Bonaparte family of Florence, acknowledged its common

origin with that of Corsica. It might, in truth, be suspected that those deeds and documents were dictated by a very natural kindness among countrymen and relations, had they not been subjected to a scrutiny, which renders it impossible to doubt their genuineness.

In 1779, Charles de Bonaparte, in order to obtain his son's admission into the school of Brienne, into which nobles alone were admitted, was obliged anew to furnish proofs of nobility, to the chief of the Heralds' College, D'Hozier de Levigny. For this purpose he forwarded him a mass of documents which were subjected to a minute examination, found sufficient. Some months afterwards the documents were withdrawn, and it would now be impossible to verify the labours of the Heralds had there not remained in their hands a list of the papers, which had been furnished. This list, written and arrayed by Charles Bonaparte himself, is at present deposited in the archives of the Kingdom of France.

This list of documents contained some pieces either defective or erroneous. D'Hozier de Levigny, however, could not be influenced by any personal consideration, because the claimant was nothing more in his eyes than an obscure gentleman, and he did not, therefore, fail in a scrupulous examination of the deeds. In order to hear still further information, he addressed the following letter to Charles Bonaparte, the original of which is written in demi-margin and the reply in the opposite column.

*Letter from Monsieur D'Hozier.*

*Paris, March 8th, 1779.*

I request you, Sir, to inform me what is the name of Madam, your wife. In the license for your marriage, given by the Bishop of Ajaccio on the second of June, 1764, she is called Marie Letitia Xamolina. Is the third name a family or baptismal one? I have drawn the latter above, as it is written in the said license of 1764. How ought this name to be translated into French?

*Reply of Mon. de Buonaparte.*

*Versailles, March 8, 1779*

SIR,—The name of my wife's family is Ramolino, it is not possible to translate it into French.



In the register of your baptism, you are called Carlo Marie. The latter name is no doubt an abridgment of Maria. How do you call yourself then Charles Marie, although you have no other name than that of Charles, either in the license of 1764, the baptismal extract of your son, or the decree of the nobility 1771?

[It is true that my name is Charles Maria, but I have never used any other than that of Charles.]

In the deeds and even in the decrees of the nobility, your name is constantly written without the prefix *de*. How then do you sign yourself *de Buonaparte*?

[About two centuries ago, the Republic of Genoa gave my ancestor, Jerome, the title of *Egregium Hieronymum de Buonaparte*. The prefix has been omitted, being almost never used in Italy.]

The same decree of the nobles of 1771, gives to your family the name of Bonaparte and not Buonaparte, ought I not to adopt this orthography?

[The orthography of my family name is *Buonaparte*.]

In my certificate of nobility, shall I denominate you deputy of the nobility of Corsica?

[On the 10th of this month I had the honour of being presented to his Majesty as deputy from the nobility of Corsica.]

I do not at all understand the explanation of your arms, as it has been given in your list; you must send me a coloured drawing.

[I have the honour to send a coloured drawing in compliance with your wish.]

Finally.—How is the baptismal name of your son, in Italian Napoleone, to be translated into French?

You will be good enough to reply to these questions on the opposite margin.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

D'HOZIER DE LEVIGNY,

[To Monsieur de Buonaparte, Deputy of the Nobles of Corsica,  
at Versailles.]

The name Napoleone is Italian.

I have the honour to be, with respect and gratitude.

Your very humble and obedient servant.

DE BUONAPARTE.]

The documents which gave rise to this correspondence do not carry the genealogy of Bonaparte higher than his tenth ancestor Francis, living in Corsica in 1567 ; it was sufficient to prove some descent in order to qualify for military service, or admission into St. Cyr or Brienne. It is however certain, that the branch established in Corsica had a common origin with that established in Tuscany, as attested by the act of recognition of June 28th, 1759. The Tuscan branch enjoyed the Patriciate, and consequently the highest grade of nobility, as is proved by an extract from the letters patent issued by the Grand Duke of Tuscany on the 28th of May, 1757.

The arms of the Buonapartes were gules—two bars d'or with two stars, one in chief the other in point.

Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, possessed a noble countenance, a graceful figure, and was favoured with a careful education. Brought up at Rome and Pisa, he had studied law with success; and possessed a degree of warmth, energy and enthusiasm, which he carried even to excess. He was twenty years of age at the time in which the Corsicans, exhausted with warring against France, proposed, in an extraordinary council held at Corte in October, 1766, to submit to that power. On this occasion Charles Bonaparte rushed to the tribune and exclaimed :—"Companions, if it required only the wish to be free, all nations would be so ; history tells us, however, that few have realised the blessings of liberty, because few have possessed the necessary courage and virtue."

When the Island was conquered, he was desirous of accompanying Paoli in his emigration ; but his uncle, the archdeacon, who exercised the authority of a father over the whole family, forced him to return.

Charles Bonaparte was married to *Letitia Ramolino* who was regarded as one of the most beautiful women of her time. Her

beauty was proverbial in the Island, as she was even remarkable in Paris, in a journey, which at a later period she took to France to see her son at Brienne. Endowed with a noble character and great force of mind, Madame Bonaparte often shared the danger of her husband during the war of liberty, and followed him on horseback in his expeditions.

Charles Bonaparte died of cancer in the stomach at the age of thirty-eight. He experienced some relief from his journey to Paris, but at a later period, he fell a prey to the disease at Montpellier, (February 1785,) when he was buried in the Convent of the Cordeliers of that city. When Napoleon was elevated to the Consulate, the City of Montpellier sent an application to be allowed to erect a monument to the memory of his father. Napoleon refused to accede to their wishes, and said to the deputation :—"Let us not disturb the repose of the dead, but leave their ashes in peace. I have also lost my grandfather and great-grandfather ; why should not something be done for them ? This would lead too far. Had my father died yesterday, it would be natural and proper for me to accompany my regret with some high mark of respect ; but twenty years have now elapsed ; this event is forgotten by the public : let us say no more on the subject!"

Long afterwards Louis Bonaparte, without the knowledge of Napoleon, caused the body of his father to be exhumed and removed to St. Leu, where he had a monument erected to his memory.

On the death of Charles Bonaparte, the Archdeacon Lucien discharged the duties of a father to the whole family, and by his care and economy re-established the affairs of the family, which had become greatly deranged in consequence of the expensive habits of his brother. This second head of the family lived till a goodly old age, and was most highly respected by all the inhabitants of Ajaccio.

Madame Bonaparte was left a widow—when still young—at the age of thirty. She had thirteen children, of whom five boys and three girls survived, and all of them played great parts under the reign of Napoleon.

It is certain that all the relations of Napoleon founded their hopes upon him. His father, when dying, in his fits of delirium raved about him alone—and his *great sword*, which was to deliver him. The aged Archdeacon Lucien, on his bed of death, said to Joseph, “You are the eldest of the family, but he (pointing to Napoleon) is the head; never forget him.”

#### GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE NAPOLEON FAMILY.

Charles Marie Bonaparte, born March 29th, 1746, deputy from the nobles of Corsica to King Louis XVI, in 1776. Died at Montpellier in 1785. Married to Letitia Ramolino, also of a noble family. The issue of this marriage, arranged according to the order of precedence, established by the constitution of the Empire was as follows:—\*

- I. Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Ajaccio, August 15th, 1769, Emperor of the French in 1804. Died at St Helena, May 5th, 1821. Married in 1796 to Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of Alexander Viscount de Beauharnais. Divorced the 14th of January, 1810. Married, a second time, Marie Louise, Grand Duchess of Austria, March the 11th, 1810, by whom he left issue.  
     Napoleon François Charles Joseph, King of Rome, afterwards Duke of Reichstadt, born March 20th 1811. Died July 22nd, 1832.
- II. Joseph Bonaparte, born at Corte, January 7th, 1768, King of Naples and Spain, afterwards known under the title of Count of Survilliers. Died July 28th, 1844. Married August 1st, 1794, Marie-Julie Clary, eldest sister of the present Queen Dowager of Sweden. The issue of this marriage was,

\* The civil record of the marriage of Napoleon Bonaparte with Josephine was drawn up with a degree of negligence, which can only be accounted for by the prevailing carelessness of the times. Copies of the registries of births were not required, or were examined very superficially. General Bonaparte is there represented as having been born on the 5th of February, 1769. It is undoubtedly owing to this careless mistake, that some of his Biographers have alleged that Napoleon was born before the union of Corsica with France.

The house at Ajaccio in which Napoleon was born has been so completely transformed as to be no longer recognisable. The Prince of Joinville being at Ajaccio, obtained from the proprietor some pieces of old furniture, which the latter had thrown into the lumber room, and had them brought to Paris.



- A. Zenaïde-Julie, born July 8th, 1801, married to Charles Bonaparte, Prince of Canino and Musignano. (From this marriage there is issue of nine children.)
- B. Charlotte, born October 31st, 1802, married to Prince Napoleon Louis, eldest son of King Louis. Died 1839.
- III. Louis Bonaparte, born at Ajaccio, September 2nd, 1778. King of Holland, June 5th, 1809. Died at Leghorn, July 25th, 1846. Married to the Princess Hortense Eugénie de Beauharnais, born April 10th, 1783, and daughter of the first marriage of the Empress Josephine with Alexander Viscount de Beauharnais. The issue of this marriage was,
  - A. Napoleon Louis, Prince Royal of Holland. Born October 11th, 1804. Died at Forlì in 1831.
  - B. Charles Louis Napoleon. Born April 20th, 1808.
- IV. Jérôme Bonaparte. Born at Ajaccio, December 15th, 1784. King of Westphalia, December 1st, 1807. Married August 12th, same year, Frédérique Catherine Sophie Dorothea, Princess Royal of Wurtemberg. Born February 21st, 1784. At present under the name of Count of Montfort. The issue of this marriage was,
  - A. Jérôme Napoleon, Prince of Montfort. Born in 1814.
  - B. Napoleon Jérôme. Born in 1822.
  - C. Matilda Jérôme Napoleon. Born 1820.
- V. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. Born at Ajaccio in 1775. Died July, 1840. Married, first time, to Christine Broyer, in 1795. A second time to Alexandrine Bleschamp in 1802. The issue of the first marriage was,
  - A. Charlotte. Born May 13th, 1796. Widow of Prince Gabrieli.
  - B. Christine Egypte. Born 1798. Married, first time, to Count Arvid Passe, a Swede. A second time in 1824 to Lord Dudley Stuart.The issue of the second marriage was,
  - C. Charles Lucien Jules Laurent. Born in Paris, May

24th, 1803. Prince of Canino. Married to Zenaide Charlotte Julie, daughter of Prince Joseph, from whom he had issue nine children.

D. Letitia. Born December, 1804. Married to Thomas Wyse.

E. Louis Lucien. Born January 4th, 1813.

F. Pierre Napoleon. Born September 12th, 1815.

G. Antoine. Born October 31st, 1816.

H. Marie. Born October 12th, 1818. Married to Count Valentini.

I. Constance. Born January 28th, 1823. A sister of the Sacré Cœur in Rome.

VI. Marie Anne Elisa Bonaparte. Born at Ajaccio, July 3rd, 1777. Princess of Lucca and Piombino. Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Died August 1820. Married March 5th, 1797, Felix Bacciochi, of a noble Corsican family. Born May 18th, 1762. Issue,

A. Napoleone Elisa, Princess of Piombino. Born June 3rd, 1806. Married to Count Camerata.

B. Napoleon, killed by a fall from his horse in Rome.

VII. Marie Pauline Bonaparte. Born October 20th, 1780. Widow of General Leclerc. Married, a second time, November 6th, 1803, to Prince Camille Borghese.

VIII. Marie-Caroline Bonaparte. Born at Ajaccio, March 25th, 1782. Married January 20th, 1800, to Joachim Murat, King of Naples. Died, July 15th, 1808. Issue,

A. Napoleon Achille. Born January 21st, 1801.

B. Napoleon Lucien Charles. Born March 16th, 1802.

C. Letitia Josephe. Born April 25th, 1803. Married to Count Pepoli, in the Roman States.

D. Louise Julie Caroline. Born March 22nd, 1805.

Neither ancient nor modern History furnishes any example, of a family from which there reigned so many contemporaneous kings.

Napoleon is dead; three of his brothers are dead; his three sisters are dead. The Count of Montfort, Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, alone remains.

We have stated in the course of this note that flatterers

exercised their ingenuity in creating for Napoleon the most romantic affiliations—as for example we find the following remarks on this subject in the “*Mémorial de St. Helena*.”

“The conversation to-day turned upon the subject of the iron-mask. All that has been said upon the subject by Voltaire, Durand, &c., was brought under review, as well as what is found on the point in the *Memoirs of Richelieu*. All there, as is well known, declare that the man with the iron-mask was the eldest brother of Louis XIV. Some one, however (probably Count Luscasas) has added, that when working leisurely on these Genealogical tables, proposed to be seriously demonstrated to him, but Napoleon was the lineal descendant of the iron-mask, and consequently the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. and Henry IV., in preference to Louis XIV. and his descendants. The Emperor on his part is said to have heard something about this affair, and added that the credulity of mankind is so great, the love of the marvellous so strong, that it would not have been difficult to have established something of the kind suited to the multitude, that there would have been found certain persons in the Senate to sanction it, and probably the very same individuals who were so eager to degrade him, as soon as they saw him in adversity. We then proceeded to develop the foundation and progress of that fable. The governor of the islands of St. Marguerite, to whom the keeping of the man with the iron-mask was committed, was named Mr. de Bonpart—in itself a singular circumstance. The latter, we are assured, was not ignorant of the destiny of his prisoner.

“He had a daughter; the young people saw and loved each other. The governor communicated the matter to the Count, and it was determined that no inconvenience could result from allowing the unhappy captive to seek for some alleviation of his painful condition in the resources of love—and M. de Bonpart had them married.

“He who was speaking at the moment said, that when the story was told him he was greatly amused—and said that he looked upon the story as very ingenious, whereupon the narrator became red and vexed, alleging that the marriage could be easily verified by the registry of a certain parish in Marseilles, which

he named, and which attested, as he had said, all the facts of the case. He added that the children of this marriage were quietly and secretly shipped off to Corsica, where from the difference of language, chance or intention, the name of Bonpart was transformed into that of Bonaparte or Buonaparte, which in reality meant exactly the same thing."

A curious calculation has been made with respect to three great political events; the fall of Robespierre, in 1794—that of Napoleon in 1815—and of Charles X. in 1830.

The singularity of the calculation consists in this—that if you add together the figures of the date of the fall of Robespierre, 1794, the same added to the date itself will give the date of the fall of Napoleon, 1815; if you follow the same process with the date of the fall of Napoleon, the same will be that of the fall of Charles X.

Fall of Robespierre	1794	1815	
	1	1	
	7	8	
	9	1	
	4	5	Fall of Charles X.
<hr/>			
Fall of Bonaparte	1815	1830	

## (2)

Arenenberg is a small mansion of very simple exterior, but beautifully situated. It is built on the side of a kind of promontory, and commands the small island of Reichman. Towards the west the eye reposes on some pretty tongues of land, planted with trees and separated from one another by small bays, of the most attractive and varied aspects. The village of Manomback, its church and parsonage, afford the most delightful picture when seen under the rays of the setting sun. Above Manomback lies the old Castle of Salstein, a turretted building in the Gothic style, which, buried as it were, in a mass of trees, presides over the landscape. At some distance from the house, and at the other extremity of the property, the view embraces the village of Ismantingen, almost reposing, as it were, on the waters of the lake—the course of the Rhine—and lastly,



the town of Constance, and the liquid surface of its great lake, over which hover the Glaciers of Cintis.

Queen Hortense, finding herself obliged to quit the town of Constance, and being desirous not to leave a country which pleased her so much, and where she had been so well received by the inhabitants, resolved to purchase Arenenberg. The contract was made on the 10th of February, 1817, at the price of 30,000 florins.

## (3)

Prince Napoleon Louis, at the same time as he received in New York the news of his mother's illness, received also the following farewell letter, conveying to him from beyond the ocean, that blessing which he was happily enabled to receive by the death-bed of his beloved parent:—

“MY DEAR SON,

“I am about to undergo an operation absolutely necessary. Should it not succeed, by this letter I send you my blessing—we shall meet again, we shall meet in a better world, where I trust you will only come to rejoin me at the most distant possible time. Believe me that in quitting this world I have nothing to regret except you, and your tender affection, which alone have given it any charms. It will be a consolation to you, my dear child, to think that by your tenderness and care you have made your mother as happy as she could be. You will think of all my affection for you, and take courage. Think that we keep always a kind of clear-seeing eye upon what we leave here below; but surely we shall meet again. Dwell on this delightful thought; it is too necessary not to be true. I also send my blessing to the good Arese, whom I regard as a son. I press you to my heart, my dear child, I am perfectly calm—and entirely resigned—and hope still that we may meet again even in this world.

“May God's will be done!

“Your affectionate mother,

“HORTENSE.”

## (4)

The body of Queen Hortense, after having been embalmed,

was placed in an oak coffin, completely filled with dried flowers; the coffin was adorned by ribbons of white satin, and fastened by gilt-headed nails; the Queen was clothed in black velvet, with a white-lace cap, and her countenance retained all its sweetness of expression. The first coffin was enclosed in a second of lead, and re-covered with white satin; this was again enclosed in a third of mahogany, and covered with black velvet. A cushion placed near the head served to support a crown—whilst a large cross was figured upon the black velvet by means of braid and gilt-headed nails. This triple coffin, placed upon bearers, was laid out in the chapel of Arenenberg till the remains were removed for interment to Rueil.

(5)

*Letter to the Government of Thurgau.*

To His Excellency Landamann Anderwert, President of the Senate Council of the Canton of Thurgau.

*"Arenenberg, Sept. 22nd, 1838.*

"M. LANDAMANN,

"When the note of the Duke of Montebello was addressed to the Diet, I was by no means disposed to submit to the demands of the French Government; for it concerned me to prove, by my refusal to leave, that I had returned to Switzerland without breaking any engagement; that I had a right to reside there—and that there I would find aid and protection.

"A month ago Switzerland, by her energetic protests, and now by the decision of her great councils, at this time assembled, has shown that she was and is ready to make the greatest sacrifices for the maintenance of her dignity and rights. She has done her duty as an independent nation; I know how to do mine, and to remain faithful to the voice of honour. They may persecute, but never degrade me. The French Government having declared that the refusal of the Diet to yield to its demands would be the signal of a conflagration, of which Switzerland would become the victim, I have no alternative but to quit a country where my presence is made the cause of such unjust

pretensions, and would be made the excuse for such great misfortunes!

"I beg you, therefore, M. Landamann, to announce to the Federal Directory that I shall leave Switzerland as soon as the necessary passports are obtained to enable me to reach, in safety, a place where I shall find a sure asylum.

"In quitting, voluntarily at present, the only country in Europe where I have met with support and protection, and which has now become dear to me for so many reasons, I hope to prove to the Swiss people that I was worthy of these marks of esteem and affection which they have lavished upon me. I shall never forget the noble conduct of the Cantons, who have so courageously pronounced in my favour; and above all, the generous protection granted me by the Canton of Thurgau shall ever remain engraven on my heart. I hope this separation will not be perpetual, and that a day will come when, without compromising the interests of two nations which ought to remain friends, I shall be able to return to an asylum which twenty years residence and acquired rights have made a second country.

"Be good enough, M. Landamann, to convey my sentiments of gratitude to the councils, and believe me that the idea of saving Switzerland from great trouble is the only thing which alleviates the regret which I feel on quitting its soil.

"Receive the expression of my high esteem and of my great respect.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

(6)

TO THE MANES OF THE EMPEROR PRINCE LOUIS  
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

TO MONSIEUR B. SAINT EDMÉ.

"*Ham, December 24th, 1840.*

"SIR,

"I have just received the book which you have published on the *procès* of the 6th of August. I am deeply affected



by the kind spirit in which it is edited, and beg you to accept my best acknowledgments and thanks.

: : : : : :

"Herewith I send you a copy of an invocation to the *Manes* of the Emperor, suggested to me by the return of his glorious remains.

"Accept, Sir, the assurance of my high regard,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

#### TO THE MANES OF THE EMPEROR.

"*Citadel of Ham, Dec. 15, 1840.*

"SIRE,

"You return to your capital, and the people in multitudes hail your return; whilst I from the depth of my dungeon can only discern a ray of that sun which shines upon your obsequies!

"Do not be angry with your family that it is not there to receive you; your exile and your misfortunes have ceased with your life;—ours continue always!

"You have expired upon a rock, far from your country and from your kindred; the hand of a son has not closed your eyes, and to-day none of your kinsmen will follow your bier!

"Montholon, whom you loved the most amongst your faithful companions, has performed the office of a son; he remains faithful to your ideas, and has fulfilled your last wishes. He has conveyed to me your last words. He is in prison with me!

"A French vessel, under the command of a noble youth, went to claim your ashes; in vain you would look upon the deck for any of your kin; your family was not there.

"The people, as in former times, pass around your passage, and salute you with their acclamations, as if you were still alive; but the courtiers of the day, whilst rendering you homage, say, with suppressed breath—'God grant he may not awake!'

"When you touched the soil of France an electric shock was felt; you raised yourself in your coffin; your eyes were for a moment re-opened; the tricolor floated upon the shore, but your Eagle was not there!



"You have at length seen again these French, whom you loved so much; you have returned into that France whom you made so great; but foreigners have left their trace, which the pomp of your return can never efface !

"See that young army; they are the sons of your veterans; they venerate you, for you are their glory; but they say to them 'fold your arms !'

"Sire, the people are the good stuff which cover our beautiful country, but these men whom you have made so great, and who are yet so small. Ah ! Sire, regret them not !

"They have denied your gospel, your ideas, your glory, and your blood; when I have spoken to them of your cause they they have said to me, 'we do not understand it !'

"Let them say, let them do; what signifies to the car which rolls, the grains of sand which it crushes under its wheels ! They say in vain that you were a meteor which has left no trace behind, in vain they deny your civil glory, they will not disinherit us !

"Sire, the fifteenth of December is a great day for France and for me. From the midst of your splendid *cortège*, disdain- ing the homage of many around, you have for a moment cast your eyes upon my gloomy abode, and calling to mind the caresses you lavished upon me when a child, you have said to me, 'You suffer for me: friend, I am satisfied with thee.'

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

(7)

After the death of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugène Beauharnois, so quickly buried in his royalty, and when the question of providing a husband for Donna Maria, the young Queen of Portugal, was agitated afresh, some Portuguese of high distinction cast their eyes upon Prince Napoleon Louis, who immediately put an end to the negotiations opened on that subject, founding his refusal upon a variety of reasons, full of nobleness of mind and patriotic dignity. The public journals on that occasion published a letter of his in December, 1835. This document belongs to the province of History, and on that ground we record it in these pages—

*"Arenemberg, Dec. 14th, 1825.*

"Several of the public journals have announced the news of my departure for Portugal, as a suitor for the hand of Queen Donna Maria. However flattering to me might be the supposition of a union with a young, beautiful and virtuous Queen, the widow of a cousin who was dear to me, it is my duty to disclaim such a report, for which there is no foundation whatever. I owe it to myself, moreover, to add, that notwithstanding the lively interest which I feel in the destinies of a nation which has just recovered its liberties, I would refuse the honour of sharing the throne of Portugal, should I be deemed worthy of such an honour.

"The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated in 1810, because he could not combine the interests of France with those of Holland, has never departed from my mind. My father has proved to me, by his illustrious example, how much one's country is preferable to a foreign throne. I feel, in fact, that having been accustomed from my youth to cherish my country above everything else, I could not prefer anything to French interests.

"Persuaded that the great name which I bear shall not always constitute a title of exclusion in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen, because it recalls to their mind fifteen years of glory, I await with calmness, in a free and hospitable country, till the people recall to their minds those who were exiled in 1815, by 1,200,000 foreigners. The hope of one day serving France as a citizen and a soldier fortifies my mind, and, in my eyes, is of more value than the whole world.

"Accept, &c.,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS NAPOLEON."

(8)

TO THE IDEAL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY SIR EDWARD BULWER  
LYTTON, BART.

Then wilt thou, with thy fancies holy—  
Wilt thou, faithless, fly from me?  
With thy joy, thy melancholy,  
Wilt thou thus relentless flee?

O Golden Time, O Human May,  
 Can nothing, fleet one, thee restrain?  
 Must thy sweet river glide away  
 Into the eternal ocean main?

The suns serene are lost and vanish'd  
 That want the path of youth to gild,  
 And all their fair ideals banish'd  
 From that wild heart they whilom fill'd.  
 Gone the divine and sweet believing  
 In dreams that which Heaven itself unfurl'd!  
 What God-like shapes have years bereaving  
 Swept from this real work-day world!

As one, with tearful passion fired,  
 The Cyprian sculptor clasp'd the stone  
 Till the cold cheeks, delight inspired  
 Blush'd—to sweet life the marble grown;  
 So youth's desire for nature! round  
 The statue, so my arms I wreathed  
 Till warmth and life in mine it found,  
 And breath that poets breathe—it breathed.

With my own burning thoughts it burned  
 Its silence stirr'd to speech divine;  
 Its lips my glowing kiss return'd;  
 Its heart in beating answer'd mine!  
 How fair was then the flower, the tree!  
 How silver-sweet the fountain's fall!  
 The soulless had a soul to me!  
 My life its own life lent to all!

The universe of things seem'd swelling  
 The panting heart to burst its bound,  
 And wandering fancy found a dwelling  
 In every shape—thought—deed, and sound,  
 Germ'd in the mystic buds, reposing,  
 A whole creation slumber'd mute,  
 Alas! when from the buds unclosing,  
 How scant and blighted sprung the fruit!

How happy in his dreaming error,  
 His own gay valour for his wing,  
 Of no one care as yet in terror,  
 Did youth upon his journey spring;  
 Till floods of balm, through air's dominion,  
 Bore upward to the faintest star—  
 For never ought to that bright pinion  
 Could dwell too high, or spread too far.

Though laden with delight, how lightly  
 The wanderer heavenward still could soar  
 And aye the ways of life how brightly  
 The airy pageant danced before !  
 Love showering gifts—life's sweetest down  
 Fortune with golden garlands gay,  
 And fame, with starbeams for a crown,  
 And Truth, whose dwelling is the Day.

Ah ! soon lost ever more  
 Afar the blithe companions stray ;  
 In vain their faithless steps explore,  
 As, one by one, they glide away.  
 Fleet fortune was the first escaper,  
 The thirst for wisdom linger'd yet,  
 But doubts with many a gloomy vapour  
 The sun-shape of the truth beset !

The holy crown which fame was wreathing—  
 Behold ! the mean man's temple wore,  
 And but for one short spring-day breathing  
 Bloom'd love—the beautiful—no more !  
 And ever stiller yet, and ever  
 The barren path more lonely lay  
 Till scarce from waving blade could quiver  
 A glance along the gloomy way.

Who, loving, lingered yet to guide me  
 When all her boon companions fled,  
 Who stands consoling yet beside me,  
 And follows to the House of Dread ?  
 Thine Friendship—thine hand to tender,  
 Thine the balm dropping on the wound,  
 Thy task, the load more light to render,  
 O earliest sought and soonest found !

And Thou, so pleased with her uniting  
 To charm the soul-storm into peace,  
 Sweet Toil, in toil itself delighting,  
 That more it laboured, less could cease,  
 Tho', but by grains thou aid'st the pile  
 The vast Eternity uprears,  
 At least thou strik'st from time the while  
 Life's debt—the minutes, days and years.

(9.)

In the course of the year 1844, an article on the *nobility* appeared in the *Progrès de Calais*, which we reprint in these



pages, as better calculated to give a condensed view of our opinions on this subject, than any other which we could furnish.

How long do men run after the reflection of a theory, after it has disappeared? This is a philosophical question—interesting to examine.

Astronomers tell us there are stars so distant from the earth, that if they were suddenly annihilated, we should continue to see them for twenty years.

It is precisely the same with nobility, we still see its splendour, although the reality has long since disappeared. Since the Revolution of 89, France no longer contains principalities, duchies, counties, marquisates and baronies; yet we have still Princes, Dukes, Counts, Marquises and Barons.

In all times, authority, wealth, and names connected with glorious events have exercised a legitimate influence, and the title which represented these things naturally gave great consideration to him who bore it. But when in the lapse of time, authority, wealth, and even the recollection of great events have disappeared, the title no longer possesses any *prestige*, for it represents nothing.

Some centuries ago titles of nobles were marks of some true power and of real rank. To be Duke of Burgundy, Brittany, or Normandy, a Count, a Baron, or a Knight Bannevet was to be king of a small territory, to command vassals, to be reckoned among the oppressors instead of the oppressed. Such a position might well be envied and honoured. Moreover, nobles not only possessed privileges, but they had also duties to perform. They sustained all the burdens of war—and their blood and treasures were equally expended on the battle fields. In the course of time all those petty sovereigns on the French soil were concentrated and absorbed in the royal power. The nobility became corrupt, and instead of having any claim to their ancient device *NOBLESSE OBLIGE*, they seemed to say *NOBLESSE EXEMPTÉ*, and from that time dates their decline. At length the people raised its head—abolished all privileges and crowned itself. The monarchical form survives, but the army of nobles was disbanded and destroyed, and yet the recollection

has still preserved the inoffensive right of giving ranks in the imaginary army.

We regard it, however, as absurd to create Dukes without duchies as to appoint Colonels without regiments, for if a privileged nobility is repugnant to our ideas, one without privileges becomes ridiculous. In the fourteenth century, writers, when speaking of the generals of antiquity, were accustomed to say Prince Annibal, and Duke Scipio, and they were right, for as we have said the titles of Prince and Duke were not only signs of dignity, but of rank; at present, however, with the exception of the Royal Family, all the rest are unmeaning.

As, however, the human character has many vagaries—if the ministry had named M. Pasquier, general *without armies and without soldiers*, he would have remonstrated—he would have alleged that they intended to mock him by giving him a title—the emblem of authority, which he could not exercise; they, however, create him a Duke like Scipio, like William the Conqueror, like Charles the Bold, and he is satisfied! Be it so. In politics, we only understand systems which are clear and definite. If the government wish to re-construct the edifice which kings and people have been employed for 300 years in pulling down, let them proceed in a manner calculated to ensure the result. Let them give to all these nobles the baptism of glory, for without *prestige* there is no nobility; let them give them vast territorial possessions, for without wealth there is no nobility; let it establish the right of primogeniture, and let the eldest son alone, as in England, inherit the title, for without this arrangement which isolates the head of the family and confounds his brothers with the rest of the people, the influence would become divided and the nobility be removed too far apart from the Plebeian; let it try to effect all this, we will combat it; but, nevertheless, admit that their method of proceeding is logical, and that the edifice at which it aims, has both a body and a head. But to commit the stupidity of creating some petty Dukes, Counts, and Barons, without influence and without prestige, is merely to do violence to the Democratic sentiments of the majority of the French people without an object or a result; and to condemn those old men to play the part of puppets.

For our own part, we would wish, that in place of making some nobles, the government would adopt the noble resolution of ennobling thousands and millions; we would wish it to ennoble thirty-five millions of Frenchmen by giving them a moral education—enlightened religion, and freedom from the oppression of poverty—things which, hitherto, have only been the *apanage* of a small number, and which would then become the *apanage* of all.

## (10.)

“Après avoir entendu le Prince Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, le Comte de Montholon et M. Berryer leur défenseur; Voisin, Parquin, Bataille, Alexandre dit Desjardins, et M. Ferdinand Barrot leur défenseur; Leduff de Mésonan et M. Delacour son défenseur; Fialin dit de Persigny, Conneau, Lombard, Bouffet-Montauban et M. Barillon leur défenseur; Laborde, M. Nogent Saint-Laurent son défenseur; Aladenize et M. Jules Fabre son défenseur; Ornano, Galvani, d'Almbert, Orsi, Bure et M. Lignier leur défenseur; Forestier et M. Ducluzeau son défenseur; dans leurs moyens de défense, les-dits accusés interpellés en outre conformément au troisième paragraphe de l'art. 225 du Code d'instruction criminelle.

“Et après en avoir délibéré dans les séances des 2, 3, 4, 5, et 6 octobre présent mois :

“En ce qui concerne Prosper-Alexandre dit Desjardins, Mathieu Galvani, Alfred d'Almbert, Pierre-François Bure.

“Attendu qu'il n'y a pas preuves suffisantes qu'ils se soient rendus coupables de l'attentat commis à Boulogne sur-Mer le 6 août dernier, déclare Prosper-Alexandre dit Desjardins, Mathieu Galvani, Alfred d'Almbert et Pierre-François Bure, acquittés de l'accusation portée contre eux :

“Ordonne qu'ils seront mis sur-le-champ en liberté, s'ils ne sont retenus pour autre cause.

“En ce qui concerne le Prince Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, Charles Tristan comte de Montholon, Jean Baptiste Voisin, Séverin-Louis Leduff de Mésonan, Denis-Charles Parquin, Hippolyte-François-Athale-Sébastien, Bouffet-Montauban, Jules-Barthélemy Lombard, Jean Gilbert-Victor Fialin dit de Persigny, Jean Baptiste-Théodore Forestier, Martial-Eugène



Bataille, Jean-Baptiste-Charles Aladenize, Etienne Laborde, Henri Conneau, Napoléon Ornano, Joseph Orsi.

“ Attendu, qu’il résulte de l’instruction et des débats que le 6 août dernier ils se sont rendus coupables à Boulogne-sur-Mer, d’un attentat dont le but était de détruire le gouvernement, de changer l’ordre de successibilité au trône, et d’exciter la guerre civile en armant, et en portant les citoyens et habitants à s’armer les uns contre les autres.

“ Déclare le Prince Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, Charles Tristan comte de Montholon, Jean-Baptiste Voisin, Séverin-Louis Leduff de Mésonan, Denis-Charles Parquin, Hippolyte-François-Athale-Sébastien Bouffet Montauban, Jules-Barthélemy Lombard, Jean-Gilbert-Victor Fialin dit de Persigny, Jean-Baptiste-Charles Aladenize, Etienne Laborde, Henri Conneau, Napoléon Ornano, Joseph Orsi, coupables du crime d’attentat prévu par les art. 87, 88, et 91 du Code pénal, ainsi conçus :

“ Art. 87. L’attentat dont le but sera, soit de détruire, soit de changer le gouvernement ou l’ordre de successibilité au trône, soit d’exciter les citoyens ou habitants à s’armer contre l’autorité royale, sera puni de mort.

“ Art. 88. L’exécution ou tentative constitueront seules l’attentat.

“ Art. 91. L’attentat dont le but sera, soit d’exciter la guerre civile, en armant ou en portant les citoyens ou habitants à s’armer les uns contre les autres, soit de porter la dévastation, le massacre et le pillage dans une ou plusieurs communes sera puni de mort.

“ Le complot ayant pour but l’un des crimes prévus au présent article, et la proposition de former un complot, seront punis des peines portées en l’art. 89, suivant les distinctions qui y sont établies.”

“ Vu pareillement les art. 57 et 60 du Code pénal ;

“ Attendu que les peines doivent être graduées selon la nature et la gravité de la participation de chacun des coupables aux crimes commis ;

“ Condamne le Prince Charles-Louis Napoléon Bonaparte à



l'emprisonnement perpétuel dans une forteresse située sur le territoire continental du royaume ;

“ Condamne Jean Baptiste-Charles Aladenize à la peine de la déportation ;

“ Charles-Tristan, comte de Montholon, Denis-Charles Parquin, Jules Barthélemy Lombard, Jean-Gilbert-Fialin dit de Persigny, chacun à dix années de détention ;

“ Séverin-Louis Leduff de Mésonan, à quinze années de détention :

“ Jean-Baptiste Voisin, Jean-Baptiste-Théodore Forestier, Napoléon Ornano, chacun à dix années de détention ;

“ Hyppolite-François-Athale-Sebastien Bouffet Montauban, Martial-Eugène Bataille, Joseph Orsi, chacun à cinq années de détention ;

“ Ordonne, conformément à l'art. 47 du Code pénal, qu'après l'expiration de leur peine, les dits, de Montholon, Parquin, Lombard, Fialin, Leduff de Mésonan, Voisin, Forestier, Ornano, Bouffet-Montauban, Bataille, Orsi, condamnés à la surveillance de haute police, les déclare pareillement déchus de leurs titres, grades et décorations ;

“ Condamne Henri Conneau à cinq années d'emprisonnement.

“ Etienne Laborde à deux années d'emprisonnement ;

“ Ordonne que les-dits Conneau et Laborde resteront, à partir de l'expiration de leur peine, sous la surveillance de la haute police, savoir: Conneau pendant cinq années, Laborde pendant deux années ;

“ Condamne le Prince-Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte et les-dits Charles-Tristan comte de Montholon, Jean-Baptiste Voisin, Séverin-Louis Leduff de Mésonan, Denis-Charles Parquin, Hippolyte-François-Athale-Sebastien Bouffet Montauban, Jules-Barthelemy Lombard, Jean-Gilbert-Victor Fialin dit de Persigny, Jean-Baptiste-Théodore Forestier, Martial Eugène Bataille, Jean-Baptiste-Charles Aladenize, Etienne Laborde, Henri Conneau, Napoleon Ornano et Joseph Orsi, solidairement aux frais. La liquidation sera faite conformément à la loi, tant pour la portion qui doit être supportée par les condamnés, que pour celle qui doit demeurer à la charge de l'Etat ;

"Ordonne que le présent arrêt sera exécuté à la diligence du procureur-général du roi, imprimé, publié et affiché partout où besoin sera, et qu'il sera lu et notifié aux accusés par le greffier en chef de la cour.

"Fait et délibéré à Paris, le mardi 6 octobre 1840, en la chambre du conseil, où siégeaient :

"Comte Portalis, vice-président, etc.

A deux heures et demie, l'audience est levée.

Conformément aux précédens de la cour, les accusés n'étaient pas présents à la lecture de cet arrêt.

Immédiatement après l'audience, M. Cauchy, secrétaire-archiviste faisant les fonctions de greffier, accompagné de M. Desmon, chef des huissiers, s'est transporté à la maison d'arrêt près la cour des pairs, et a donné à chacun des détenus lecture de l'arrêt en ce qui le concerne.

Ceux des accusés dont l'arrêt prononce l'acquiescement ont été mis aussitôt en liberté.

(11)

Prince Napoleon Louis, who, most unfortunately, is a competent authority on this sad topic, has expressed his feelings or wish, in the following lines, of which, we give here an extract :—

"You, whom continued happiness has rendered egotists, and who have never suffered the torments of exile, you believe, it is a light punishment to deprive men of the sweets of their country! But know, that exile is a continual martyrdom. Exile is death! Not the glorious and brilliant death of those who fall for their country—not the still more pleasant death of those whose eyes close upon the world in the midst of the family circle—but death by a slow and horrible decay—a *plague* which silently undermines the vital principle, and conducts without noise or struggle, to the dark and silent tomb.

"In exile the air, which surrounds you, stifles your breath—and you only live on those enfeebled breezes which come from the distant shores of your native land.

"You become a stranger to your fellow countrymen who have forgotten you; and you continue to be a stranger amongst those by whom you are continually surrounded; you live like

an exotic transported from a distant climate, which merely vegetates, for want of a corner of Earth in which it may strike root.

"The exile may find in foreign lands generous minds and elevated characters, who will constrain themselves and have a pleasure in being affable and kind; but real friendship—the true harmony of the heart—he finds no where, because it can only be founded on a community of feelings and interest. The very acts of blandness of which he is the object will in his eyes soon lose much of their charms, because they will all have the stamp of a service done. Does it not require some courage to treat an exile as any other person?

"The Exile is the true Pariah of modern society, if you do not wish to have your heart broken every instant you must have the '*robur et æs triplex circa pectus*,' you must be inaccessible to the emotions which will assail you at every step you take in life.

"Never suffer yourself to yield to an effusion of the heart to any of these sympathetic passions, which would tend to recall you to a recollection of your fellow countrymen; they would come with their mouths full of injury and reproach, and ask, by what right, you an exile! dare to express an opinion respecting the affairs of your country. By what right you dare either to weep or rejoice with your fellow citizens!

"If you should meet in a foreign soil with one of your own, with one of these men whom antecedent events have bound to your family, with whom you have passed the early and happy years of your life, restrain the impulse which urges you to embrace him—do not offer him your hand, for you will see him flee from you with precipitation—and he is not wrong, for the very contact seems to carry contagion, your kiss is like the blast of the desert which withers up all that it touches. If it were known that he had spoken to you, his children would be deprived of bread! In the eyes of the great men of the day, it is an odious crime to have any bond of connection with an exile.

"Do you see in the distance the flag with such beautiful colours? Do you hear the sound of warlike music? Unfortunate that you are! Do not hasten to join your brothers—bind



yourself, like Ulysses, to the mast of your ship ; for if you go to share their dangers, they would say to you : ' nous n'avons que faire de ton sang.'

" If a public calamity fall upon your fellow-citizens—if the offerings of the poor as well as those of the rich, are received to assist the unfortunate, do not send a portion of the funds of your savings, for they would say to you : ' We have no need of the obolus of the exile.'

" Take care of every step you take—watch over every word you pronounce, and every sigh which escapes from your breast—for there are people paid to misrepresent your actions, to misconstrue your words, and to attach a signification to all your sighs.

" If you are calumniated, do not answer ; if you are injured, keep silence ; for the public organs are closed against you ; they do not receive the protestations or defence of men who are banished. The exile must submit to calumny without reply—and to suffering without a complaint. Justice has no existence for him.

" Happy those whose lives pass away in the midst of their fellow-citizens ; and who, after having served their country with glory die beside the cradle which has received them at their birth. But unhappy those, who are tossed about by the waves of fortune without an object—who, after having been as intruders everywhere, and fated to die in a foreign land, are without a friend to come and weep over their tomb !"

(12.)

Monsieur Arago, having, through Monsieur Thayer, his colleague in the Municipal Council of Paris, asked the Prisoner of Ham, for some information respecting the Emperor's mathematical studies, Prince Napoleon Louis addressed the following letter to Monsieur Thayer :—

" MY DEAR MONSIEUR THAYER,—

" Your letter just received gives me great pleasure ; it is long since I have heard any news of you. I should be very happy to be of any service to the illustrious *savant* to whom you



refer, by furnishing him with any new details respecting the Emperor's mathematical studies; but, unfortunately, I know but little of the matter, and General Montholon, whom I have consulted, can only recall facts but of little importance. Nevertheless, I shall give you my ideas and personal recollections, of which you are at liberty to make whatever use you please.

"It is a certain fact, that the Emperor was distinguished for his application to the study of mathematics at the school of Brienne. He had studied the works of Bezout—and Bezout always continued to be his favourite author. He never forgot the friends of his youth! It is easy to explain his taste for the exact sciences; but that which distinguishes great men, which inflames their ambition and renders them absolute in their will, is the love of truth, which they believe they alone know. On this ground, the Emperor naturally preferred in his youth that science which always furnishes indisputable results of free chicanery and bad faith. His practical mind, however, had, from the beginning, especially retained that portion of mathematics which is directed towards the solution of all problems of general utility. In science, as in politics, he repelled mere theories, or principles of which he saw no immediate application—and for that reason, perhaps, he preferred the practical genius of Monge, to the transcendental powers of Laplace. He undoubtedly felt great admiration for the latter, but he did not like a philosopher to be always shut up within himself, and to be inaccessible to all but the initiated. It was no doubt a great merit to advance the limits of science, but to spread the knowledge of them among the people, was in his eyes a still greater one. How could he not, therefore, have appreciated your illustrious colleague, Monsieur Arago, who possesses, in such an eminent degree, these two faculties of such rare occurrence in the same individual—the faculty of being the High Priest of Science, and at the same time that of knowing how to initiate the vulgar into the mysteries!

"The Emperor possessed an astonishing memory for figures, and never forgot the numbers expressing the relations of the different elements of our civil and military organization. My mother has often told me, that she had often seen the Emperor

in her presence calculating the most complicated movements of his troops, constantly bearing in mind the exact position of each corps, the relative proportion of arms of different kinds, the number of regiments, and the time required for each to effect the desired operation.

"You know, perhaps, that the Emperor, on one occasion examining and verifying the treasurer's accounts, which contained the appropriation of certain sums for the passage of the troops through Paris, affirmed, in opposition to the allegation of the administration, that the 32nd had never passed through Paris. Enquiries were made, and it proved in fact, that the regiment had merely passed through St. Denis; but as this town had no military pay-master, the sum which had been furnished to the regiment was put to the account of the city of Paris. Judging superficially, one would say that such a facility of calculation, and surprising memory are proofs rather of an arithmetical than a mathematical genius; but on analyzing it, it will be seen that that which appears as a most simple proposition is, in fact, the result of high combinations. The banker who merely seeks for the amount of the simple and compound interest of a given sum, makes nothing more than a schoolboy's calculation; but he who, in his combinations, takes account, as of the unknown qualities in an equation, of all the physical and moral causes which contribute to the sustenance, activity, and success of an army, he who calculates how much one noble expression which goes to the heart of the soldiers, multiplies their force, and who fixes their number according to the sympathies or repulsions which the flag of French democracy might be expected to meet with amongst foreign nations; surely he soars above the mere science of arithmetic—he resolves problems of higher import than even those of transcendental mathematics, for the result of these calculations are GLORY, NATIONALITY, CIVILIZATION.

"The Emperor often turned his attention to the expenditure of the houses of his family. One day, probably with his mind full of the details of some budget, he addressed my mother in the presence of a great number of persons, and said aloud: 'Hortense, how much do you spend upon your kitchen, and how much on your attendants and equipage?'

"'Sire, I do not remember.' 'Well, you are a fool! with a

very few figures, one can always remember a budget ; in every well-regulated house, not more than a fourth of the income should be spent on the kitchen, and a fifth for attendants and equipage.'

"On another occasion, laying down maxims for our conduct, he said : 'In everything which one undertakes, two-thirds must be given to reason, and one-third to chance ; increase the former portion, and you will be pusillanimous ; increase the second, and you will be rash.'

"In St. Helena, when his mind was harassed by so many vexations, he was desirous of diverting his attention by occupying himself with topics which might engage his powers without recalling painful recollections—and he dreamed in figures as a poet dreams in verses. At one time, as I have been told by General Montholon, he devised new means of constructing military bridges, calculating the amount of the various resisting qualities ; at another he compared the rapidity of some of his own strategical movements with those of the most celebrated generals of ancient times ; and again he tried to verify upon paper, and to determine if it were possible for an army to encamp every evening as the Roman soldiers did, and with that view he calculated the amount of cuts and embankments which it was possible to execute in a little time ; and finally he turned his attention to statistics, and tried the solution of a problem, which had deeply interested his mind during his reign—the *extermination of mendicity*.

"Napoleon had studied mathematics carefully, and esteemed that science above all others. Being, however, fonder of synthesis than of analysis, he only devoted his attention to problems of direct and immediate application. He was accustomed to say that drawing and the mathematics made the mind correct ; and, in fact, drawing teaches us to *see*, and mathematics to *think*. He was of opinion, too, that it was by no means wise to surcharge the mind of the young, or to fatigue their faculties by the study of very profound investigations.

"Permit me to conclude by a last philosophical remark. Great men always exercise an important influence on the generations which follow them, although that influence is often denied and



combated. Thus the influence of Charlemagne was sensibly felt for many generations after his decease, and even at the present day, the education of youth is still obedient to the impulse given by that great man. At the period in which Christianity with the barbarians rose above the Roman Empire, the church became the torch of science and the hope of civilization; by means of it alone did it become possible to soften public manners, and to reduce a rude soldier to civilization. Charlemagne availed himself of its *prestige*, recalled the severity of its principles, and gave it preponderance. In order to arrive at a knowledge of what existed and was still done in Constantinople and Rome, it became necessary to know Greek and Latin. Those two languages were the vehicles of all science,—the way by which all were necessarily obliged to go in order to pass from ignorance to knowledge, and from barbarism to civilization. And now—though our social condition has been completely changed for a thousand years—although the gates of science have been forced open by the laity, it is only fifty years ago that the ecclesiastical method of education was still pursued; and such a revolution as that of '89, and a man like Napoleon, were absolutely necessary to raise education above the mere knowledge of dead languages and to give a preponderance to the physical and mathematical sciences, which ought to be the objects of our actual society, for they form men of labour and industry, and not idlers.

“It was the Emperor's mission to replace the edifice of Charlemagne, in politics as well as in education; but time failed him for this, as for other things. Is it not inconceivable that still at the present day, a youth must pass an examination in Latin in order to enter our polytechnic or military schools? Latin in the 19th century, in order to learn him to construct ships of war, and to fortify towns;—Latin, to learn how to throw projectiles, and to apply the sciences of chemistry and mechanics to the arts!

“It is by such enquiries that one arrives at the melancholy conviction that even the most elevated minds are often slaves to prejudice and routine. The most trifling and useless customs have a deep root in the past, and although it might appear at



first sight as if a breath would destroy them, they often withstand great social convulsions, and the efforts of the greatest minds.

"If this letter do not furnish a complete answer to the questions you have addressed to me, you will at least see in it, I hope, a desire to do something which may be agreeable to you and to Monsieur Arago, whose scientific genius has no more sincere admirer than myself.

"Be good enough to remember me to Madame Thayer, and to the Duke of Padua,

"And believe me, with sentiments of esteem and friendship,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

(13.)

"PRINCE,—

"One of our common friends, M. Poggioli, has put into my hands the letter which you were good enough to write to me. It is unnecessary to say how much I am affected by the expressions of sympathy which it conveys, and which my feelings so completely reciprocate.

"M. Poggioli, whom we are both happy in being able to call a friend, and whose attachment to your person is not less enlightened than ardent; M. Poggioli has furnished me with a copy of your reply to M. Odilon Barrot. Although, at this moment, a captive in misfortune, I would hesitate to express to you those sentiments of esteem and compassion, which the perusal of your letter has awakened in my mind, had I not had previous opportunities of knowing you. You remember, perhaps, Prince, the visit which I had the honour of paying you at Ham, and with how much frankness I explained to you, in what respects my opinions differ from yours. A free man and a republican, guided wholly by my conviction and without expectations from any quarter, I have little fear that anything which falls from my mouth or flows from my pen, however eulogistic, can be suspected of flattery. I confess, therefore, sincerely, that your answer to M. Odilon Barrot, affected me to the bottom of my heart. The resolution which it contains, was the only one worthy of you, and you are the very last person, in my opinion

who ought to have sacrificed what you owe to your character, in order to procure the opening of your prison doors. Be assured, that by a course of conduct so noble, you have filled all your true friends with joy and your enemies with mortal displeasure.

"If you could decide on offering to the greatness of your country, to equality, to the republic, that which you think you owe to the traditions of the Empire and a sort of family veneration to your name, with what eagerness would my heart fly towards you! Let us hope, all of us who love your person, without embracing your opinions, let us hope, that the victory will, one day, remain in your mind, with those democratic tendencies or disinterested inspirations which it contains. Nothing can better authorise you to indulge in this hope, than the constancy and dignity with which you bear your misfortunes.

"Believe Prince, I beg you in my affection and esteem.

"LOUIS BLANC.

*Paris Feb. 12th, 1846.*"

We here lay before the reader a second letter from M Chateaubriand on this work.

(14.)

We are indebted to the kindness of Prince Napoleon Louis for the communication of the following letter of Madame Georges Sand, whose writings will, no doubt, remain among the greatest monuments of French Literature; the perusal of this document will show how the Prisoner of Ham was judged by those who were the most opposed to his political views.

"I cannot take such a liberty. I would be delighted to call you *friend*, and from what you appear to be, I should, no doubt, be the most honoured by that; for you don't know me enough, and if you have heard me three times spoken of in your life, it must have been, twice at least, by means of ridiculous calumnies on my eccentricity, so that I do not feel myself entitled to call you—my friend. Were we to form an acquaintance—a thing I do not wish for your sake—for it would never take place in your prosperity as a *Prince*, and as successor to the Great Emperor, then, perhaps, you will confer on me this sweet privilege.

"Meanwhile, you should not repulse that idea which you attribute to me, gratuitously enough, of considering myself as a political person. Oh no! I never entertained such a ridiculous thought, my dear Prince, at the time in which we live; I have simplicity enough to protest against all politics, not being able, entirely, to embrace the opinion of any—I have but a poor head full of Utopian ideas. I know well enough that if you have been moved towards me by a sympathetic impulse, it is only because you have felt and guessed that there is a good heart underneath these dreams of mine. As to my *illustration-ship*, I do not care very much for it, and would readily part with it for the least social progress. I said you were kindly forcing us, because we are here, two or three together, speaking often of you, and after many a strong protestation against your accession to any power whatsoever, always saying, 'He is endowed with the gift of making himself loved—it is impossible not to love him!' and then when some more come in and speak to us thus, of the three pretenders whom a revolution could offer to the *Bourgeoisie*, to the army, and to the people, (the Duke of B., the Prince of J., and L. B.,) the last one, alone, has some chance of exciting the fanaticism, or settling the fears of the revolutionary powers—then we look at each other with fear, and wish to banish you from our hearts, although you are, indeed, little to blame in all this. I have read your writing; you, most certainly, are possessed with conviction, enthusiasm, and a feeling of greatness and ability into the bargain, but let me say, heroic child, you are such as my father would have gloried to be—you are a *Bonapartist*! And we also, even we, would have maintained such a title with pride against the anathema of the stupid *Restauration*, had we been ten years older, or fifty years younger. But should we, who never were intoxicated by the direct magnetism of your *Giant Uncle*, see in the past anything but the revolution commenced in 1789, and brought to a close in 1804? You may say what you like, the transformation of the revolution, in his person, may have been necessary, providential; it certainly was magnificent and shining as the sun; but *Equality* proclaimed by *La Convention*—what became of it under *his* sword? Do not think we wish to repu-

diate what there was sublime in *him*—no—but the fatality *he* carried with *him* is, that we do not care to recommence with—we do not think it any longer necessary, and we feel it to be fatal. We have, indeed, many things besides: to guard and defend against Europe, as well as the right of selecting our own general, and our own *Emperor*. We have to conquer the right of not selecting any more monarchs, and of not enduring any more the Dictatorship of *Generals*. In fine, since I have given way to the impulse of writing to you first, to thank you for having thought of me, my soul is, as it were, divided in two parts—the necessity of admiring you, and of believing in you, and I do not know what, something like dread of the terrible name which you bear. I deem myself bound to protest against those dreams of your courage, yet it fills me with horror—for a prisoner has nothing left but his dreams, and it is, therefore, so very inhumane, to counteract them! You ought to hate me! To hate all those Republicans who cannot love you without afflicting you. A friend of mine told me the other day he had said to you things of the very description calculated to be cruel to your heart; but on seeing that you were thankful for his candour, he went away so touched with your greatness of mind and your goodness, that he was not able to refrain from tears. Oh! yes, indeed, indeed, I well understand one might shed tears of tenderness over you; but I understand also, that one should prefer to rend one's heart rather than to betray the GREAT CONQUERESS, the GREAT EMPRESS, the GREAT and MOST HOLY *Equality*. Are you going to say, you are its champion, as well as ourselves? I would have believed it, indeed, before reading your volume, but can do so no more. You must think us fools for dreaming of attaining the end without using those powerful means in a rather warlike and absolutist shape; as to me, I do not know what we might be doomed to accept; I am not so closely connected with the political world as to have any distinct anticipations on the subject, but I dread the man who would come to spread over the *Popular Legions* the wings of the Imperial Bird: I would not come then to clap him on the shoulder, like Falstaff, telling him, '*God save thee, my sweet boy.*' We know too well how *Shakespeare's* Henry V. answered



his merry fellows, *Sir John Bardolph* and *Pistol*, but I could never make up my mind to think that that young Eagle would not allow himself to grow intoxicated by the smell of gun-powder, and then he would not fly through the smokes of victory, much higher than he at first intended to soar. So it is, dear Prince, pardon me, I adhere dotingly to the *Montagne* for the past, and as to the time to come, to the *thoroughly levelled plain*. I am a fantastical soul, yet good, believe me. Do not regret having shown me confidence and kindness—I value them, and shall never abuse them: it remains, however, for you to consider whether you may or may not continue to notice such an ungovernable being. As to me, I shall retain, as one of the most agreeable *souvenirs* of my life, the remembrance of your kindness. You see, I call you *Prince*, since you think your dignity calls upon you to preserve this title; it will never be for me to find it less legitimate than any of those of the ancient dynasties, but—but—but—I am not entitled to give you advice.

“Envoyez moi promener,

“G. SAND.”

(15.)

“*Paris, Sept. 15, 1842.*

“PRINCE,

“You will perceive, for the ailments which compel me to have recourse to a secretary in order to thank you, the reason which has prevented me from going to *Ham*. The waters of *Neris*, to which the physicians have sent me, have done me no good, and I am returned with all my sufferings. Pardon me Prince, for troubling you so much with matters affecting my health; they form my excuse.

“I have already heard of your important pamphlet: judge of the eagerness with which I shall proceed to read it now that I have had the pleasure of receiving it from yourself.

“I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the calmness of mind you display in the place in which you now dwell: you derive this power from your race. As soon as I can find a moment of repose, I shall avail myself of the permission you have given me to go and pay my court to you. Thank God! prisons are

not unknown to me; I say thank God! for it brings me a little nearer to the illustrious men who have occupied them.

“I am, with profound respect

“And lively gratitude,

“Your Royal Highness’

“Very humble and obedient servant,

“CHATEAUBRIAND.

“Madame Recamier is very well, and very proud of your remembrance; she desires me to lay her very humble homage at your feet.”

(16.)

“MY PRINCE,

“With all the interest of devoted attachment I have followed the course of the deplorable negotiations entered into with our ministers relative to your request for a *congé*. You have acted, in my opinion, according to the noblest inspirations of your honour. It was impossible for you to resist the appeal of a father, and you have asked from the government the only favour which you could condescend to solicit. Your letter was dignified; it bound your honour in a suitable manner, and you have spoken of your gratitude in terms, which would have been sufficient for men of proper feeling. This was all you could do, and that request has been refused.

“It now only remains for you to envelope yourself in the mantle of your sorrow, and to feel a just indignation at a refusal as impolitic as it is hateful. I admit, that I cannot comprehend why the King and his ministers have not made an opportunity of setting you at liberty. That prison is a burden upon them quite as much as upon you. The public will end by pitying, loving, and honouring a man who has suffered so long, and with such resignation, even a punishment which has been deserved. Such are the feelings entertained by all the members of the Chamber who have been consulted.

“It was with regret, and in discharge of my conscience, that I agreed to sign the letter in which it was proposed to you to adopt an humbler form of request—and when signing, I affirmed that you would not adopt it.

"After this step, it is a misfortune which you will bitterly feel, to be prevented from going and taking the place which belongs to you, by the side of that illustrious parent who has appealed to you; and from the bottom of my heart, I sympathise in the additional sorrow which this new position is about to add to your sorrowful days at Ham. Will your material interests suffer by it? It appears to me that no unfavourable idea, above all in the mind of such a noble character, can arise from a circumstance of this nature; ought it not on the contrary to excite feelings still more kind, and a regret still more tender?

"At all events, my Prince, from all that is past—all which shall be known as soon as the last word is spoken—you have entitled yourself to higher esteem from all, and from those who already love and honour you a double measure of sincere affection and devoted attachment.

"I am very respectfully, Prince,

"Your very humble and obedient Servant,

"FERDINAND BARROT.

*Feb. 17, 1846.*"

(17.)

Being desirous not to interrupt M. Poggioli's narrative of events, we here lay before our Readers two letters, one from Monsieur Marie, and the second from Monsieur Ferdinand Barrot, both distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies. By looking at them, it will be seen what opinion was formed of the conduct of the government by men of such position and character as these. The letters were addressed to Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, who has most kindly placed them at our disposal:—

"PRINCE,

"Immediately on the receipt of your letter, I hastened to have a conversation with Monsieur Viellard. He informed me that you had written in the same spirit in which you have done to me, to several of my colleagues, and especially to Barrot. We have come to an understanding as to the course we ought to pursue. You are, no doubt, already aware of what

has been done by M. Odilon Barrot with the Minister of the Interior and its results. What they desire is, that in some form or other you ask for pardon. Will you do it? This is a question, Prince, which you, and you alone, can answer. You have supported your years of misfortune with so much resignation and dignity, that one may be certain, beforehand, that in this respect your mind and your heart will guide you aright.

"The refusal which you have just received, appears to me both extremely ill-timed and undignified on the part of the government. Whilst negotiations are being still carried on, recourse cannot be had to publicity; should, however, the government persist, both your conduct and ours should be changed. For my own part, I shall not lose the remembrance of the quality which has, for the first time, made me acquainted with you. I can be of no service to you with the government; but I have not the same reason for remaining silent and inactive in the face of the country at large.

"With respect to the ministerial negotiations, I have nothing to say to you, Prince; on that ground, however, the paths are very slippery; but I hope that your prudence, enlightened by a long and bitter experience, will lead you according to my wishes.

"Deign to accept the expression of my high and affectionate consideration.

"MARIE."

(18.)

"MY DEAR M. DEGEORGE,

"The desire of once more seeing my father in this world has prompted me to undertake an enterprise, the boldest which I have ever attempted, and for which more resolution and courage were necessary than for those of Strasburg and Boulogne; for I had determined not to endure the ridicule which is the lot of those arrested under a disguise—and a failure would have been insupportable. But at least listen to the details of my escape :—

"The fortress, as you know, was guarded by 400 men, who furnished a daily guard of 60 soldiers—planted as sentinels



within and without the Castle. In addition, the gate of the prison was guarded by three jailers, two of them always on duty. It was, therefore, necessary, first to pass them—next to traverse the whole interior court, in front of the Commandant's windows; having arrived at the gate, it was necessary to pass the wicket, kept by a soldier *de planton*, and a sergeant, a turnkey, a sentinel, and last of all a post of 30 men.

Being desirous of avoiding all understandings with the garrison, it was of course necessary to assume a disguise, and as considerable repairs were being made in the chambers which I used, it was easy to adopt a workman's dress. My good and faithful Charles Thélin procured me a blouse and *sabots*; I cut off my moustaches and took a plank upon my shoulder.

"At half-past six o'clock on Monday morning, I saw the workmen enter. As soon as they came to their work, Charles took them into a chamber to drink, in order to remove them out of my way. I was also determined to call one of the keepers up-stairs, whilst Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Scarcely, however, was I out of my room, when I was accosted by a workman, taking me for one of his companions. At the bottom of the stairs I found myself face to face with the keeper. Luckily, I screened myself with the plank which I carried, and I reached the Court, always contriving to keep the plank towards the sentinels and those whom I met.

"As I passed in front of the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall; I stopped, however, to pick up the fragments. I next met the officer of the guard, but he was reading a letter, and did not remark me. The soldiers at the wicket seemed surprised at my figure—the drummer, especially, looked at me several times. In the meantime, however, the *planton* of the guard opened the gate, and I found myself outside the fortress. Then I met two workmen who were approaching me, and looked at me with attention. I put the plank on the side towards them; they appeared, however, so curious, that I thought I should not be able to escape them, when I heard them say, 'Oh! it's Bertou.'

"Once beyond the walls, I walked rapidly towards the road

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to St. Quentin; shortly after, Charles, who the evening before had engaged a cabriolet for himself, joined me, and we arrived at St. Quentin.

"I crossed the town on foot, after having got rid of my blouse. Charles having procured a post-chaise under pretence of a drive to Cambray, we arrived without hindrance at Valenciennes, from whence I took the railroad. I was provided with a Belgian passport, which was never asked for.

"During this time Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in the prison, and made believe I was ill, in order to give me time to gain the Frontier. I trust he will not be maltreated; this, as you may well suppose, would be a great grief to me.

"If, my dear M. Degeorge, I felt a lively sentiment of joy when I found myself without the fortress, I had a really melancholy feeling in crossing the Frontier. It was necessary for me to determine to quit France, being certain the Government would never set me at liberty, did I did not consent to dishonour myself; and finally I needed to be urged by the desire of trying all possible means in order to console my father in his old age.

"Adieu, my dear M. Degeorge; although free, I am very unhappy. Receive the assurance of my warm friendship, and if you can, endeavour to be useful to my dear Conneau.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS."

(19.)

Nothing can convey any idea of the despair of the good Dr. Conneau when, at Leamington, some years ago, he had the misfortune to lose a ring, which Queen Hortense had given him as a pledge of her last farewell. The Doctor was so beloved by all there to whom he was known, that vexation at this loss was almost general. Every one tried to convey to him those expressions of sympathy, which were so many proofs to that estimable man, how deeply every one felt the bitter grief which he must have experienced in losing an object which he

had received from the hand of one whose memory he so warmly cherished.

(21.)

In the *Memoirs* of Mademoiselle Cochelet, reader to Queen Hortense, we find the following passage :—

“Queen Hortense was greatly pleased with the family of Monsieur and Madame de St. Aulaire. Nothing could please her more than their grace, their tone, their minds. For myself, Madame de St. Aulaire was much more to my taste than her husband; the tone of the latter was too sucré and too affected, and there was a want of natural disposition which could not agree with my ideas of frankness and vivacity. When I attacked, the Queen defended him warmly; and I may here relate what she one day said of Monsieur de St. Aulaire at Plombières.

“‘I know very well that agreeable manners are not everything in a man, and that they sometimes serve as a cloak for the worst vices; but in the relations of life, to be kind, polite, and amiable is just as much a talent as that of singing well, or playing upon an instrument. And I am pleased to think that in Monsieur de St. Aulaire his affable manners do not exclude these solid qualities which are always to be preferred to a pleasing exterior.

“‘Before our misfortune,’ continued the Queen, ‘he had requested to be appointed tutor to my children, and I thought him so fitted for the task that I had spoken to the Emperor on the subject.’”

THE END.





